THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

Europe

RUSSIA'S retort to President Truman's Greco-Turkish aid program has been to stand pat on all major German issues at the Moscow Conference, and to stalemate the Austrian peace as well. And until the Austrian question is settled, there will be no withdrawal of Russian and Western armies from that forlorn little republic, or of Russian armies from the Balkans.

There is a strong possibility, however, that Russia's policy of obstruction may boomerang. The Soviet Union is in desperate need of industrial recovery. Russia's battle for quick reparations is dictated by that necessity. This need dominates her policy in every area now occupied by her armed forces. It provides the clue to her policy toward Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Rumania, and Yugoslavia.

Yet the primary need of these latter states, also, is industrial development. They can expect little assistance for some time from the Soviet Union except in the form of limited credits. But they can expect almost none from the Western nations, particularly from the United States, so long as the present division of Europe into two mutually opposed sections continues. The political repercussions of this situation on Russian prestige are important. In Yugoslavia, where a new and ambitious five-year plan for development has been charted officially, they may prove explosive.

Peacemaking is indivisible

The debates on the German and Austrian treaties show clearly that these treaties are only part of a larger problem of peacemaking. The sooner the Big Four face this truth and act on it, the better it will be for everybody.

What confronts the Big Four, and will eventually confront the Big Five when they turn eastward, is the necessity for a master agreement on basic principles — an agreement covering the key points of their major differences in a grand design. It is not their mutual distrust in Central Europe which hobbles progress. It is their uncertainty about each other around the world.

If this uncertainty can be resolved on a world basis — and that is by no means impossible — workable peace arrangements should become feasible not only for the European continent but generally. If East and West come to understanding on the essential unity of the total peace pattern, their negotiators should be able to dispense with much of the present shadowboxing.

Can Europe withstand division?

Grave flaws appear in any proposal which envisages a Western European bloc or federation. Such a grouping would by no means represent what the description suggests. The subtraction of Finland, Poland, Eastern Germany, Eastern Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia would leave, actually, not a Western European bloc but a Western European fringe.

The Swedes have already proclaimed as policy their determination not to join any bloc, whether oriented to the West or to the East. Norway, under a Labor government friendly to Moscow, probably would not care to commit herself to such a dubious experiment. And the southern flank, represented by a broken and prostrate Italy and an isolated, crisis-ridden Spain, would not be any bastion of democracy.

Moreover, the western fringe would represent a top-heavy industrial concentration of peoples and machines. The bleak fact is that this area could not feed itself. It would become, consequently, a heavy continuing charge upon economies elsewhere. Would

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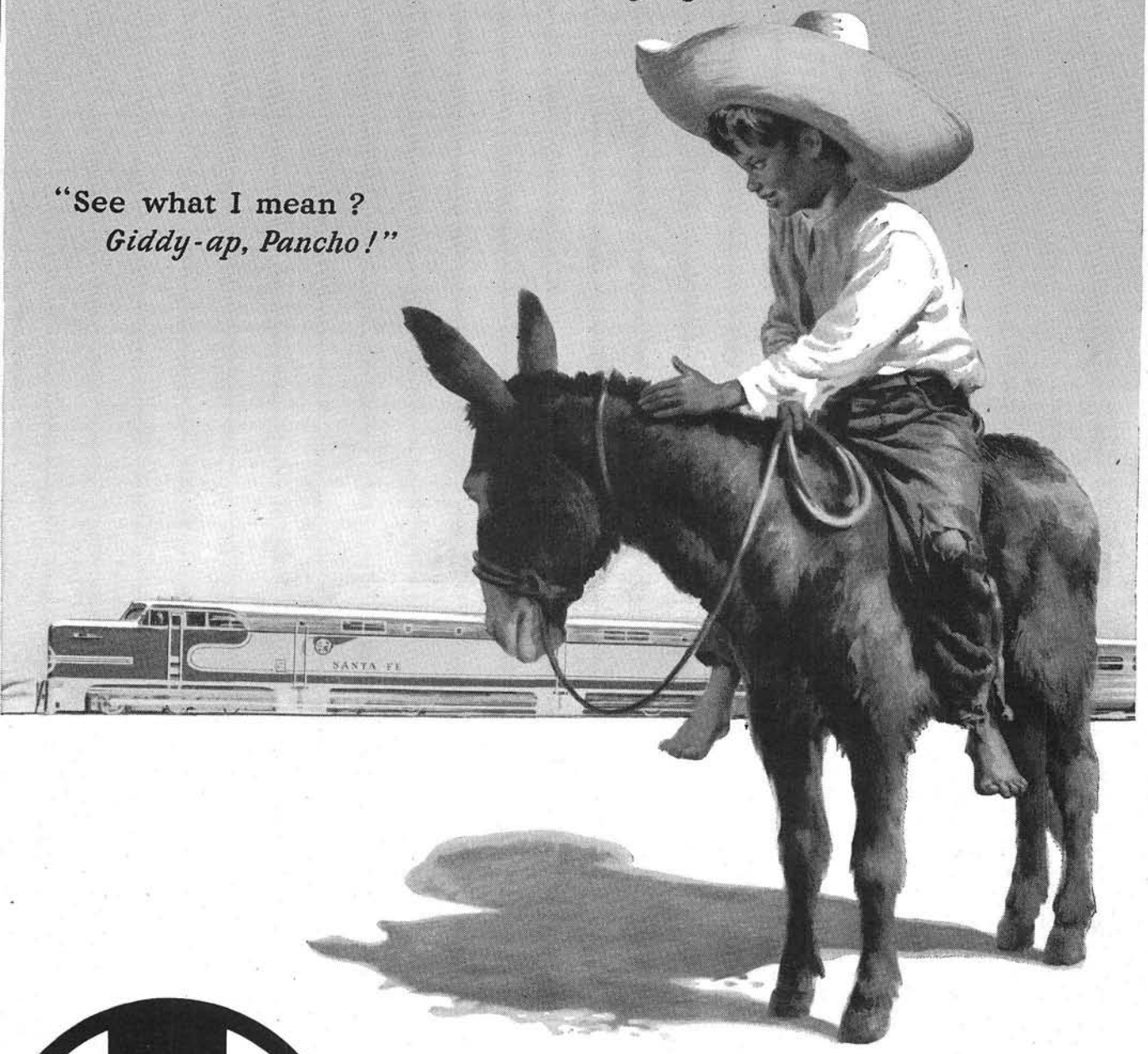

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the United States be prepared to assume this burden? If so, for how long? What would happen to it in the event of industrial recession in America?

Mr. Lippmann calls the turn

Walter Lippmann urges a bold effort at making a total peace. The Churchill-Stalin-Roosevelt period, he points out, saw the great Allies marking out "standstill" lines on which the three great powers, Britain, Russia, and the United States, agreed to pause once the fighting ended. These lines thereupon became symbols of the political situation as the powers entered the period of diplomatic contest.

The Byrnes-Molotov period then opened. It continued until the satellite treaties were written and Mr. Byrnes yielded office last winter to Mr. Marshall. This period represented the phase during which each side strove to consolidate its position and, simultaneously, to penetrate into the sphere of influence of the other — Russia into Iran, Turkey, Greece, Trieste, and North China; the United States into Eastern Europe, the Balkans, and China.

The third or Marshall period was foreshadowed when the United States decided to withdraw from China; when the British moved to ease their commitments in the Middle East; when Russia's expansionist tendencies were halted in the West; when the Truman doctrine proclaimed an effort to stabilize Greece, sustain Turkey, and thereby buttress the whole Middle East.

This last period opens up prospects of a vast increase in the burden of costs and risks confronting the United States and its associates. Simultaneously there has also developed a severe deterioration of capacity in Britain and France. The sharpening of differences between Russia and the United States is paced by decay of economies everywhere, by rising factionalism and intensified misery.

To make matters more dangerous, the two chief actors in the distressing drama of power tend more and more to deal with each other not directly but through "satellites and puppets and weak clients." Few of these, Mr. Lippmann points out, can be counted on to follow instructions or to control trigger-happy fanatics or speculators "who have lost power and position, and hope to recoup in a war."

Here is the real danger as the opposing diplomatic sides move toward exhaustion. They face growing tensions, which the reckless are all too ready to exploit as a "crusade" or a "preventive war."

To avoid drifting into a situation "where we and the Russians believe this struggle can end only with the unconditional surrender of one to the other," Mr. Lippmann proposes that the United States "take a clear stand for a negotiated settlement and for a *modus vivendi*." Refusing to appease Moscow, he suggests that the United States should make it equally clear that we do not expect Russia to appease us.

What both governments should do is to set forth their over-all aims. The United States (which is in the position to do so beyond question) should unequivocally and sensibly state the terms upon which it believes a general settlement should be made — a settlement which, being reasonable, might help erase distrusts now pervading the diplomacy of all powers.

Mr. Lippmann's program

The points which Mr. Lippmann urges in setting forth basic terms for such settlement are: —

1. A proposal to maintain the status quo in China, with each side agreeing to lend aid neither to the Kuomintang nor to the Chinese Communists to a point where either would be able, through such assistance, to conquer the other.

2. A statement that in the Middle East our policy of guarantees of aid to Greece and Turkey is, in fact, a bid for a treaty settling the question of the Dardanelles and the Turkish and Greek boundary issues. Such a treaty would provide full security for Russia in the Straits and would grant recognition of Russian interest there. It would provide for freedom of passage in time of peace, and only such military operations as the United Nations would sanction. The Russian veto would protect Russia on this point.

3. A frank declaration that the United States insists upon a federated Germany with political decentralization; that we will federate the western zones if Russia refuses to join in, but that we will do so in a way clearly designed to permit entrance of the German states of the Russian zone on equal terms, whenever Russia consents.

4. Joint evacuation of occupied Europe (save for a small token force in Germany) by the British, the Americans, the Russians, and the French. Joint sponsorship by them of a European economic union, open to all European states, without local Communist obstructionism.

5. "We should say then, that when such a union is formed, we shall be prepared, on terms equivalent to Lend-Lease, to provide it with the working capital required to start the economic life of Europe on a productive basis. We should then say that on the basis of such a general world settlement we are prepared to consider assistance to Russia, in her reconstruction, in the form of current reparations

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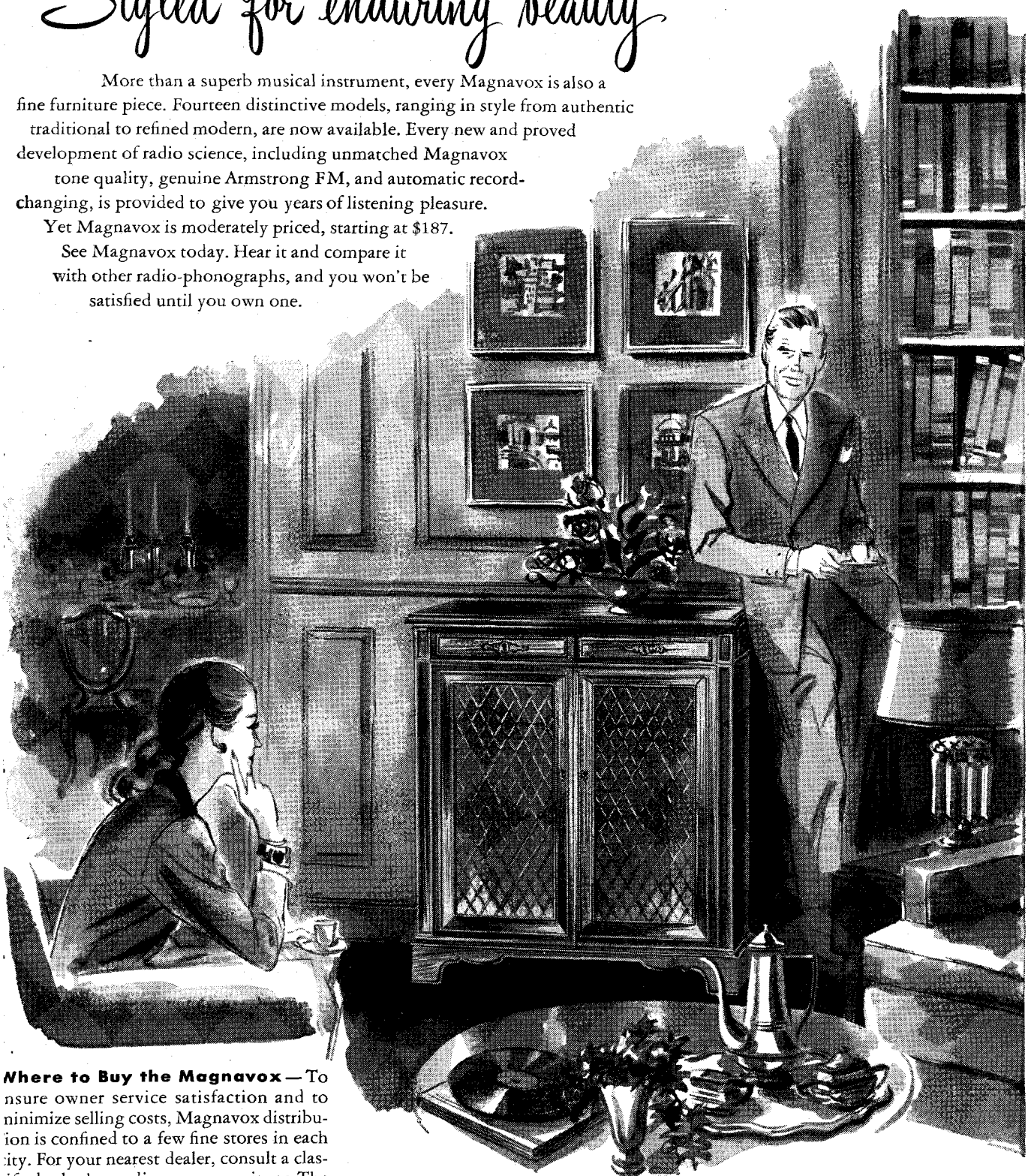

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from Germany, which would then be able to work productively, and also of credits from the United States."

Plans and realities

One fact usually escapes attention in assessing the diplomatic struggle for a European settlement. There exists a wide gulf between present realities and eventual treaties.

The delayed peace intensifies existing dilemmas. These arise from the staggering losses in crops and cattle in England this spring, the ruin of 4,000,000 acres of French tillage by storm and flood, the shifting of the channel of the Oder, entailing devastation of a rich agricultural area counted upon for the 1947 harvest, incipient famine in parts of Poland and the Ukraine, and the general sharpening of the food crisis on the Continent.

Europe faces, between now and the early summer harvests, one of her most dangerous periods since liberation. While inflation sows bitterness among the ranks of labor, the political pressure is rising. An immense apathy about the future competes with general weariness over the acidulous wranglings of parties and factions. Nearly one fifth of the entire adult population of the Netherlands signifies an interest in migration.

France: the barometer of Europe

France is opening a powerful drive for direct commercial treaties with all occupied zones in Germany. Political uncertainties everywhere are underlined by difficulties over production, consumers' goods, raw materials, soaring currencies, economic racketeering, and black markets. France, as always, is the barometer of European social and cultural pressures.

The march of reaction, long delayed, is beginning in earnest. The signs of it are everywhere: in the concerted hoarding of manufactures by business interests, which adds to the difficulties facing the coalition government; in the emergence of the Rally of the French People, led by General de Gaulle, which threatens to wreck the powerful balance wheel in French politics, the MRP; in the sporadic reports of renewed drilling by the Cagoulards, those precursors of the debacle of the early forties.

It appears also in the formation of committees of vigilance by both Communist and Socialist parties among the French towns and villages to counter possible attempts at a *coup d'état;* in the comings and goings of emissaries of foreign business and finance, who have contacts with the powerful spokesmen for the French Right; in the public admission of the Minister of the Interior — who directs the police — that "there are caches of arms hidden virtually everywhere"; in the pressures being applied by the ranks of French labor against the wage-freeze agreement.

Since General de Gaulle re-emerged in the political arena, the divided forces of the Right have taken heart. There is no doubt that many in France applaud the desire of the leader of the Liberation for greater political stability.

De Gaulle on horseback?

But de Gaulle's refusal to set forth the program of his vast, politically amorphous faction arouses French suspicions. By attempting to cut across all party lines in his search for supporters, he gives rein, justly or not, to the criticism that he seeks to eliminate parties — all save one: his own.

The four largest parties confront this threat in characteristic fashion. The Communists demonstrate. The Socialists hold mass meetings. The MRP bids its followers reject the appeal for membership in de Gaulle's Rally. The Radical Socialists, who once led France under the Third Republic, throw what is left of their support to the moderates.

The tug of war grows fiercer within each party of the Center and Left. The Communists show signs of internal schism as French patriotism wrestles with externally applied discipline. The Socialists reappraise their collaboration with the Communists on the one hand and lean toward the more resolute of the reformists of the MRP on the other.

As for the MRP, its right wing was never cheerful about the more drastic reforms approved by the party leadership in agreement with the other political heirs of the Resistance. Now it leans unmistakably toward the Gaullist portent, and threatens to split off — if and when the masquerade now marking the Rally is dropped.

The question is: When will this happen? General de Gaulle himself shies off from specific decision. There is, he explains, no hurry. Is he merely seeking to discover how much support he might be able to muster in this attempt at a political comeback, rather than actually attempting the comeback itself? Is there any significance in the keen interest shown in him and his movement by the American ambassador at Paris? Is there any connection between the Gaullist Rally and recent indications of a more generous policy toward France on the part of the United States?

France has displayed politically a vast talent for common sense during the past two years, regardless of extravagance normal to her politics. It is still too early to believe that she proposes to abandon her sanity, under present internal stress, for the alternative of civil war.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

The Far East

THERE is, for the moment, no center of gravity in Asia. China was the center of gravity up to the end of the Marshall mission; but events in China are not decisive now. The policy of "containing" Russia by control of Greece and Turkey, which block access to the Mediterranean, and by a stepped-up program in Southern Korea, which partially blocks Russia's access to the Pacific, leaves untouched the vast continental region in between.

Between the Dardanelles and Korea there is no part of Asia that cannot be devastated by aircraft and guided missiles. The new, hyperdestructive methods of warfare threaten instant paralysis in a war between industrialized nations.

Beyond the narrow coastal fringes of Asia there are large potential resources and large populations, but there are no nerve centers to paralyze. Life goes on in a honeycomb of small-scale economic units. In this context, use of the new weapons would burn to a crisp potential customers and workers, but would not ensure the control of raw materials.

The race for the control of Asia will be a marathon, not a sprint. While the great powers are trying to work out methods for coördinating the new military values with suitable devices for long-range economic control and political operation, Asia is trying to determine its own center of gravity. There may be a considerable interim period in which there will be several centers of gravity.

Asia under new management

At the Inter-Asian Relations Conference at New Delhi, India made a bid to supersede China as the most important country in Asia. Southeast Asia also made its bid for increased importance. The Vietnamese, in whose country continuing military action is most acute, were emotionally the heroes of the Conference, while Sutan Sjahrir of Indonesia, whose country has passed from successful military defense of its status to a considerable degree of success in political negotiation, was recognized as an Asiatic protagonist of international stature.

An index to changing values in Asia was the fact that the Chinese Government delegates conspicuously failed to take a leading place either as representatives of an independent structure of power in Asia or as moral leaders of the cause of Asia as a whole. They scored a point procedurally but lost morally by insisting that on the huge display map of Asia the boundary line between Tibet and China be erased.

The Chinese thus buttressed the legal claim that the relationship of China to Tibet is one of overlordship, not of voluntary or federal unity. But the legal point was undermined by the fact that the Tibetans were represented by their own delegation, not chosen or controlled by the Chinese.

Is there an octopus in Asia?

Geographically, the search for a center of gravity was widened by the inclusion not only of Tibet and independent Outer Mongolia but the Soviet Asiatic Republics which have common frontiers with Turkey, Iran, Afghanistan, and China. Never before have these republics been participants in an international conference without being supervised by Russians.

The presence of these non-Russian Soviet delegates was regarded by some specialists as a portent of future Russian infiltration into the politics of India and other countries in Asia. There is, however, a split in well-informed opinion as to the future prospects of Communist political movements in Asia.

Specialists who are primarily grounded in the history of the Comintern and of Communist movements in

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the West are looking for evidence that the abolished Comintern has been superseded by some secret political general staff in the Kremlin.

Experts whose grounding is in the study of Asiatic political issues from within Asiatic countries are inclined to believe that Communism is much more on its own in Asia than it is in the West. They argue that the examples and precedents in the history of Chinese Communism are more important in Asia as a whole than the study of Russian Communism.

Wartime collaboration

India itself is an important test case. During the war — at least after the German attack on Russia — the British welcomed the Indian Communists as collaborators and found them valuable. Both in putting out propaganda and in gathering intelligence, the Communists had a unique opportunity to infiltrate Indian life. Excellent illustrated material, the spread of which was promoted by the British themselves, for the first time gave large numbers of Indians visual evidence of economic, social, hygienic, cultural, and scientific achievements in the Soviet Asiatic Republics.

The British intention was to convince Indians that the war was one in which Asiatic and European peoples had a common interest. One by-product of this propaganda was a greatly increased belief among Indians that Russia really has something to offer to backward Asiatic countries.

On the other hand, the wartime collaboration also gave British Intelligence an opportunity to counter-infiltrate the Indian Communist movement. In this operation the odds were heavily in favor of the British, whose highly trained operatives greatly exceed in number the few well-educated and really skilled Indian Communist leaders. On the basis of the knowledge thus gained, the British, while continuing for international purposes the propaganda against "Moscow inspiration," are for practical purposes concentrating their police attention on organizers who show local initiative.

American policy is likely to succeed

In colonial Southeast Asia the whole Russian issue is at its most remote. Here American policy, while shunning publicity, has been active, firm, and encouragingly successful. We have consistently discouraged the use of force and encouraged voluntary agreements to bring out genuine good will on both sides. The State Department premises its policy on several convictions. Direct colonial controls and administration, it is convinced, cannot be restored.

The future position of the former rulers can be graded according to their promptness in recognizing the shape of things to come. The French, who tried the hardest to hang on the longest, will lose most. In Indo-China, where rightist authoritarians like Admiral d'Argenlieu had a free hand for too long, they are pretty well washed up.

The Dutch, whose military also tried to grab more than they could consolidate but were somewhat restrained by the farsighted civilian Van Mook, will be able to salvage a great deal; but they will have to salvage it in the form of a series of partnerships to which the Indonesians willingly agree. Controls backed by force will no longer work.

The British are likely to be in the best position of all. They alone have followed a double policy of reaching out for trade advantages in other people's colonies while surrendering a considerable degree of control in their own. While recognizing the necessity of a descent from the heights of sahibdom in their own domains, they have seen an opportunity for a new kind of hegemony, indirectly exercised.

Virtually every colonial possession will attain a new status marking a stride, long or short, toward true independence. None of them will quite know what to do with that status. Each new country will deal largely with the country which formerly ruled it, because in spite of the legacy of hard feelings, the old rulers know best how to get things running again.

New interests

There is, however, also a great need for secondary coördination between all the new governments, no matter under what flag they were formerly ruled. They have a wide range of overlapping interests in the kinds of colonial produce and raw materials which they export. They already feel the need of cooperation and are wary of being "tricked," as they see it, into forms of competition that will weaken them and restore the strength of their former rulers.

It is this form of coördination which the British hope to capture. If they succeed, they will gain a profitable ascendancy in shipping, banking, insurance, and in a new, streamlined generation of British agents in key advisory jobs.

The American view supports the British view. It is felt that the urgent need is to retain and strengthen voluntary forms of association between the colonies and their former rulers, and to make moderation profitable enough to retain moderate nationalists in control of the new governments. Extremist and Communist movements are only rudimentary in all these countries, but the continued or renewed application of force would strengthen them.

Viet Nam is considered an object lesson. It has a tiny but very tough core of Communists, because the cruelty of French repression over the past twenty

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years made it inevitable that those revolutionaries who survived would be men of outstanding ability.

American business is wary

American policy has encouraged the stand taken by the Indonesians in claiming that they have the right to sell, without control by the Dutch, rubber grown and tin mined while the Dutch were absent from the islands. The American attitude was emphasized by limited recognition of the Indonesian Republic.

American private enterprise is going along with the official policy, but rather unevenly. Straight commercial concerns are going right ahead. The boldness of one shipping line in dealing directly with the Indonesians before the Dutch had partly abandoned their tough line resulted in an incident which enabled the State Department to let the Dutch know, quietly, that they were being unreasonable.

Interests like oil and mining, on the other hand, still have their fingers crossed. They deal in huge investments for installations, and like to feel that they can count on stability for a long term of years. They fear that new governments such as that of the Indonesian Republic may go in for a degree of nationalized control that oil men are nervously ready to call "communistic." The State Department hopes that the sale of stockpiled export commodities will stabilize the new governments enough to make them look respectable to long-term oil and mining investors.

Put and take in Korea

Marshall and Molotov, at Moscow, warily agreed to reopen negotiations which may abolish the hermetic border which separates North and South Korea. The differences have been more than ideological. America, a wealthy country, tends to assume that any situation can be handled if enough credits and commodities and food are pumped in. Russia, a poor country, is forced to do what can be done on the spot with the materials available on the spot, and even to take out wealth instead of putting in wealth.

Necessity, as well as ideological preference, leads the Russians to liquidate opponents first, and then give a fairly free hand to those who are left. The Americans, with strength and wealth to spare, practice democracy by giving a free field to all comers; but if the results are not satisfactory, we intervene to restore the balance in favor of democracy.

The American assumption is that there is discontent in North Korea because the peasants, though given land, were saddled with drastic crop requisitions. A great deal depends on whether the Russian take-home is as heavy as the former Japanese take-home. If it is not, then Korean satisfaction with the acquisition of land and the nationalization of industry may offset grumbling against heavy requisitions.

The Russian assumption is that although the Americans in South Korea have been handing things out instead of taking things away, too much of the handout has been intercepted and hoarded by Koreans who are disliked by the majority as former collaborators with the Japanese. There is enough that is correct in the calculations of both sides to make unlikely an overwhelming tide in favor of either one.

Up the Chinese garden

The prevailing official opinion in Washington is that China can be straightened out by a judicious program of rewards and punishments. The appointment of the conservative but moderate Chang Chun as Premier is regarded as a step in the right direction. It should, according to the neo-Confucian theory, be rewarded by a cautious opening of American purse strings — a little loan, say, for some specified and worthy project in the rehabilitation of an industry or the repair of a railway.

Then, if the good step is followed by another good step, another cautious opening of the purse strings. If not, then hold back the money and wait until there is another good step.

A minority of weary cynics maintain that the trouble with this program is that the Kuomintang bosses know all about it. As the experienced Tillman Durdin (who acted for a time as a special adviser to General Marshall in China) reported to the New York *Times*, recent government "reforms" have been wholly for the purpose of publicity abroad. In China, as in Greece, the government we support has a joker it can always play. If everything else fails, an alarming military setback will bring Washington rushing in.

The civil war itself is dragging along at that level of chronic indecisiveness possible only in China. The longer it drags on, the greater would be the effort required if America should decide at last to try to push the Kuomintang over the scoring line.

Most overlooked development: the Hakkas. The Hakkas are a warlike people who live on poor farms in hilly country south of the Yangtze. Their principal export is mercenary soldiers and professional officers. They played a big part in the Taiping Rebellion and in the triumph of the Kuomintang over the Northern militarists in 1926.

Hakka generals, excluded from the inner military clique of the Kuomintang, are now busily building a strip of power south of the Yangtze, based on the retraining of Hakka militia. They are hostile to the Kuomintang and willing to enter a coalition with the Communists if they can persuade Li Chai-sum to represent them politically. Li Chai-sum, a Kuomintang elder statesman and close associate of Sun Yat-sen, is now in retirement in Hongkong.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

Rome

THROUGH the winter and spring, the Italians have been struggling for national recovery. People are working like beavers at whatever they can lay their hands on; and especially in the small communities, life is growing new tissues over the sores of devastation But the fight against hunger, unemployment, and inflation is making no headway. Within a few months, meat has risen from 600 to 1500 lire, butter from 700 to 1800, potatoes from 18 to 70. Wages cannot keep up with the spiral, for the state does not know where to find the money to bolster them.

Europeans are frozen with a sense of doom as they watch countries drifting one after another into conditions which are almost beyond repair in our time. Italy feels that her turn may come next. That is why, from Left to Right, Italians are of one mind in eschewing civil war or a division along class lines; they will not be precipitated into an EAM situation. What will happen, now that the Truman doctrine proclaims that the United States has made up its mind to "grasp the nettle of authority"?

Communism in Italy

European nations have reached the conclusion that no help will come from the United States unless their Communist parties are curbed. How far will restrictions go? Should they drive the Communists underground, on the principle that every Communist is a foreign agent? Or should they simply bar Communists from any position of power or influence?

Either course would have momentous implications. The Communists in the United States are a negligible minority, whereas in France and Italy they are respectively the number one and number three parties and, what is tactically more important, they control the General Confederation of Labor. Any attempt to drive them out of political life would result in civil war, whether open or covert.

The problem, then, is how we are going to intervene actively without having a Greek situation on our hands. Even if we exercise exceptional restraint, and respect the precarious political balance, where are we going to find the party, or how are we going to promote the coalition that can be entrusted with the immensely difficult task of reconstruction?

The signs are there, but they may be read many ways. Accordingly, there is an intense shuffling among parties to maneuver themselves into the best position or to avoid being pushed out in the cold.

Church and State

It is clear that the Christian Democrats consider themselves the logical candidates to carry out the reconstruction of their country. In an Italy more than 95 per cent Catholic, all parties are, of course, composed in the main of members of that faith. The Christian Democratic Party, however, is practically operated by the Vatican.

For more than a year, Italy has been run by a coalition cabinet, with control in the hands of the Christian Democratic Party. Premier de Gasperi, leader of the controlling party, made sure, on his visit to Washington last January, that he was *persona grata* with our Administration. He secured the promise of an initial 100-million-dollar credit, and on his return he sprang a cabinet crisis in which he tried to gather the reins of power more firmly in his hands.

How far de Gasperi thinks he can go has been shown in the Constituent Assembly. Not only did the Christian Democratic Party bring about the inclusion of the Lateran Pacts into the Constitution, which had been its long-standing program, but it pushed through by a majority of only five votes an article which curtails freedom of worship to an extent hitherto unknown in modern constitutions.

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Atlantic Monthly and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

AWARDS

FOR ATLANTIC "FIRSTS"

In these years many men and women are having their first try at writing fiction. Some of them have returned to college from the services; some of them are in business; some are venturing forth as free-lances. The *Atlantic* feels that special encouragement should be held out to all writers of promise who have not yet established themselves. Throughout 1947 we will, therefore, reserve space in each issue for *Atlantic* "Firsts" — stories by new writers.

Atlantic "Firsts" will be paid for at our top fee. And at six-month intervals the *Atlantic* editors, with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, will make two awards, the first of $1500, the second of $750, to the authors of those "Firsts" which we have published and which in the opinion of the *Atlantic* editors are the most promising. It should be understood that these stories will be judged as stories, and that MGM, like the *Atlantic*, is primarily interested in discovering and advancing the work of new writers. Neither one-act plays nor scenarios will be eligible for these awards. But if there are film possibilities in the prize winners, MGM will have the option to buy any of them at $5000 each.

Candidates for *Atlantic* "Firsts" may run between 2000 and 20,000 words. The prize winners will be selected from the "Firsts" published in each six-month calendar period, January to June, and July to December, and the judgment of the editors will be final. The words "*Atlantic First*" must appear on the first page of each manuscript submitted.

THE PRIZE WINNERS

January—June, 1947

First Prize of $1500 awarded to

WILLIAM R. SHELTON

for his story "The Snow Girl" in the May issue

Second Prize of $750 awarded to

EDWARDS PARK

for his story "Binky's Voice" in the February issue

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The Federal Council of Italian Evangelical Churches has sent a bitter protest to the government against the goings-on of the police. Its churches have been closed in southern Italy, where the movement had been making headway, members have been forbidden to gather, and church elders have even been arrested at Castelli in the Abruzzi and at Giarratana in Sicily. The official reason given is that the cult is "against public order."

The same constitutional shortsightedness appeared in the Cabinet's handling of freedom of the press. The editor of a satirical sheet has been sentenced to thirty-one months in jail for "offense to the state religion," and de Gasperi explained again, as he had last year, that if the press offends public sentiment, it must be curbed. The authorized interpreters of public sentiment are, of course, the police authorities.

The result of this policy has been a wave of anti-clericalism. The Communists were astute enough to avoid an open fight with the Church, notwithstanding its attacks, and even voted for the Lateran Treaties in order not to offend the religious feelings of the masses. They are now reaping a heavy dividend of votes in the South, which used to be traditionally anti-Communist. In the regional elections in Sicily in April, the Left (including the Republicans) made surprising gains: 41 per cent of the votes, against 18 per cent in the elections of last June.

Is American aid enough?

All this puts us in a quandary. Shall we go on supporting the Christian Democrats against all odds? Even if we ease their problem by putting no drastic anti-Communist strings to our coöperation, we are taking on what is bound to prove a growing liability.

The test of a year's government has demonstrated the Christian Democrats to be incompetent except in machine politics, inert, and unexpectedly corrupt in high places. Not one urgent problem has been solved, not one serious economic measure taken. The budget is only 30 per cent covered. The capital levy, which ranges from 6 to 41 per cent, is expected to bring in $200,000,000 a year over five years, but inflation and evasion will reduce it to a fraction of that.

It is true that Italy cannot lift herself by her bootstraps at this point. But it is also true that foreign help alone would not be enough. The Christian Democrats would be in no position to carry through a reform program, even if they were inspired and supported from outside. On the one hand, they lack the respect of business as a whole; on the other, they do not command the confidence of the workers.

The Christian Democratic Party has never been able to establish a real left wing where the workers could feel at home. After halfhearted attempts in that direction, it always went back to its real nature, which is feudal, moralizing, and paternalistic. It has no tie with modern economic realities. And it is losing votes even among the scared middle classes.

Support to the Right?

Should we try, then, to broaden the Christian Democratic base with other "safe" parties? This would mean tying it up with the fascist Uomo Qualunque, the remaining conservatives, and a few scattered groups. It would mean, in effect, committing it to a Rightist concentration, controlled by the Qualunquists.

This would be a weird platform for the United States to stand on. What the UQ means really, except a bonanza for the black marketeers who finance it, its bosses do not trouble to explain. In spite of the absence of a program — in fact, just because of it — there is real danger that they are becoming what Fascism never was, a genuine mass party.

A hurt and humiliated people are taken in by the Qualunquists' brassiness, their abuse of the authorities, and their foul language, uninhibited histrionics, and vituperation. The UQ is a collection point for the embittered, the impoverished, the resentful, the cynical, the hopeless, the helplessly confused. Such emotions are common to a large number of those Europeans who once used to believe in conformity as a safe haven.

Free capitalism is dead

Some Americans think that a Rightist cabinet would make for free enterprise and all sorts of desirable things. But even Premier de Gasperi, who is no friend of socialism, has said, "Free capitalism can never again rise in Italy."

The state-controlled Institute for Industrial Reconstruction, by last August, owned 60 per cent of the steel industry, 90 per cent of shipbuilding, 65 per cent of the telephone network, 35 per cent of electric power. It also controlled 87 per cent of savings banks and similar institutions. Since then, the "standstill" arrangement whereby employers are forbidden to dismiss idle workers has meant further government advances to industry and therefore an increase in the mortgage held by the state.

A national plan, with a rigid husbanding of resources and a shifting around of manpower, has proved necessary in Britain. A similar plan is inevitable in Italy, with its poverty and its 10 million excess population. The assistance of our efficiency experts will be greatly welcomed. The problem is simply, then, which political group will get our nod to administer the plan. This is at least how Italians of good will see the picture. Their more cynical friends, including the

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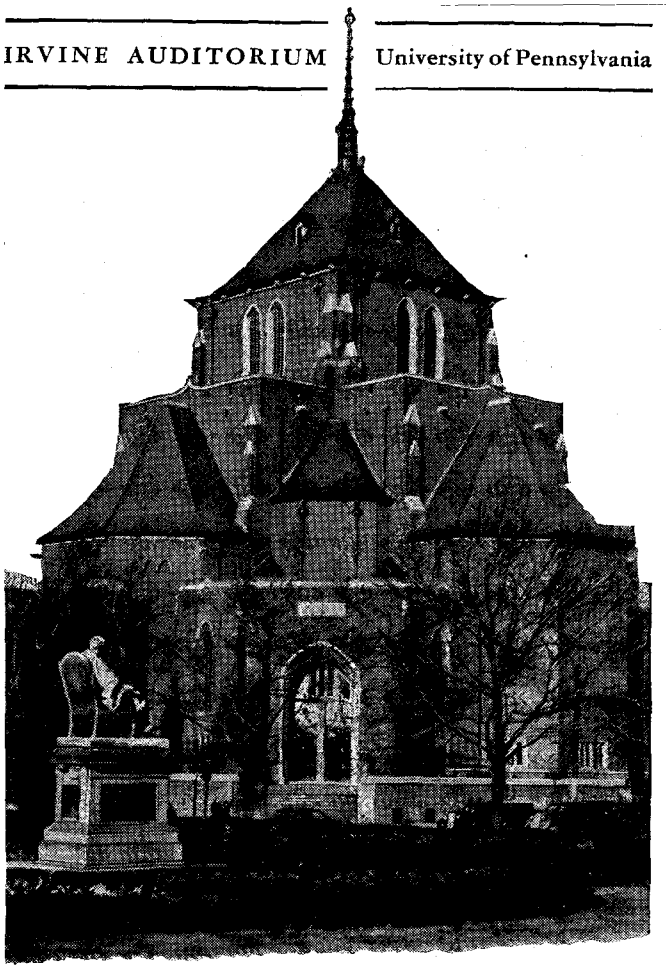

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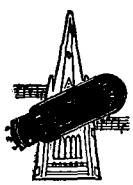

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Communists, point out that there is no precedent yet for such bighearted American intervention.

The Communists themselves, of course, insist that they would prove the cheapest and most efficient chosen instrument. They are admittedly competent, modern, hell-bent for reconstruction and "national union," and their great effort is to show the Italians how to help themselves so as to need as little help from the West as possible. The Communists, however, would be extremely dangerous partners for us.

On the other hand, the policy of the present cabinet seems to be to let the situation drift out of control, so as to ensure quick and extensive American intervention in its favor. But they are playing a risky game.

Playing with inflation

The hard-boiled Right count on our help to promote a controlled inflation as Karl Helfferich did in Germany in 1923. Like him, they expect inflation to force foreign credit, clean up industrial debts, wipe out social loads, and consolidate the landed class as a whole, from landlord to small peasant. They expect inflation also to neutralize the capital levy. They do not hide the simple hope that it will provoke socialist insurrections, which can then be put down with American armament and with a great show of virtue.

This is really the danger point. The large-circulation press, which is almost totally controlled by the Right, is openly trying to prepare for a *coup d'état*. If it should occur, no one could prevent a civil war, for there are still hundreds of thousands of armed partisans who once fought for democracy. Their leaders, however moderate, would have no choice but to go with them to the hills, and would be branded in no time as subversive Reds.

In preparation for a conflict, the Right are trying to tie the Center to their chariot, and the Left, whose chief strategist is Togliatti, now top man for Communism in Western Europe, are trying to find solidarity, in the name of common sense and patriotism, with as many moderate groups as they can. The Socialists are hoping that some, even indirect, encouragement to them from Washington will allow them to balance the Communist influence in the left-of-center bloc.

The militant Left think that if we refuse help to them they can at least make it impossible for the Right to rule. They, too, consider the weapon of inflation, which they can use to very different purposes, and let the chips fall where they may.

Between the two organized groups, the great mass of Italians, both Left and Right, are hoping and praying that we will simply promote a Center coalition, something like the Labor bloc in England, which will be able to unite the workers and the middle classes.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

ON THE WORLD TODAY

Washington

Is the Eightieth Congress a fair preview of Republicanism in power? Many Americans seem to think so, and by contrast Harry Truman begins to look good. If public opinion polls are any test, there has been a rash of second thoughts on the part of many who voted Republican with such enthusiasm in November, 1946. Some Democrats, pointing to the confusion and stagnation in the Congress, are even saying with malice, "Had enough?"

A good deal of the criticism, however, has been unfair. Under the American system it is the Executive who gets things done. No Congress, however completely under the domination of a single party, can run (or replace) the Executive, particularly if he is of the opposite party. The Democrats, when correspondingly situated from 1930 to 1932, were not much more successful than the Republicans today in enacting a strong and comprehensive program.

Still, the degree of disunity exhibited in Republican ranks has gravely impaired the party's national standing. Everyone expected a split between the Republican leadership in the House, which tends to be narrow and rabid, and the Republican leadership in the Senate, which includes some wise and capable men. But serious differences have also emerged among the wise and capable. Even more discouraging is the apparent fact that the narrow and rabid Republicans, while lowering the national reputation of their party, are at the same time beating out the more enlightened leaders for the affection of the party's angels.

The purely party pressures bearing on Senator Taft, for example, have brought out his worst side. He has been the major disappointment in this session, and his popularity has declined correspondingly in the polls. Senator Vandenberg's popularity, meanwhile, has risen steadily as a result of his statesmanship over such issues as the Greek-Turkish program and the Lilienthal appointment.

Yet these very excursions into enlightenment evidently roused serious discomfort among his big-money supporters in Michigan and among the party "regulars" whose backing is essential for the Presidential nomination. Their pressure, observers feel, accounted for Vandenberg's abrupt switch on the question whether the U.S. should fulfill its Lend-Lease commitments to the U.S.S.R., and for his decision to vote against Gordon Clapp as head of the TVA after speaking for Lilienthal's appointment to the Atomic Energy Commission.

Vandenberg's dilemma (and one in which Stassen is also ensnared) is that statesmanship may pay off so far as the mass of the people — and probably the mass of Republicans — are concerned, but it does not pay off among the die-hards who run and finance the machine.

The Republicans on trial

A Republican Congress can presumably pass any bill the party wishes. In spite of this fact, Republican legislative achievements have been inconsiderable and largely negative. The Republicans, in a desperate effort to meet imprudent campaign commitments about tax reduction, have made extensive cuts in appropriations.

The current test of positive Republican objectives is provided by the party's labor proposals. The Hartley bill, which has passed the House, is an undiscriminating compendium of practically all recent anti-union proposals, drawn up by wealthy corporation lawyers (who were identified in the House debate) and adorned by them with pious and unconvincing rhetoric about saving the workingman. Many Representatives voted for it under the assump-

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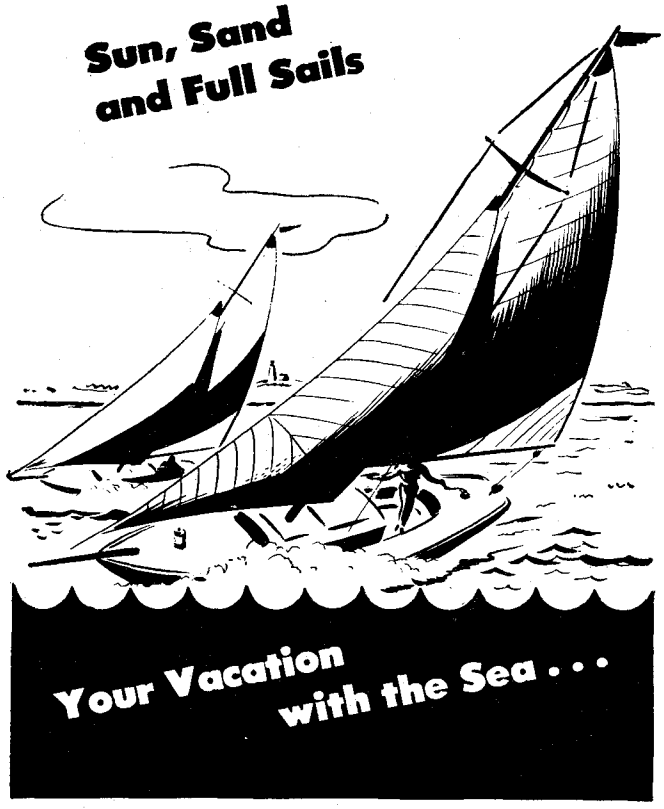

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tion which is supposed to excuse so much ill-advised House legislation: that the Senate will tidy up a bill and strike out the excesses.

The burden of being the majority party has focused public attention on the Republican divisions. No one should forget, however, that the Democratic representation in Congress is equally, if at the moment less noisily, divided. The curve from Pepper to O'Daniel is quite as long as the curve from Morse to Capehart.

The Wallace debate

The hullabaloo over Henry Wallace's visit to Europe called attention to the fact that there are also divisions in what its members optimistically refer to as the American left. It should be said, with regard to the Wallace debate itself, that both sides can be charged with fatuousness. The proposals that the Logan Act of 1798 be invoked against Wallace and that his passport be revoked are self-evidently absurd; but even a normally sagacious man like Vandenberg complained to President Truman over behavior which disturbed neither of them when carried out in reverse a year ago by Winston Churchill.

Said one veteran Washingtonian after watching the fuss, "It is all nonsense. Henry Wallace has a complete right to make a damn fool of himself in every country in the world."

More sober concern, however, was expressed over Wallace's various claims to speak for the broad American masses, for the American liberal movement, for the New Deal, or for the Roosevelt tradition. Many old friends of Wallace regret that he has permitted his present associates to hang the cloak of F.D.R. over his inadequate shoulders and trot him out as the chosen and exclusive champion of American progressivism.

The cold fact is, of course, that not a single person prominently identified with Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal supports Wallace in his present vagaries. Harold Ickes, who broke with Truman long before Henry Wallace did, observed, "We can thank our stars today that we have as President the man that we have, if the alternative would have to be Henry A. Wallace." Bob La Follette's organ, *The Progressive*, pronounced a blunt epitaph: "The radical democrat of Iowa has now become the Soviet defender of New York." Even Mrs. Roosevelt now calls him "Don Quixote."

The liberals and the left

The extent to which the New Dealers have repudiated Wallace has been emphasized by the success of the new liberal organization, Americans for Democratic Action. This group provides a home for so many former New Dealers that, as a wit has remarked, it looks like a government-in-exile.

ADA grew out of a conference of liberals who felt that the American progressive movement would be

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immobilized until it rid itself of the Communist problem. It consequently rejects all collaboration with American Communists or fellow travelers; and by virtue of this rejection, it hopes to approach the questions of the day on their merits, without reference to the current Soviet line and without wasting time and energy in combating Communist cliques inside the organization.

This independence is particularly important in the case of foreign policy, where Communists and their allies have tried to commit the whole liberal movement to the unconditional support of the U.S.S.R.

ADA's leaders include such established liberals as Wilson Wyatt, Leon Henderson, Chester Bowles, Paul Porter, Elmer Davis, Reinhold Niebuhr, Barry Bingham. In view of Henry Wallace's pretensions to the Roosevelt mantle, it is interesting to note that Eleanor Roosevelt, her exceedingly able son Franklin, Anna Roosevelt Boettiger, and James Roosevelt are all affiliated with ADA. The only Roosevelt the self-constituted heir of F.D.R. can carry with him is the rather erratic Elliott.

Wallace's followers are organized in Progressive Citizens of America, though neither Wallace nor Elliott Roosevelt is a member of this Communist-infiltrated organization. The leaders of PCA are Jo Davidson, the sculptor, and Frank Kingdon, a radio commentator. PCA contains no national political figures and no important New Dealers.

As against the ADA position, PCA members argue the possibility of collaboration between liberals and American Communists and fellow travelers; and they argue also the general superiority of Soviet foreign policy to American. Since both these questions depend on a basic evaluation of Communism and the U.S.S.R., the differences between the two groups are not likely to be easily compromised.

Experienced observers regard this split not as a disaster to the American left, but as the beginning of its political maturity. They point out that in countries where free political expression remains, a sharp distinction is drawn between Communists and those leftists who believe in individual dignity and personal freedom.

The Truman doctrine

The Wallace attack on the Truman program for aid to Greece and Turkey performed at least one useful service: it underscored the ambiguous passages in Truman's ill-considered speech on the question. In this address the President indulged in brave but vague rhetoric about America's obligation "to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures."

As Wallace read these lines, they seemed to him to commit the U.S. to an unlimited crusade against the U.S.S.R., in which it would welcome as allies all anti-Soviet states, no matter how corrupt or reactionary. Charles A. Lindbergh, evidently agreeing with Wallace's analysis, endorsed the policy.

Even in quarters less extreme, Truman's statement of policy roused misgivings. The program for aid to Greece and Turkey could have been justified in terms, say, of Roosevelt's quarantine speech of 1937, or in terms of maintaining the Teheran and Yalta arrangements, without these latter-day rhetorical adornments. Indeed, the Administration's presentation of its case could hardly have been more skillfully designed from the point of view of awakening legitimate anxieties. Probably no bill of equal importance has been enacted in recent years with so little basic enthusiasm.

If the President's initial address had eschewed inflammatory rhetoric; if it had incorporated the substance of the recommendations for the reform of the Greek government made by Secretary Marshall in a note a few weeks earlier; if it had incorporated the Vandenberg amendment and other gestures toward the UN, it would have been much less vulnerable. The White House calculation seems to have been, however, that the Republican Congress can be stimulated into releasing money for foreign spending only by invoking the specter of Communism.

Support or intervention?

The Wallace interpretation of the Truman doctrine will presumably be disproved in practice. The United States government never intended an unlimited subsidy to the Greek government, as Washington feels Wallace should have known or could have discovered. Paul Porter, head of an economic mission to Greece, and Lincoln MacVeagh, our Ambassador, have made clear their conviction that money lent to the present Greek government will be wasted unless its spending is closely supervised.

The State Department has been reluctant, however, to avow its operating intentions within Greece lest it expose the program to attacks from a fresh direction. If the United States does not say it will administer the loan, it is accused of unlimited support of reactionary governments; if it does say that it intends to follow through on the use of every cent and every half-track, it will be accused (largely by the same critics) of imperialistic intervention in the affairs of a friendly people.

The Wallace uproar will have its good effects. The Administration will probably weigh its words more carefully another time and pay more attention both to the UN and to the importance of affirming the American belief that economic reconstruction and

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1946 *Atlantic Prizes* 1947

to College Students

The Atlantic Contests for College Students for 1946–1947 (closing date April 10) were open to all students using the Atlantic Monthly in a course during some part of the 1946–1947 college year.

Essay Contest

PRIZE—$50.00

The Resistance, by Eileen Springstun, Ward-Belmont College, Nashville, Tennessee; *Ivar Lou Myhr, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

The Coiling Serpent: Fascism, by Gene Leach, State College of Washington; *Dorothy Dakin, Instructor.*

The Parable of the Seat, by Lon Skinner Bond, State Teachers College, Indiana, Pennsylvania; *Rhodes R. Stabley, Instructor.*

In Defense of the Loon, by A. Sparks, Ohio Wesleyan University; *Ben Spencer, Instructor.*

Story Contest

PRIZE—$50.00

Behold the Brown-Faced Men, by Joseph L. Keller, Montana State University; *H. G. Merriam, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Never Tell, by Pat Eldridge, University of Pittsburgh; *Edwin L. Peterson, Instructor.*

Two People, by Kenneth I. Taylor, Hamline University, Saint Paul, Minnesota; *Doris B. Garey, Instructor.*

Roddydenderns, by Betty L. Johnson, Grinnell College, Iowa; *Grace Hunter, Instructor.*

Poetry Contest

PRIZE—$50.00

Epitaph (Lyric in Memory of Gertrude Stein), by William Alfred, Brooklyn College, New York; *Catherine M. Reigart, Instructor.*

HONORABLE MENTION

Invocation, by Harold Orel, University of New Hampshire; *Carroll S. Towle, Instructor.*

BREAD LOAF SCHOOL OF ENGLISH OF MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE, Vermont, announces the award of two scholarships covering tuition for the 1947 session of Bread Loaf School of English: one scholarship to Joseph L. Keller, Montana State University (for his story, **Behold the Brown-Faced Men**), and one scholarship to H. G. Merriam, Instructor of Joseph L. Keller.

political democratization provide the only lasting answers to Communism. But so many misconceptions, falsifications, and convictions of martyrdom have gone into the Wallace performance that gratitude to him can hardly be considered a leading Washington emotion.

THE MOOD OF THE CAPITAL

Beneath the political hubbub, deeper apprehensions have been stirring Washington in recent weeks. All of a sudden, everyone has been struck with the ominous significance of the steadily rising prices.

It is becoming clear that inflation has dissipated a good deal of the hoarded purchasing power on which business had counted to maintain the boom; that the unusually high corporate profits signify large sums of money withdrawn both from capital formation and from purchasing power; and that further increases in wages in order to make up the lag in consumers' activity can have only a temporary effect.

The Administration now recalls with bitterness the theory, current a year ago in Republican speeches and NAM advertisements, that OPA was the great bar to production and that its destruction and the consequent higher prices would call forth so much output that competition would drive the prices down.

As Truman remarked at a recent press conference, the free enterprise system now has a chance to show whether it can work. Even Alfred M. Landon has said that the high prices are a greater threat to American capitalism than the Communist Party has ever been.

Few put much stock in the readiness of businessmen to initiate, under their own responsibility, an orderly reduction of prices. Few believe it politically possible to get an adequate tax, fiscal, or price-control program through the present Congress. And there is a widespread fatalistic expectation of a slump in the fall which may or may not be arrested before it plummets into depression.

Quite apart from the domestic repercussions, observers point to the bad consequences a sharp price break and a recession would have for United States foreign policy. A depression would make the Republican Congress retreat even more precipitately from the expense of maintaining the United States as a global economic and military power.

It would also drive away the nations we are currently trying to persuade to link their economies with us instead of the Soviet Union. And, by demonstrating dramatically the instability of the capitalist system, it would lend new documentation to Communist propaganda throughout the world. The expectation of American economic collapse certainly accounted in part for the stiffening of the Soviet position at Moscow.

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ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Indo-China

Sir:

My attention has been called to the reference in the March *Atlantic Monthly* (Atlantic Report on the Far East) to an article on Indo-China which I wrote for the *Foreign Policy Bulletin*. In the interests of accuracy I thought you might appreciate the following comment.

Your Atlantic Report writer fails to distinguish between (1) the causes of the Indo-Chinese rebellion, and (2) the motives for Russian policy in the area after the rebellion began. By implication, he suggests that I believe Moscow "turned on" the rebellion. On the contrary, in an earlier paragraph in the same article, I do not even mention Annamite Communists, let alone Russian inspiration as a cause for the rebellion. In the passage quoted by your writer I am not discussing the causes of the rebellion but the motives for Russian policy today — a policy of non-involvement in Indo-China as contrasted with a policy of intervention in Indonesia. Does your writer have a better explanation than mine?

VERNON MCKAY
Research Associate, Foreign Policy Association
New York City

Our correspondent replies: —

● It was not my intention to imply that Mr. McKay believes that the Russians "turned on" the rebellion in Indo-China, and I am sorry if that construction can be put on what I said. My direct reference was to the suggestion that the Russians are keeping quiet about Indo-China for fear that a vacuum there might be filled by China or America. If either Mr. McKay or the Russians believe in a vacuum in Indo-China, I believe they are wrong.

The reference to rebellions "turned on" by the Russians followed in a separate paragraph, and was meant to be a general reference, not a specific reference to Mr. McKay.

Actually, Mr. McKay and I are not far apart. He says "it is advantageous to Moscow that the French should maintain their position," and I say the "more important phenomenon is the ability of colonial nationalists to take advantage of any and every tension between Russia and the countries which still maintain some measure of control," and so on. And obviously there is no question of tension between Russia and the French Communists.

"Seven Campus Characters"

Several readers have objected to what they believed was an anti-Semitic point of view in a stanza of W. W. Gibson's poem "Seven Campus Characters" in the March *Atlantic*. Mr. Gibson writes us: —

● Far from presenting a "slur," my poem simply recognizes the appalling fact that the prejudice does exist. I have been continually shocked, as I assume we all have, by evidences of discrimination both in and out of academic circles. The really shocking thing, I believe, is the lethargy, the refusal to face facts, which permits such attitudes to exist. I had hoped that my poem, in however small a way, might at least point accusingly at this disgraceful situation.

Koussevitzky

Sir:

Mr. Alexander Williams's review of my book, *Koussevitzky*, in the April *Atlantic* complains of two serious shortcomings. The first is that I have "been obliged to rely, especially for Koussevitzky's early life through his first marriage, on oral reports from other musicians, critical material from the Russian press, and even rumor and conjecture — all rather bad sources of definitive biography." The last, I submit, goes pretty far. Does a man have to be dead before personal recollections of friends and con-

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temporary press reports about him have any authenticity?

As to "rumor and conjecture," I thought it pretty well established that when they have had as wide circulation as in the case of Koussevitzky it is the duty of the biographer, far from maintaining silence, to discuss them openly. It is also his duty, of course, to make clear to the reader just what is rumor or conjecture and to present the available evidence, with which the reader can make up his own mind about the truth or falsity of questionable items. I believe I did this in every instance, and I am sorry that Mr. Williams did not make this clear in his review.

His statement that my inability, "for whatever reason, to obtain any frank account from Koussevitzky himself of these earlier years . . . is an obvious flaw in any biography of a living subject" sounds bigger than it is. First, for the sake of the record, let me say that the "whatever" reason was Mr. Koussevitzky's failure to give me the help he originally promised. I admit that firsthand accounts from Koussevitzky would have made a different biography: at the very least, the first part of the book would have had more color and freshness. But I do not agree that my failure to get this material was as serious as Mr. Williams indicates. That the conductor's assistance would not have guaranteed a definitive biography is apparent from the earlier, authorized *Life* by Lourié, which, in Mr Williams's own words, fell "conspicuously short" of giving "a true picture of the man." The very inconsistencies in my book of which Mr. Williams makes so much are present, furthermore, in Koussevitzky's published and private (as reported at first hand) recollections of his early life; any reader of my book will note numerous instances therein.

As far as I can make out, the second shortcoming complained of by Mr. Williams is bias. This is a little harder to answer, because one man's bias is another's honesty, courage, or what have you. I am charged, for example, with being "an Indian giver," no sooner praising the conductor in one paragraph than taking this praise away with some bitter pill in the next. It all depends on the point of view. Mr. Justice Shientag was presumably choosing his words carefully and judicially for the decision in which he turned down Koussevitzky's request for an injunction against the publishers of my book on the allegation that it violated the New York State "Right of Privacy" law. "Curiously enough," he said, "although there are many depreciatory statements, they seem to be invariably followed by ameliorative observations of unreserved praise." By simply reversing the factors and changing the emphasis, the Justice seems to have arrived at the very opposite conclusion to Mr. Williams's.

MOSES SMITH
Brookline, Mass.

I Personally —

Sir:

I can't remember when I've been so affected by a piece of fiction as I was by John A. Lynch's "The Burden" in the April *Atlantic*. You see, I carried the "burden" myself for several months with the 100th Division in France and Germany. Mr. Lynch has succeeded in putting into words, expressive and powerful words, the deeply imbedded emotions felt by many of us, I'm sure, whose lot was the front-line fighting.

HENRY T. BOURNE, JR.
New Haven, Conn.

Sir:

I wish to express to you and to Peter Viereck my enthusiastic thanks for the poem "Kilroy Was Here," published in the April *Atlantic*. This poem seems to me the finest by far that this war has inspired; indeed, I think it one of the finest poems I have ever read. It is noble in sentiment, exciting in expression, beautiful in technique — who could ask for anything more?

JOHN C. REED
Associate Professor of English, U.S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md.

Sir:

It was my pleasure recently to sit across the table at luncheon from a British industrialist. He and his son were spending several weeks in this country. In the course of our conversation I inquired if he had read the article by Francis and Katharine Drake in the March *Atlantic*, entitled "Can Britain Work It Out?" He replied in the negative, but indicated he had heard it discussed, and I lent him a copy of the magazine. Before either of them saw the article, the son remarked, "If it was pleasant reading, it was not true." A day or two afterwards they returned the magazine to me with a letter, from which I quote as follows: —

"My son and I have read the article 'Can Britain Work It Out?' with much interest. We absolutely agree with every word and we cannot take exception to any part."

CLARENCE M. LITTLE
Buffalo, N.Y.

Sir:

Perhaps C.W.M. (Accent on Living, March, 1947), who went to such pains to describe a *manche à gigot*, would like to know that the "gadget" is as essential a part of French household equipment as the can-opener is of American — although not much used of late, for want of something on which to screw it. It is not primarily ornamental, and is no more "stubbornly opulent" than a silver spoon. Its purpose is to provide a firm, non-slippery grip for the master of the house while engaged in the patriarchal ceremony of carving up the roast.

In the present state of affairs, however, it is likely

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to join the butter dish and the cheese knife in the museum of domestic curiosities, not because the French are streamlining their dining rooms, but because our menus are being streamlined for us. Most of us would be delighted, even without benefit of the apple-cheeked domestics C.W.M. longs for, to dust and polish all the imaginable aids to discriminating eating, if that would really aid it. But what would C.W.M. think of polishing the coffeepot once a week, while there is only sufficient coffee to use it once a month?

GLADYS DELMAS
Paris, France

Sir:

In the March *Atlantic*, "The Peripatetic Reviewer" asked the question, "What happens to reading?" He previously answered it. What happens to thought? Practical cogitating is not a deed in fashion.

Having been trying to teach English for a few years, I would have done his final paragraph less ably but more emphatically: we are a nation of yappers and listeners and movie watchers. We don't read, think over what we read, and act.

There was a time when ideas were printed and people read and discussed them. Now ideas get a fifteen-minute spot on a network and oratory takes over. For the results you have but to look around you.

The schools aren't making books a compelling part of the students' lives. Too many of the teachers haven't read or don't read. They listen (to the radio) and yap (about their poorly paid plight). The book lists are the same as always — "mighty bloodless substitutes for life."

It's up to the teachers (and not just English teachers) to present a strong case for books and reading. Get away from a restricted list and allow more freedom of choice. Let *Johnny Tremain*, for example, be the introduction to *Paul Revere and the World He Lived In*, and let them both lead to *Oliver Wiswell*.

And let headmasters, speakers, and those in charge refer to books and the discoveries they have made and are making in books.

Sluggish is the word for it all.

HOWARD A. LINCOLN
Dean Academy
Franklin, Mass.

Sir:

Della Cyrus writes as though children had mothers but no fathers; as though mothers alone made homes for their children and reared them. Father is conspicuous by his absence from her picture of modern domestic life. He is the little man who isn't there (or if he is there, he doesn't count).

HILDING HANSON
Cambridge, Mass.

Palestine

We published in the April *Atlantic* considerable correspondence about W. T. Stace's article, "The Zionist Illusion" (February *Atlantic*), and a full-length rejoinder, "Palestine: Realities and Illusions," by Eliahu Ben-Horin. We bring the debate to a close with the following letter from Professor Stace: —

● A complete analysis of Mr. Ben-Horin's article would be a rather long business, but the following seem to be some of the main points.

Section 1 says that I am not impartial and objective because I avoid applying the yardstick of justice to British doings in Africa and elsewhere and apply it only to Zionists in Palestine. This is a red herring. I am quite willing to apply the yardstick to the British, and it will certainly show them to be aggressors in many parts of the world. But I wrote about Palestine, and not, for instance, Rhodesia or Ceylon, because Palestine is a burning question at the present time while those other countries are not. I cannot write about everything at once. The inference to lack of objectivity is absurd.

Section 2 says that the "promise" of Palestine to the Jews represents "the collective conscience of the world — in this case, the League of Nations" and so it must be right. "Has any of us the right to imply that mankind as a whole is wrong and he alone right?" Why not? As an argument this is contemptible, or rather it is not an argument at all, but merely an attempt to intimidate by authority and the weight of numbers. Nations as wholes admittedly do injustice, and so may a collection of nations.

Section 3 implies that Arab objections to Zionism are really only the objections of Arab potentates and effendis to the curtailment of their privileged positions by the introduction of Western civilization. This is highly disputable. But waiving that point, a low civilization and abuses within a country do not justify aggression from outside unless they are a threat to outside nations. Nor does the fact that Arab "public opinion" is ignorant and ill-informed justify an outside people in riding roughshod over it. All public opinion, including American, is ignorant and ill-informed. It is a matter of degree only. Mr. Ben-Horin's argument here would justify any aggression of a more civilized against a less civilized people. You would merely have to show that the cry of a people to run their own country was largely worked up by persons who had axes to grind, kings, chiefs, feudal lords, and so on. And this would be true in almost every backward country.

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WHAT PRICE PREPAREDNESS?

by CORD MEYER, JR.

Zealots have been telling us that if we are to win the struggle for the world, we must prepare the country at once for atomic warfare. This Marine veteran, who was wounded in the fighting in the Pacific, and who returned to serve as an Aide to Commander Harold Stassen at the San Francisco Conference, adds up realistically what it will cost us to disperse our industries, to move cities underground, and to build up our stockpiles for atomic bombardment. — THE EDITOR

PEACE through preparedness for war is the promise that is now being held out to the American people by our elected officials and military leaders. We are continually exhorted to remember that aggression is still a possibility and that our only guarantee of safety lies in armed strength. In this second year of "peace," President Truman has called for a military appropriation of more than eleven billion dollars. After grave warnings from the Secretaries of the War, Navy, and State Departments, this appears to be one item in the President's budget that the Republicans will not attempt to cut, although it is almost one third of the total.

Similarly, Marshal Stalin has warned the Russian people that "it is necessary to be constantly vigilant, to protect as the apple of one's eye the armed force and defensive power of our country." In the Soviet Union, the expected reconversion to the production of consumer goods has been delayed in favor of further expansion of the heavy industries which provide the sinews of war, with particular emphasis on the development of atomic energy. The American and Russian governments are locked in competition for the arms, allies, and strategic bases that each insists are essential to national security.

How are these claims that peace and safety can be assured through competitive arming to be reconciled with the known facts concerning the new weapons? The scientists have been attempting to reach an apathetic public with the knowledge that there is no effective defense against atomic bombs. Two or three bombs are sufficient to destroy even the largest city, crippling or killing most of its inhabitants. They can be delivered by long-range bombers, so mere distance is not the protection that it was.

There is no safety in the fact that we enjoy a temporary monopoly on atomic weapons. Many of the most able scientists insist that within two or three years Russia and a number of other nations may be manufacturing atomic explosives, whether or not we divulge our technical secrets. In the immediate future, Americans will live in justifiable terror of an atomic attack that can devastate our cities and industries at a single blow, just as the people of some other nations already fear such an assault by the United States.

The spectacular quality of the atomic bomb explosion has obscured the equally significant information that there are other new and inhumanly destructive means of warfare available today. Their existence is worth mentioning not because

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atomic bombs are not sufficient in themselves to devastate a country, but because the international control of atomic energy alone has been allowed to become synonymous with the establishment of peace and security. In pleading the need for funds to be used in scientific research, a member of Congress proved his case last year by stating: "They have developed a weapon that can wipe out all forms of life in a large city. It is a germ proposition and is sprayed from airplanes that can fly high enough, while doing it, to be reasonably safe from ground fire. It is quick and certain death. One operation would be sufficient, for the effects would spread rapidly." The official Merck Report on biological warfare concludes with the warning: "The development of agents for biological warfare is possible in many countries, large and small, without vast expenditures of money or the construction of huge production facilities."

From these facts, it is evident that once a modern attack is launched, no amount of money, men, and armament can save our country or any other nation from colossal devastation and the ravages of incurable pestilences. How, then, can vast armament expenditures and military preparations be justified?

If our future security is to depend on national armaments, the purpose of the military must not be to win wars but to prevent them from ever occurring, by the obvious size and efficiency of our preparations for a counteroffensive. Not only must this retaliatory force be capable of immediately destroying the cities of all possible opponents, but it must be so distributed and organized as to be able to deliver its blows after our own cities and factories have been leveled by the enemy's initial assault. Preparedness to defend the nation must be supplanted by preparedness to endure the loss of our urban industry and population and to preserve from the wreckage the ability to strike back in equal force.

Before we and the other peoples of the world are finally and irrevocably committed to such a program of mutual intimidation, we had better ask ourselves and our leaders what the consequences will be.

2

The first requirement is a stockpile of modern weapons second to none. In the past, the vast peaceful factories which could be converted to the manufacture of weapons were reliable guarantees of strength. No such pause for the realization of potential strength will exist in future conflicts. It will be difficult to preserve beyond the first day even those factories devoted to the most essential war production. Only those weapons immediately available can be relied upon in launching the instantaneous retaliation that will be necessary. The United States, if it intends to intimidate others, has no alternative but to attempt to maintain the world's largest arsenal of atomic bombs, radioactive poisons, disease-producing germs, and long-range rockets and bombers.

There is another necessity of preparedness which has been completely ignored by those who claim that the United States can remain secure merely by preserving its lead in the arms production race. They forget that the capacity to continue a future war will depend not only on the quantity and potency of the weapons available, but on the relative ability of the warring powers to preserve unharmed vital sections of the national industry and population.

Since there is no sure means of preventing the bombs from landing, the only way to reduce their effect is to disperse the possible targets. Just as Bikini demonstrated the suicidal stupidity of assembling large numbers of ships in a single harbor, so Hiroshima and Nagasaki illustrated the danger of tolerating the continued existence of large concentrations of men and machines on land. Unfortunately, cities are not so easily dispersed as ships.

A tremendous program of enforced decentralization of its industrial centers is a necessity for any nation preparing for future war. Such decentralization has two objectives. The first, which must have the highest priority, is the protection of striking power. The second objective is to provide some security for the city dwellers.

The protection of retaliatory capacity involves the dispersal and sheltering of military personnel, of stockpiles of weapons, of the industries and workers that produce the most vital weapons, and of government executives. In the case of soldiers and their weapons, it is obvious that their concentration in a few large camps invites destruction. They must be distributed throughout the country in secret and self-sufficient centers of resistance, with bombs, bacteria, planes, and rockets in a continuous state of readiness.

The factories, workers, and raw materials essential to arms production must also be dispersed among self-sufficient production centers. Moreover, the Capitol, the White House, and the Pentagon Building are as great temptations to a possible aggressor as Oak Ridge or Detroit. The consequence of a bombardment of Washington today

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would be the liquidation of the entire directing personnel of the government, resulting in confusion of authority and in political as well as material chaos. There is need for the creation of separate command centers, each one capable of directing the resistance if the others are destroyed.

The widest dispersal is not in itself a sufficient protection for these cells. More reliable assurance of their ability to survive attack would be gained if they were located underground. Of course, such shelters would have to be capable of being sealed off against the radioactivity and bacteria the outside atmosphere might carry. The construction of such underground caverns for whole factories and defensive installations would admittedly be a critical drain on the resources of even the richest nation, but, unlike the underground construction of entire cities, it is feasible. When this program has been put into effect, the country may be able to fight on though its cities lie in ruins and the majority of its people are maimed, dying, or dead.

The second objective of a decentralization program is the protection of urban inhabitants. With forty-five million people crowded into our two hundred largest cities, this is a gigantic task. The best guarantee of safety would be the transformation of the cities into scattered subterranean communities, but less radical changes promise some security. The government can enforce the construction of widely spaced suburban areas. Prior arrangements can be made for speedy evacuation at the first warning of attack. Deep underground shelters can be built in the cities to provide some safety for those who cannot escape into the country. In the event of a continuous bombardment with atomic bombs and bacteria, such measures will be like building sand castles to restrain the ocean. But they will reduce the death toll that one or two bombs can cause in a large city, and they will strengthen the morale of the city dwellers with the knowledge that they are not being completely abandoned to their fate.

There is need for a home defense force, which would have the task of organizing the civilian survivors of the initial attack for guerrilla action against the invading airborne armies of the enemy. The only part that the half-trained reserves produced by one year of compulsory military training could play in a future war would be in such localized resistance. In their civilian occupations at the time of the assault, incapable of being mobilized because of the wreckage of the transportation and communication systems, the national guardsman and the ex-draftee would be useful only as guerrillas or relief workers. Their training may be justified as a final means of convincing an aggressor that the nation is prepared to endure to the end. But the real capacity of a country to resist will not be measured by the number of reserves it has trained for infantry action. It will be measured rather by the size of its stockpiles of the most destructive weapons, by the extent of its industrial dispersal, by the number and degree of readiness of its highly specialized professionals who continuously man the bombing fleets and rocket launchers, make up the mobile striking force, and operate the anti-aircraft installations.

3

The danger of atomic or biological sabotage requires a very large security police armed with sweeping powers to search and arrest. Although continuous patrol of the national borders and inspection of every conceivable hiding place in the United States cannot provide absolute protection against the secret introduction of atomic time-bombs, an efficient police can decrease the danger, though severely decreasing at the same time the civil liberties we take for granted. Not only will the government have to restrict drastically the rights and movements of its own citizens, but in self-defense it must attempt to maintain the most efficient intelligence system in the world. The advantage an aggressor may gain by a surprise attack makes it imperative that advance warning be obtained from spies.

These measures cannot be taken without deep changes in the nature of our political and economic institutions. How, for example, can intensive armament production combined with industrial and population dispersal be achieved within a system of private enterprise? Certainly there will have to be long-range government planning to a degree never dreamed of in the United States. No privately owned company will indulge voluntarily in the highly unprofitable enterprise of moving its plants out of a city and burying them in the open country. Preparedness on the scale now necessary demands a national defense plan that will have to govern and direct the entire economy. This plan must determine what proportion of the national income is to be devoted to the various protective measures, and the priority in which each step must be taken in order to assure the greatest speed and economy.

This national defense plan will require regimentation in its most extreme form, but its effect and purpose will be directly opposite to the kind of

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welfare planning advocated by New Deal liberals. Its sole objective must be to create military power greater than that of any possible group of opponents; and as the competition grows in intensity, the individual will have to sacrifice more and more of his material welfare to its unlimited demands. Centralized and autocratic control of the economy is unavoidable, whatever the forms of ownership, so long as the nation must be continuously prepared to resist an atomic attack. The attempt to prepare for another war will defeat with equal finality both the efforts of those who wish to return to the legendary age of competitive private enterprise and the labors of those who have looked ahead to an economy planned for the benefit of the majority and responsible to its will.

There is but one rational argument that can be used to justify these sacrifices. It is undeniable that, in a world of armed states, superior military strength is the only way for a nation to protect its rights and territory. This argument recognizes the consequences of the lawless anarchy in which the sovereign nations continue to exist. But it is much easier to persuade men to fear a particular enemy than it is to convince them that the real danger lies in the institutional pattern of national sovereignty. The tendency of this fear to focus into suspicion of one specific nation has been accelerated by the fact that only the Soviet Union has the potential strength to challenge the armed supremacy of the United States. Because our own country and Russia are the only two states which are physically capable of waging a modern war with any hope of victory, each is the sole threat to the security of the other.

Forced by international anarchy to prepare for another war, the leaders of the only two nations capable of waging such a war tend to exaggerate the points of difference in the two societies as a means of persuading their respective populations of the moral value of their sacrifices. The noblest principles of freedom become fraudulent propaganda when they are used to disguise an amoral competition for brute force and to lash masses of men into a crusading fury against each other. As the burden of armaments grows, the propaganda will have to grow proportionately until the American and Russian people are so indoctrinated with mutual fear, and so convinced of the righteous morality of their separate causes, that they will submit to all that preparedness now involves.

Total preparedness means totalitarianism for American citizens. There is hardly an aspect of human life that will not have to be corrupted to the organized pursuit of force. Together with their loss of the democratic right to determine public policy, the large majority of American citizens stand to lose also their right to choose their work and to live where they please. It is unlikely that the freedoms of speech and assembly can be allowed to survive. Conscripted to serve in the defense forces or to labor in the subterranean factories, regulated by police restrictions in their attempts to travel, subjected to arbitrary search and arrest, forced to work longer hours at less pay, they will become mere instruments of the state. If there is complaint against these staggering sacrifices, the answer will always be that they are necessary in order to preserve the sovereign independence of the United States. This is the monumental irony inherent in the whole policy of modern preparedness.

4

EVERY argument that American leaders have advanced to prove the need for war preparations applies with equal force to the Soviet Union — and with more immediacy. To understand the present concern of the Russians with national security, one must imagine what the attitude of Americans would be if the United States had no atomic bombs and the Soviet Union had a monopoly of them. Unable to strike back with equal force from the attack which the United States is today technically capable of delivering, the Russians have an incentive for preparedness which we shall be able to comprehend only if we are faced one day with the superiority of a potential enemy.

The actual physical measures of defense necessitated by the new weapons are the same for Russia as they are for the United States. It therefore seems fatuous under present conditions to demand that the Russian leaders replace the strict discipline of the Communist Party with the more representative methods of parliamentary democracy. An increase in regimentation is rather to be expected, and today the Russian people are being exhorted to "the highest pitch of ability and technical skill under iron discipline," as the official propaganda puts it.

Likewise, the curtain of censorship and travel regulations performs functions indispensable to Russia's security. By restricting the entrance of foreigners and by keeping continuous watch on them while they are in the country, the Russians can hope to prevent potential enemies from discovering the nature of their defensive preparations. By sifting incoming news and by restricting the

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travel of Soviet citizens abroad, the government is able to reconcile the Russian people to their lot with the indispensable illusion that workers elsewhere are victims of even worse conditions.

To Americans, the existence of the Russian secret police, the NKVD, is the most damning indictment against the Soviet state. Yet it is difficult to see how so useful an instrument of national security can be eliminated, as long as the menace of attack remains. Far from permitting the abolition of the police, the extreme sacrifices now demanded of a weary people require that it be strengthened.

Like the United States, the Soviet Union is necessarily engaged in the world-wide competition to strengthen its allies, to win over such smaller nations as are still neutral, and to weaken potential enemies. Although its methods are more ruthless and direct than our own, Soviet policy in the Balkans is similar to American intervention in China and Greece. Each competitor seeks to ensure by force that the other does not gain the controlling influence in areas each considers essential to its security.

Every aspect of the Soviet state which the citizens of the Western democracies find objectionable is indispensable to its defense. The one-party dictatorship, the political censorship, the secret police, and the intervention abroad are all essential to a Russian government confronted with the threat of atomic-biological war. Only when that threat has been removed will the Russian regime have the opportunity to relax its harsh discipline and to provide its citizens with a wider area of civil liberty and political responsibility.

The future into which preparedness must lead the American and Russian people should now be clear. From the mass slaughters of the past, only two colossi have survived with sufficient strength to fight again. Each strives to establish such overwhelming military might that it need not fear the other, and yet these efforts merely multiply their suspicions. Like a malignant cancer, fear insatiably eats away what is best in both societies, as the riches of the land and the minds and bodies of the citizens are hammered into vast machines ready for instantaneous retaliation. When the populations of both states have been reduced to the indoctrinated and disciplined instruments of their respective high commands, preparedness will be complete, and life for the individual will be a drawn-out agony of oppression and suspense.

In spite of this perfectly predictable outcome of their present policies, the two governments continue to promise their citizens peace and security if they will only sacrifice enough for armaments. If in truth the American and Russian people could avoid war by building two opposing citadels of power, the sacrifices they are called upon to make might perhaps be justified. But is this the case?

Those who assert that the United States or the Soviet Union or any nation can avert war today by preparing for it are either blind to the facts or bent on aggression. In the absence of a reliable system of international security, armed strength is a necessity for every nation, but it is no substitute for a workable world organization. No stable and enduring balance of power can result from the growing rivalry. Rather, an inflammable mixture is being created of mutual suspicions and hatreds which must sooner or later explode.

Defensive measures are no longer distinguishable from preparations for attack. The same military and political precautions necessary to ensure a country's capacity to retaliate would be equally essential if it planned an offensive war of conquest. In compelling nations to rely on the threat of retaliation to deter aggression, the new weapons have placed a time-bomb under the already unstable structure of international anarchy. The most elementary defensive precautions of a peaceful government are sufficient to spread terror and provoke desperate countermeasures. The impossibility of discovering the real intentions behind the physical necessities of preparedness makes it inevitable that what one state legitimately regards as an essential measure of self-defense, another will interpret as nearly equivalent to a declaration of war.

5

THREE stages in the progress of the rivalry can be distinguished. The first stage exists at the present time. It is the period during which the United States has atomic weapons and the Soviet Union, so far as we know, has none. By 1950, this stage will probably have ended and the Russians will have begun to manufacture atomic explosives. So long as the United States thinks itself the sole possessor of the new means of destruction, it is open to a peculiar temptation.

That temptation is preventive war. Before it is dismissed as a monstrous fantasy into which the citizens of the United States would never permit themselves to be led, the arguments for such a course of action must be considered, because they are heard with increasing insistency. The proponents of the preventive attack base their case mainly on the argument that the United States is

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today at the height of its power and will never again be capable of winning an atomic conflict with so little damage to itself. They warn that Russia's potential strength in industry and manpower and its crusading ideology make it a redoubtable opponent in any prolonged struggle for armed supremacy.

Those who oppose preventive war cannot rest their case on the comfortable conviction that the American people would never permit their government to begin a war. The magnitude of the new forces of destruction has introduced an entirely new element into the historical process, and it is not safe to use the past as a basis for predicting how a terrified people will employ the tremendous power of which they momentarily find themselves the sole possessors. Only when a majority of Americans understand the full consequences of such a war, and are given a practical alternative to the continuation of the arms race, will there be a real assurance that the temptation to attack will be resisted.

Morally, preventive war is a polite name for aggression. The suspicion that our victim was planning to attack us at some future date could not mitigate the guilt of having destroyed many millions of innocent human beings. That section of world opinion which had previously tended to support the American version of democracy against the ruthless violence of Russian methods would stand appalled and alienated. No American could then maintain that his country had defended the traditional Christian respect for the human personality against Communistic materialism. The speechless dead would make a ghastly mockery of such pretensions to morality. Preventive war is the act for which we executed the Nazi leaders at Nuremberg. Let those who actively urge such a policy, and those who aid it by their silence, realize that if successful they will be as responsible for the mass execution of millions of defenseless men, women, and children as if they personally shot them down one by one.

6

Practically, the preventive war does not promise the cheap and easy victory claimed for it by its supporters. The dropping of the first American atomic bomb would be the signal for a sweep of the Russian infantry to the English Channel. A similar assault would be launched through Turkey and the Middle East, and another drive would be begun by the Siberian army to gain control of Manchuria and China. A long and costly land campaign cannot be avoided by exploiting a monopoly on atomic bombs. In the course of the struggle, the civilization of Western Europe would be totally destroyed. It may be that the Russians already possess biological weapons, and they would have no hesitation in using them against North America if we attacked them.

Having conquered Russia and its allies, the United States would have no alternative but to rule the world with an iron hand. Occupation armies would have to be maintained throughout the conquered area for an indefinite period. The danger that the survivors might secretly construct weapons for vengeance would be continuous so long as the memory of the attack remained alive in them and their descendants. Eventually, this American Empire would ignominiously collapse, ruined by internal dissension and smoldering rebellion.

If we postpone a preventive war and if the arms race continues, the second stage will be reached when the Soviet Union has produced sufficient atomic bombs to devastate the major American cities. Russia will then be in a position to wreak such terrible retaliation that the temptation to attack it will be considerably reduced. However, it is probable that war will occur during this second stage, even though both nations are capable of atomic offensives.

A number of situations may develop during this period, any one of which could conceivably lead to conflict. One government or the other may become convinced, as the competition proceeds, that it is falling behind in the construction of weapons and in underground dispersal of industries. This knowledge might provoke the losing side to attack in order to deny the advantage of the initiative to its opponent, and in fear that further delay might add to the other's power. There is the danger that both governments might commit themselves to a sequence of events from which neither could retreat. Incident can lead to incident and concession to concession, until finally, in desperation, a nation decides that to yield once more is to lose forever the ability to defend itself.

One thing is certain in this second stage of the struggle. If war occurs while both nations are able to survive aggression with sufficient force to counterattack, the result will be complete devastation of the cities of both nations and their allies. The victorious state, if it can be called such, will inherit a wasteland through which the starving and maimed survivors will wander in

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desolation. It may be possible to reconstruct the structure of civilized society on this wreckage, but it is also not beyond conjecture that so much destruction may start a slow decline into a period of violent chaos and brutal ignorance.

If war is avoided during the second stage and the competition for power continues, a third stage may develop. Dr. Irving Langmuir has predicted and defined the nature of this third and final phase. According to him, the time will come when an aggressor may achieve such offensive strength that "atomic bombs or radioactive poisons distributed over the country might destroy practically the whole area of the country, so that no effective retaliation could be offered." If a hydrogen-helium bomb of a thousand times the power of the present bombs can be constructed in the near future, as responsible officials have predicted, this third phase may soon be reached. Then an attack will be an irresistible temptation. When the fear of retaliation is no longer a deterrent, the only defense will be aggression.

7

Should the great powers prove unable to agree to an effective system of international security ending their present rivalry, war seems inevitable. By seeking safety in national armaments, the United States and Russia are creating a situation from which there is no escape but war — or surrender at the threat of war.

As popular apprehension grows concerning the consequences of the arms race, the attempt to fix the blame continues. Those who defend Russia insist that the United States began the rivalry by the way it has exercised its atomic monopoly. They point out that two atomic bombs were used in apparently hysterical haste against a country that was nearly beaten already. After this sudden eradication of more than 120,000 civilians of a prostrate enemy, other nations, it is argued, could have little faith in protestations that the bomb was safe in American hands. Those who believe that the United States government is primarily responsible for the development of the arms race can further point out that the United States waited ten critical months before proposing the specific terms on which it would be willing to share in an international control of atomic energy. Our government is said to have left the Russian leaders with no choice but to prepare for another war.

This line of argument is countered by the contention that it was Russia, and not the United States, which originally committed the provocative acts that made the present rivalry inevitable. The United States, according to this view, first pursued a policy of compromise and coöperation, making concession after concession at Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam. When this policy only served to increase the Russian demands, the American government was forced to conclude that the insatiable Russian appetite for territory could not be appeased by compromise, and that only by confronting the Soviet rulers with superior force could they be restrained. Therefore, the argument concludes, it is Russia that provoked the arms race, and if war is the outcome, the Russian rulers are criminally guilty.

So the debate rages. In reality, neither of the two governments is immediately responsible for the mounting struggle in which they find themselves engaged. They are both reacting in a natural and predictable manner to the compulsions of international anarchy. The ultimate cause of the struggle must be found in the fatal inadequacy of such international institutions as do exist. Both the American and Russian governments must share the responsibility for this state of affairs, because at the end of World War II neither of them was willing to confer sufficient power and authority on an international organization to make it a reliable instrument for the preservation of peace.

Must we then wait in despair to be crushed by a war that we can do nothing to prevent? I refuse to believe it. There is hope that men are sufficiently rational to acquiesce in their own survival. In the knowledge that another conflict would be the suicide of civilized society, the United States, Russia, and the other nations can find the motive for surrendering the right and means of waging war. By amendment, the United Nations must be given sufficient armed strength to enforce world laws regulating national armament and prohibiting acts of aggression.

As American citizens, we still enjoy the privilege of free speech and free elections. We are under no compulsion to remain silent, docile, and indifferent as we are marched down the steepening road of the armament race to our destruction. We can demand of our government that it propose to the other nations the formation of a world law and a world police to enforce it. Until the United States has indicated its readiness to take this step, the rest of humanity can only wait and watch as its fate is decided before the bar of American opinion.

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Who Will Survive?

Nineteen civilizations have had their turn upon this planet during the 6000 years of recorded history. Today five of them survive — all in different states of development — and our lives depend upon their striking a balance. With Olympian discernment ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE, *one of the most eminent living historians, examines these five contending civilizations in an effort to foretell which will survive if man elects to live in peace, and which will survive if the most civilized of us run amok.*

CIVILIZATION ON TRIAL

by ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

1

OUR present Western outlook on history is an extraordinarily contradictory one. While our historical horizon has been expanding vastly in both the space dimension and the time dimension, our historical vision — what we actually do see, in contrast to what we now could see if we chose — has been contracting rapidly to the narrow field of what a horse sees between its blinkers or what a U-boat commander sees through his periscope.

This is certainly extraordinary; yet it is only one of a number of contradictions of this kind that seem to be characteristic of the times in which we are living. There are other examples that probably loom larger in the minds of most of us. For instance, our world has risen to an unprecedented degree of humanitarian feeling. There is now a recognition of the human rights of people of all classes, nations, and races; yet at the same time we have sunk to perhaps unheard-of depths of class warfare, nationalism, and racialism. These bad passions find vent in cold-blooded, scientifically planned cruelties; and the two incompatible states of mind and standards of conduct are to be seen today, side by side, not merely in the same world, but sometimes in the same country and even in the same soul.

Again, we now have an unprecedented power of production side by side with unprecedented shortages. We have invented machines to work for us, but have less spare labor than ever before for human service — even for such an essential and elementary service as helping mothers to look after their babies. We have persistent alternations of widespread unemployment with famines of manpower. Undoubtedly, the contrast between our expanding historical horizon and our contracting historical vision is something characteristic of our age. Yet, looked at in itself, what an astonishing contradiction it is!

Let us remind ourselves first of the recent expansion of our horizon. In space, our Western field of vision has expanded to take in the whole of mankind over all the habitable and traversable surface of this planet, and the whole stellar universe in which this planet is an infinitesimally small speck of dust. In time, our Western field of vision has expanded to take in all the civilizations that have risen and fallen during these last 6000 years; the previous history of the human race back to its genesis between 600,000 and 1,000,000 years ago; the history of life on this planet back to perhaps 800,000,000 years ago. What a marvelous widening of our historical horizon! Yet, at the same time, our field of historical vision has been contracting; it has been tending to shrink within the narrow limits in time and space of the particular republic or kingdom of which each of us happens to be a citizen. The oldest surviving Western states — say France or England — have so far had no more than a thousand years of continuous political existence; the largest surviving Western state — say Brazil or the United States — embraces only a very small fraction of the total inhabited surface of the earth.

Before the widening of our horizon began — before our Western seamen circumnavigated the globe, and before our Western cosmogonists and geologists pushed out the bounds of our universe in both time and space — our pre-nationalist medieval ancestors had a broader and juster historical vision than we have today. For them, history did not mean the history of one's own parochial community; it meant the history of Israel, Greece, and Rome. And, even if they were mistaken in believing that the world was created in 4004 B.C., it is

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at any rate better to look as far back as 4004 B.C. than to look back no farther than the Declaration of Independence or the voyages of the *Mayflower* or Columbus or Hengist and Horsa. (As a matter of fact, 4004 B.C. happens, though our ancestors did not know this, to be a quite important date: it approximately marks the first appearance of representatives of the species of human society called civilizations.)

Again, for our ancestors, Rome and Jerusalem meant much more than their own home towns. When our Anglo-Saxon ancestors were converted to Roman Christianity at the end of the sixth century of the Christian Era, they learned Latin, studied the treasures of sacred and profane literature to which a knowledge of the Latin language gives access, and went on pilgrimages to Rome and Jerusalem — and this in an age when the difficulties and dangers of traveling were such as to make modern wartime traveling seem child's play. Our ancestors seem to have been big-minded, and this is a great intellectual virtue as well as a great moral one, for national histories are unintelligible within their own time limits and space limits.

2

In the time dimension, you cannot understand the history of England if you begin only at the coming of the English to Britain, any better than you can understand the history of the United States if you begin only at the coming of the English to North America. In the space dimension, likewise, you cannot understand the history of a country if you cut its outlines out of the map of the world and rule out of consideration anything that has originated outside that particular country's frontiers.

What are the epoch-making events in the national histories of the United States and the United Kingdom? Working back from the present towards the past, I should say they were the two World Wars, the Industrial Revolution, the Reformation, the Western voyages of discovery, the Renaissance, the conversion to Christianity. Now I defy anyone to tell the history of either the United States or the United Kingdom without making these events the cardinal ones, or to explain these events as local American or local English affairs. To explain these major events in the history of any Western country, the smallest unit that one can take into account is the whole of Western Christendom. By Western Christendom I mean the Roman Catholic and Protestant world — the adherents of the Patriarchate of Rome who have maintained their allegiance to the Papacy, together with the former adherents who have repudiated it.

But the history of Western Christendom, too, is unintelligible within its own time limits and space limits. While Western Christendom is a much better unit than the United States or the United Kingdom or France for a historian to operate with, it too turns out, on inspection, to be inadequate. In the time dimension, it goes back only to the close of the Dark Ages following the collapse of the western part of the Roman Empire; that is, it goes back less than 1300 years, and 1300 years is less than a quarter of the 6000 years during which the species of society represented by Western Christendom has been in existence. Western Christendom is a civilization belonging to the third of the three generations of civilizations that there have been so far.

In the space dimension, the narrowness of the limits of Western Christendom is still more striking. If you look at the physical map of the world as a whole, you will see that the small part of it which is dry land consists of a single continent — Asia — which has a number of peninsulas and off-lying islands. Now, what are the farthest limits to which Western Christendom has managed to expand? You will find them at Alaska and Chile on the west and at Finland and Dalmatia on the east. What lies between those four points is Western Christendom's domain at its widest. And what does that domain amount to? Just the tip of Asia's European peninsula, together with a couple of large islands. (By these two large islands, I mean, of course, North and South America.) Even if you add in the outlying and precarious footholds of the Western world in South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, its total habitable present area amounts to only a very minor part of the total habitable area of the surface of the planet. And you cannot understand the history of Western Christendom within its own geographical limits.

Western Christendom is a product of Christianity, but Christianity did not arise in the Western world; it arose outside the bounds of Western Christendom, in a district that lies today within the domain of a different civilization: Islam. We Western Christians did once try to capture from the Moslems the cradle of our religion in Palestine. If the Crusades had succeeded, Western Christendom would have slightly broadened its footing on the all-important Asiatic mainland. But the Crusades ended in failure.

Western Christendom is merely one of five civilizations that survive in the world today; and these are merely five out of about nineteen that one

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can identify as having come into existence since the first appearance of representatives of this species of society about 6000 years ago.

3

To take the four other surviving civilizations first: if the firmness of a civilization's foothold on the continent — by which I mean the solid land-mass of Asia — may be taken as giving a rough indication of that civilization's relative expectation of life, then the other four surviving civilizations are "better lives" — in the jargon of the life insurance business — than our own Western Christendom.

Our sister civilization, Orthodox Christendom, straddles the continent from the Baltic to the Pacific and from the Mediterranean to the Arctic Ocean: it occupies the northern half of Asia and the eastern half of Asia's European peninsula. Russia overlooks the back doors of all the other civilizations; from White Russia and Northeastern Siberia she overlooks the Polish and Alaskan back doors of our own Western world; from the Caucasus and Central Asia she overlooks the back doors of the Islamic and Hindu worlds; from Central and Eastern Siberia she overlooks the back door of the Far Eastern world.

Our half-sister civilization, Islam, also has a firm footing on the continent. The domain of Islam stretches from the heart of the Asiatic continent in Northwestern China all the way to the west coast of Asia's African peninsula. At Dakar, the Islamic world commands the continental approaches to the straits that divide Asia's African peninsula from the island of South America. Islam also has a firm footing in Asia's Indian peninsula.

As for the Hindu society and the Far Eastern society, it needs no demonstration to show that the 400,000,000 Hindus and the 400,000,000 or 500,000,000 Chinese have a firm foothold on the continent.

But we must not exaggerate the importance of any of these surviving civilizations just because, at this moment, they happen to be survivors. If, instead of thinking in terms of "expectation of life," we think in terms of achievement, a rough indication of relative achievement may be found in the giving of birth to individual souls that have conferred lasting blessings on the human race.

Now who are the individuals who are the greatest benefactors of the living generation of mankind? I should say: Confucius and Lao-tse; the Buddha; the Prophets of Israel and Judah; Zoroaster, Jesus, and Muhammad; and Socrates. And not one of these lasting benefactors of mankind happens to be a child of any of the five living civilizations. Confucius and Lao-tse were children of a now extinct Far Eastern civilization of an earlier generation; the Buddha was the child of a now extinct Indian civilization of an earlier generation. Hosea, Zoroaster, Jesus, and Muhammad were children of a now extinct Syrian civilization. Socrates was the child of a now extinct Greek civilization.

Within the last 400 years, all the five surviving civilizations have been brought into contact with each other as a result of the enterprise of two of them: the expansion of Western Christendom from the tip of Asia's European peninsula over the ocean, and the expansion of Orthodox Christendom overland across the whole breadth of the Asiatic continent.

The expansion of Western Christendom displays two special features: being oceanic, it is the only expansion of a civilization to date that has been literally world-wide in the sense of extending over the whole habitable portion of the earth's surface; and, owing to the "conquest of space and time" by modern mechanical means, the spread of the network of Western material civilization has brought the different parts of the world into far closer physical contact than ever before. But, even in these points, the expansion of the Western civilization differs in degree only, and not in kind, from the contemporary overland expansion of Russian Orthodox Christendom, and from similar expansions of other civilizations at earlier dates.

There are earlier expansions that have made important contributions towards the present unification of mankind — with its corollary, the unification of our vision of human history. The now extinct Syrian civilization was propagated to the Atlantic coasts of Asia's European and African peninsulas westward by the Phoenicians, to the tip of Asia's Indian peninsula southeastwards by the Himyarites and Nestorians, and to the Pacific northeastwards by the Manichaeans and Nestorians. It expanded in two directions overseas and in a third direction overland. Any visitor to Peking will have seen a striking monument of the Syrian civilization's overland cultural conquests. In the trilingual inscriptions of the Manchu Dynasty of China at Peking, the Manchu and Mongol texts are inscribed in the Syriac form of the alphabet, not in Chinese characters.

Other examples of the expansion of now extinct civilizations are the propagation of the Greek civilization overseas westwards to Marseilles by the Greeks themselves, overland northwards to the Rhine and Danube by the Romans, and over-

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land eastwards to the interiors of India and China by the Macedonians; and the expansion of the Sumerian civilization in all directions overland from its cradle in Iraq.

4

As a result of these successive expansions of particular civilizations, the whole habitable world has now been unified into a single Great Society. The movement through which this process has been finally consummated is the modern expansion of Western Christendom. But we have to bear in mind, first, that this expansion of Western Christendom has merely completed the unification of the world and has not been the agency that has produced more than the last stage of the process; and second, that, though the unification of the world has been finally achieved within a Western framework, the present Western ascendancy in the world is certain not to last.

In a unified world, the eighteen non-Western civilizations — four of them living, fourteen of them extinct — will assuredly reassert their influence. And as, in the course of generations and centuries, a unified world gradually works its way toward an equilibrium between its diverse component cultures, the Western component will gradually be relegated to the modest place which is all that it can expect to retain in virtue of its intrinsic worth by comparison with those other cultures — surviving and extinct — which the Western society, through its modern expansion, has brought into association with itself and with one another.

History, seen in this perspective, makes, I feel, the following call upon historians of our generation and of the generations that will come after ours. If we are to perform the full service that we have the power to perform for our fellow human beings — the important service of helping them to find their bearings in a unified world — we must make the necessary effort of imagination and effort of will to break our way out of the prison walls of the local and short-lived histories of our own countries and our own cultures, and we must accustom ourselves to taking a synoptic view of history as a whole.

Our first task is to perceive, and to present to other people, the history of all the known civilizations, surviving and extinct, as a unity. There are, I believe, two ways in which this can be done.

One way is to study the encounters between civilizations, of which I have mentioned four outstanding examples. These encounters between civilizations are historically illuminating, not only because they bring a number of civilizations into a single focus of vision, but also because, out of encounters between civilizations, the higher religions have been born — the worship, perhaps originally Sumerian, of the Great Mother and her Son who suffers and dies and rises again; Judaism and Zoroastrianism, which sprang from an encounter between the Syrian and Babylonian civilizations; Christianity and Islam, which sprang from an encounter between the Syrian and Greek civilizations; the Mahayana form of Buddhism and Hinduism, which sprang from an encounter between the Indian and Greek civilizations. The future of mankind in this world — if mankind is going to have a future in this world — lies, I believe, with these higher religions that have appeared within the last 4000 years (and all but the first within the last 3000 years), and not with the civilizations whose encounters have provided opportunities for the higher religions to come to birth.

A second way of studying the history of all the known civilizations as a unity is to make a comparative study of their individual histories, looking at them as so many representatives of one particular species of the genus Human Society. If we map out the principal phases in the histories of civilizations — their births, growths, breakdowns, and declines — we can compare their experiences phase by phase; and by this method of study we shall perhaps be able to sort out their common experiences, which are specific, from their unique experiences, which are individual. In this way we may be able to work out a morphology of the species of society called civilizations.

If, by the use of these two methods of study, we can arrive at a unified vision of history, we shall probably find that we need to make very fargoing adjustments of the perspective in which the histories of diverse civilizations and peoples appear when looked at through our peculiar present-day Western spectacles.

In setting out to adjust our perspective, we shall be wise, I suggest, to proceed simultaneously on two alternative assumptions. One of these alternatives is that the future of mankind may not, after all, be going to be catastrophic and that, even if the Second World War prove not to have been the last, we shall survive the rest of this batch of world wars as we survived the first two bouts, and shall eventually win our way out into calmer waters. The other possibility is that these first two World Wars may be merely overtures to some supreme catastrophe that we are going to bring on ourselves.

This second, more unpleasant, alternative has

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been made a very practical possibility by mankind's unfortunately having discovered how to tap atomic energy before we have succeeded in abolishing the institution of war. Those contradictions and paradoxes in the life of the world in our time, which I took as my starting point, also look like symptoms of serious social and spiritual sickness, and their existence — which is one of the portentous features in the landscape of contemporary history — is another indication that we ought to take the more unpleasant of our alternatives as a serious possibility, and not just as a bad joke.

On either alternative, I suggest that we historians ought to concentrate our own attention — and direct the attention of our listeners and readers — upon the histories of those civilizations and peoples which, in the light of their past performances, seem likely, in a unified world, to come to the front in the long run in one or other of the alternative futures that may be lying in wait for mankind.

5

If the future of mankind in a unified world is going to be on the whole a happy one, then I would prophesy that there is a future in the Old World for the Chinese, and in the island of North America for the *Canadiens*. Whatever the future of mankind in North America, I feel pretty confident that these French-speaking Canadians, at any rate, will be there at the end of the story.

On the assumption that the future of mankind is to be very catastrophic, I should have prophesied, even as lately as a few years ago, that whatever future we might be going to have would lie with the Tibetans and the Eskimos, because each of these peoples occupied, till quite lately, an unusually sheltered position. "Sheltered" means, of course, sheltered from the dangers arising from human folly and wickedness, not sheltered from the rigors of the physical environment. Mankind has been master of its physical environment, sufficiently for practical purposes, since the Middle Paleolithic Age; since that time, man's only dangers — but these have been deadly dangers — have come from man himself. But the homes of the Tibetans and the Eskimos are sheltered no longer, because we are on the point of managing to fly over the North Pole and over the Himalayas, and both Northern Canada and Tibet would (I think) be likely to be theaters of a future Russo-American war.

If mankind is going to run amok with atom bombs, I personally should look to the Negrito Pygmies of Central Africa to salvage some fraction of the present heritage of mankind. (Their eastern cousins in the Philippines and in the Malay Peninsula would probably perish with the rest of us, as they both live in what have now come to be dangerously exposed positions.)

The African Negritos are said by our anthropologists to have an unexpectedly pure and lofty conception of the nature of God and of God's relation to man. They might be able to give mankind a fresh start; and, though we should then have lost the achievements of the last 6000 to 10,000 years, what are 10,000 years compared to the 600,000 or 1,000,000 years for which the human race has already been in existence?

The extreme possibility of catastrophe is that we might succeed in exterminating the whole human race, African Negritos and all.

On the evidence of the past history of life on this planet, even that is not entirely unlikely. After all, the reign of man on the earth, if we are right in thinking that man established his present ascendancy in the Middle Paleolithic Age, is so far only about 100,000 years old, and what is that compared to the 500,000,000 or 800,000,000 years during which life has been in existence on the surface of this planet? In the past, other forms of life have enjoyed reigns which have lasted for almost inconceivably longer periods — and which yet at last have come to an end. There was a reign of the giant armored reptiles which may have lasted about 80,000,000 years; say from about the year 130,000,000 to the year 50,000,000 before the present day. But the reptiles' reign came to an end. Long before that — perhaps 300,000,000 years ago — there was a reign of giant armored fishes — creatures that had already accomplished the tremendous achievement of growing a movable lower jaw. But the reign of the fishes came to an end.

The winged insects are believed to have come into existence about 250,000,000 years ago. Perhaps the higher winged insects — the social insects that have anticipated mankind in creating an institutional life — are still waiting for their reign on earth to come. If the ants and bees were one day to acquire even that glimmer of intellectual understanding that man has possessed in his day, and if they were then to make their own shot at seeing history in perspective, they might see the advent of the mammals, and the brief reign of the human mammal, as almost irrelevant episodes, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The challenge to us, in our generation, is to see to it that this interpretation of history shall not become the true one.

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Wives

Can our young educated American women find full satisfaction in running a home, in rearing their youngsters, and in attending to those endless lists of details which consume each day? In this struggle, what happens to the child and what happens to the hard-driven housewife? Does this situation contribute directly to our ever mounting divorce rate? These were the questions pressed home by Della D. Cyrus in her two challenging Atlantic *articles, "What's Wrong with the Family?" (November, 1946) and "Why Mothers Fail" (March, 1947). Nearly four hundred readers, most of them women and most of them furious with Mrs. Cyrus, have risen to reply. The four rejoinders which follow are representative.*

IT'S UP TO THE WOMEN

A Symposium

HOME AND THE WAR WIFE

by RHONA RYAN WILBER

CONGRATULATIONS, gentlemen. In Della Cyrus you have found femininity's answer to Philip Wylie. Our sex has produced its own glooming prophet, turning out her jeremiads with the same irritating generalizations airily tossed to the reader without statistics, case histories, or facts.

But Mrs. Cyrus must get her due. She had me arguing with myself all night, and has finally impelled me to write my first letter to an editor. (I hope it is not a minority report.)

Something that has intrigued me is the spectacle that might have entertained the American public if Mrs. Cyrus had written *The Egg and I*. Now *there* would have been a book really wrapped in gloom and bad humor. But Betty MacDonald, another housewifely discovery of yours, kept her sense of humor about this business of making a home, and made a few hundred thousand dollars. And, as someone has pointed out, *The Egg and I* is essentially the story of an unhappy marriage.

Now, as I understand Mrs. Cyrus's point of view, the modern educated woman is brought up in a great wide wonderful world and is then suddenly tossed into an intellectual desert and chained to demanding children. She is isolated in a prison, loaded with menial and unintelligent work (all this is paraphrased directly from the article), and broods so much about her unhappy fate that she begins to envy her husband and regard her children with sulky unhappiness.

As the answer to this problem, Mrs. Cyrus suggests community nurseries, where presumably the released mother could plop her children and then begin the business of restoring her soul unhampered by diaper-changing and feedings.

I read the article several times (once aloud to a snorting husband), and nowhere in its unhappy paragraphs did I find a mention of the generally recognized rewards of homemaking, or an intimation that a young mother, far from being changed into a tragic figure, might suddenly find herself.

Frankly, and this would probably annoy Mrs. Cyrus more than anything else, I find her conclusions dated. She smacks too much of feminism and the selfish twenties to find any echo in the hearts of most of the young wives of my acquaintance. I suspect that the war brought a change of feeling to most of us who got married during those sad years. The rising birth rate — it included my own month-old son — and our anguished cries for more homes refute Mrs. Cyrus's fears for the future of the educated mother. We *like* this business of running a home after a few years of contemplating what life would be like without our husbands.

I could have understood her point of view if she had concentrated on the problems of the uneducated woman doomed to the business of living in poverty, without the means or money or even the desire to amuse and entertain herself. But for those of us who are educated and college-taught, running our households and being "chained" to our children is apt to prove the most satisfying experience of our lives. Far from envying our husbands as they leave our small apartments in the morning, we are apt to reflect that they will meet ten times as many discouragements and frustrations during a day in the business world as we shall meet in our homes, where we are our own employers, set our own hours, and plan our own jobs. I suspect the envy is on the other side, and rightly.

Here are a few of the conclusions in the Cyrus article that I found not only exaggerated but actually untrue. "One woman is to be in complete

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charge of a child twenty-four hours a day for the first five or six years of its life," she writes. Good heavens, what are husbands for? I don't know many young wives who ever have to feed their children or bathe them when their husbands are home. My own, a busy young doctor, gleefully assumes complete charge of our small son from the moment he steps in the door. Granted that he may be exceptionally parental, still I don't know a young father who can't change a diaper and fondle his baby with complete assurance and enthusiasm.

"In an earlier rural society . . . fathers had time really to be fathers," Mrs. Cyrus says. Since my husband comes from a rural background, I'm fairly sure that no one has less time to spend with his children than the average farmer, who works hard from sun to sun and then spends the evening at chores. And the earlier the rural society, the less time he had with his children. The average white-collar worker of today who comes home at five o'clock, with the evening free, has much more time to observe and appreciate his children.

"Only with practical, specific plans for making time available to mothers can we justify our claim that American women are emancipated," she continues. It must be a very bad housewife indeed, who can't schedule her time to allow herself almost as much leisure as she wishes. And after all, in the urban neighborhood Mrs. Cyrus picks as her locale, there are always baby sitters, and usually a convenient relative.

A community nursery where a mother could leave her child for an occasional uninterrupted afternoon would be a blessing everywhere. But as a constant substitute for a mother's affectionate companionship — one wonders. Evidently Mrs. Cyrus has not yet heard of the discoveries of Anna Freud during the London blitz, when she found that the worst psychic damage in the children came from separation from their mothers — no matter how unfavorable their environment.

Mrs. Cyrus speaks of reducing the mechanics of homemaking far below the present minimum. How much farther *can* we reduce them, with vacuum cleaners, washing machines that automatically assume complete charge of the clothes, cakes that can be mixed all at once in four minutes, and complete meals, hard-frozen, that need only to be dropped in boiling water for ten minutes? With even a semblance of budgeting her time, any housewife can secure several hours a day to devote to just herself, whether it's a visit to the hairdresser's or catching up on a good book.

Mrs. Cyrus, calling at one time for less housework and at another for more, puzzlingly adds that "the urban way of life has deprived mothers of significant work." This may be true of the bridge-playing wife of cartoon fame, who makes cards a drug for her mind. But it doesn't have to be.

Many a woman (myself included) still likes to bake her own bread, still knits and sews clothes for her children and herself, and still regards cooking as an art. As for regarding housework as menial, I defy anyone to match the satisfaction of furniture shining with polish, a well-planned and imaginatively cooked meal on the table, and the constant fascination of a child's mental and physical development.

Since I gave up what I laughingly called a "career" for the life of a housewife, I have discovered the hours that are now mine to keep in touch with college and school friends, to reread favorite books, to occupy myself with writing short stories and poems I may some day get the courage to send to a publisher, and to spend in the extremely agreeable pastime of knitting and sewing. Evidently, Mrs. Cyrus regards all these occupations as mere chaff. She never mentions the possibility that her educated housewife may have friends on whom to call and others to invite in for an evening of music, bridge, or just talk; that her urban life offers public libraries, community activities in which she may volunteer her aid, and a thousand interesting other things that make twenty-four hours seem far too short a time in which to enclose a day.

Lest I sound like a hopeless homebody, I perhaps should include the information that until six months ago, I was a political reporter in our busy state capital, and before that a radio news reporter, with some programs of my own on the side — both careers generally conceded to be "interesting." But I'm afraid, despite the pleasant associates and the fascinating, ever changing character of my former jobs, that I wouldn't trade them for this supposedly isolated life of mine with a month-old child.

Admittedly, housework is by no means a complete joy. But what work is anywhere? Anyone will admit that the most interesting job in the world entails a great deal of drudgery. And so it is with housework. I can still remember the morning when I cried for fifteen minutes because a frosting made with two cups of sugar didn't turn out well and my sugar stamp wasn't good for another month. I've never yet been able to iron a shirt satisfactorily. But still, unlike my former jobs, my house is my own to run as I see fit on my own schedule.

What career woman can decide not to do a certain necessary job on a certain day, and instead

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wheel her child out to relish a beautiful spring afternoon? What businessman can look over his work for the day and decide to read a book instead?

It is very true that many mothers are failing in their jobs. But is that due to the fact that they are housewives, or that they were never taught in their schools and homes that homemaking is as creative and rewarding as painting a picture or writing a book? And I wonder if statistics would bear out Mrs. Cyrus's contention that it is the educated "civilized" woman who is failing in her job. I believe, though I am no sociologist, that juvenile delinquency has a distinct correlation with the economic status. Perhaps, instead of community nurseries and more and more leisure, the nation needs to take a long, steady look at this whole problem of homemaking and make sure that wives are taught to use their leisure time profitably.

But admitting that some wives don't know what to do with themselves, I still feel that Mrs. Cyrus is wrong in her main conclusion that the educated woman of today is lost and unhappy in her home. As I mentioned before, the war made a great readjustment in the thinking of most of us young enough to be considering marriage at the time. We made our choice, and when our husbands returned we were more certain than perhaps Mrs. Cyrus's generation that the home is the most important thing in life. Even the rising divorce rate doesn't discourage me from that conclusion — I think it stems from those who found that they *couldn't* make a satisfactory home and want to try again.

I hope a great many other young wives write in as I have — I'd hate to think of all American womanhood weltering in the morass of self-pity described by Mrs. Cyrus. Mrs. Cyrus just *can't* make me sorry for myself.

DISCIPLINE AND THE MOTHER

by SELMA VAN BUSKIRK

I THINK it is fun to have an Atlantic Town Meeting to discuss the momentous subject proposed by Mrs. Cyrus: "Why Mothers Fail." I hasten to put in my two cents' worth.

The correct procedure, I believe, is first to identify oneself. Like Mrs. Cyrus, I too am the wife of a clergyman. Our brand is Presbyterian. Unlike Mrs. Cyrus, I am old, experienced, resigned. I think Mrs. Cyrus must be young — she is so passionately rebellious. However, I wish to submit a situation out of my past to indicate my right to participate in this discussion. I shouldn't have this right if I did not, to some extent at least, understand her feeling in the matter.

Once upon a time I stood at the foot of my sons' beds in the nursery, and looked at their rumpled hair, their fever-bright eyes, their swollen jaws.

"Mumps!" I said disgustedly. "Why did you have to get mumps when I was trying so hard to finish college — to get my degree! Now I have to stay at home and take care of you. I'll lose the whole semester."

They looked disconsolate, more because of my tone then because of any real understanding of my irritation. Then Paul, who was five and the spokesman, brightened visibly.

"But we're worth it, aren't we, Mother?"

I was ashamed of my outburst. "Of course you're worth it!" I assured them. But of course, also, I was saying to myself, *I'll have that degree yet, or know the reason.*

The unfolding years supplied the reason. I had two operations and another son. But no A.B. You see, very soon after marriage, I regretted the impetuosity that had impelled me to leave college in the third year and marry. All for love, and a degree well lost! (You can get your degree any time, my husband said.) Moreover, I wanted to write, professionally. But there was just enough illness, broken bones, or *something*, among the five of us, to prevent my serious application to anything other than my real job: looking after my family.

For, Mrs. Cyrus notwithstanding, when a woman marries she has taken upon herself a real job, a real career. And if that fact is unknown to her at the time of marriage, if it comes as a "shock," then she has not been properly educated. As one reflects upon the lament of Mrs. Cyrus, one perceives that the solution of her problem lies not so much in more and better nursery schools for the children of frustrated mothers, as in more specialized and realistic education for girls, so that there wouldn't be so many frustrated mothers. If it comes as a shock to a young married woman to find herself more or less suddenly surrounded with babies, brooms, and buckets, she just wasn't taught the facts of life. Her mother, perhaps, failed just there. College or no college, she was uneducated. Every girl should learn *beforehand* that babies are not hats or gowns that can be returned when she finds them too expensive or when she changes her mind.

However, the fact remains that even when girls do receive some very realistic education — some schools are attempting it — no school can prepare a woman for the physical, mental, and spiritual disciplines that she must endure in the business of becoming a non-failing mother. And I suspect that

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it is just here that Mrs. Cyrus rebels. Discipline is tough. It is hard to take. Don't we hate it! But it is essential.

Here is a case in point: —

Four years ago this summer, our youngest son insisted on enlisting at the age of seventeen. No amount of persuasion could turn him from a flaming desire to do his part to save his country. He left us with the banners of a burning patriotism fluttering in his idealistic young heart. He was sent to Fort Benning, Georgia, where, in the toughest infantry training center in these United States, he was told daily by a snarling sergeant that he was nothing, nothing, *nothing* but cannon fodder. Talk about shock! This was something to shock a boy trained in democracy — in the ideals of Christian democracy, if you please. (Should our son have been nazified somehow, so that this experience wouldn't have shocked him — as Mrs. Cyrus almost suggests?) He drilled, he trained, he stood guard all night in the rain his first Christmas Eve away from home. Was this saving his country? He may have thought in his heart, for aught I know, then to hell with the country!

But — and here I give myself and my husband a pat on the back — he had been trained at home to *accept responsibility*, and he didn't try to escape this grueling experience. It is to the everlasting credit of American parents that so few of these young soldiers in the making did try to run away. Eventually he was disciplined and ready for New Guinea and the bloody hills of northern Luzon. Sleeping — when he slept — in mudholes, escaping (by inches sometimes) the whining bullets, he at length realized that he was doing his part to save his country. But the discipline had to come first.

When we get down to fundamentals, as we all must sooner or later, we find there's a price for everything. A period of a few years spent in the nursery with young human beings, although dull and difficult for people like Mrs. Cyrus, is just a matter of discipline, of paying a price for something worth while. It is in these first most plastic or pliable years that mothers have the opportunity to form the attitudes that will dominate their children the rest of their lives. It is in these years that young mothers may acquire the disciplines essential to mature adulthood.

I was fortunate in that I found my children interesting, fascinating. Nevertheless I experienced certain disciplines hard to take at times. I knew moments of frustration. There were periods when I thought the world was being deprived of something that I, and only I, could contribute. But today, when I look at my fine tall sons, I know that I could have contributed nothing more valuable. "What is the treasure of Rome?" runs the old legend. "The manhood of Rome!"

And as for being "really free" before women can be "really mothers" — who is free? Men are not free. Why should women be a special and privileged class? I think I know what ails Mrs. Cyrus. She hates housework. So do I. If some plan could be devised to provide "community services to reduce the mechanics of homemaking far below the present minimum" (doesn't she say that neatly?) I should be all for it. That, in fact, would be *swell!* I hope she will work on that. But in the meantime, why not be philosophical about the whole thing? Let's admit the truth: *any* job has its tedious side. One begins to feel that Mrs. Cyrus is not so intent on solving a specific problem as in achieving Utopia. And of course there's no harm in dreaming. But, pending the millennium, ought not Mrs. Cyrus to feel more charitably toward that large percentage of us who have accepted the disciplines, and have become mature enough to adjust to the "homemaker-mother pattern"?

This seems the intelligent way, to me. After all, it is just as ridiculous for women to refuse to accept the biological facts of life, as it would be for an aviator to go into tantrums because he can't sprout wings and fly like a bird.

HOW TO SHARE THE WORK

by DOROTHY NATHAN

DELLA CYRUS'S vivid account of why mothers fail presents a sharp picture of the life I lead. She speaks, too, for dozens of my friends on the park bench circuit. Most of us, I think, do not object to the specific homemaking chores. After all, into each life some routine must fall; and if it isn't dishes and beds, then it is office mail and monthly reports.

But while Mrs. Cyrus's diagnosis is persuasive and accurate, I feel that her prescription for a solution is depressingly vague. The concept of a community plan for the care of homes and children may be valuable theoretically, but it seems unlikely that there will be any immediate stampede in this direction. For one thing, it invokes shades of Communism, and any plan which even *seems* related to Communism already has two strikes against it.

Besides, apart from ideologies, I think we mothers would hold back. I'm delighted when my husband confesses he prefers my cooking to that of any group kitchen conceivable. Group care of children brings up a thousand and one problems around

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conflicting schedules, overstimulation, isolation during illness, and so on. The mothers I know would prefer to remain in complete control of their own households.

But I am not writing simply to tear down Mrs. Cyrus's solution and leave us all dangling. I think there are other adjustments possible which proceed more immediately out of the setup as we find it today and which are a cut less visionary. My own experience in achieving regular periods of absence from household and family may be of interest in this connection.

Between the births of my two children, I returned to a former job on a part-time basis and hired a housekeeper for the hours when I was away. I was at home just long enough to enjoy the prospect of going to work, and at my desk just long enough to look forward to returning home. Of course it was a busy time, physically active in the morning while I did the cleaning and marketing, and mentally stimulating in the afternoon when I wrestled happily with the problems assigned.

It was a happy arrangement for my son, too; he saw me for the major portion of the day and I was the one to assist him in his important eating, toilet, and sleeping routines, but it was a recess for him to be able to react to another individual, differently geared. Every afternoon she took him to the park for friends and adventure while I had an opportunity to keep my brain alive and my social graces polished. At the end of the day the family met one another with renewed interest and affection. In a sense I was carrying two jobs at once, but I always felt the pay-off was worth the added effort.

Now we have a second child whom I must see through the important businesses of learning to walk and talk and become a separate entity. During this period I manage to absent myself on regular occasions a few times a week. It does not amount to enough time to offer myself for regular paid employment, but it does allow time for taking courses, doing volunteer work — in short, keeping alert and sharp against the day when I can again return to the world.

The problem of caring for children during a mother's absence is sometimes tough. If there are no willing aunts, it can be met by hiring a professional "sitter" or by entering into coöperative arrangements with neighbors. I have occasionally taken my neighbor's child while she attends a bacteriology seminar, from which she returns exhilarated; and she has carried on for me while I go to my short-story course and come back with plans for exceeding Eudora Welty. It is amazing how these activities can spark up an otherwise drab week. It has such a tonic effect on the whole household that I feel the cost of taking courses and hiring sitters should be charged against the family budget like diaper service and Percomorphum.

Of course these outings are only stopgaps. One cannot take aimless courses forever, and volunteer work seldom carries enough responsibility or recognition to be really satisfying. What we want, those of us who feel we have something to contribute in the adult world, is the chance to do so.

If industry would offer flexible working arrangements, many of us could work part-time. In hundreds of kinds of clerical jobs two women could jointly carry one assignment. A double-up arrangement is admittedly less simple in the case of professional and research jobs, but on the other hand it is often the qualitative contribution which is important here, not the exact number of hours devoted on any one day. My own boss made it possible for me to return to work part-time because she was short of staff but also, more significantly, because she *wanted* to make it possible.

Other employers, if they accepted the situation, could similarly find constructive ways of meeting the specific difficulties. I can see that two staff members holding down one full-time receptionist or telephone or clerical job makes double work for the accounting office, which is already rocking under the burden of payroll deductions and vacation schedules and what not. It undoubtedly means more work, too, for the personnel office. But these are details in exchange for which the employer taps a rich source of labor power. Most employers, of course, are men, and men tend to act as though the problems of the housewife don't concern them. But after all, they are only half the human population and they have to live intimately with the other half. So they should be as interested as their wives in assisting toward a solution.

This plea for a less adamant attitude on the part of employers is incomplete unless two corollary conditions are mentioned. In the first place, the Federal income tax law must be amended to allow women to deduct such housekeeping expenses as are entailed by their own employment. This is no private brainstorm. Taxpayers have been agitating for years to make the government see the sanity and justice of such a request. It certainly isn't fair — and sometimes isn't even possible — to pay a tax on your entire earnings when you turn two thirds of them over each week to the worker who replaces you at home.

The other condition is that homemaking, as an occupation, be pepped up to the point where it will attract women who would make it their choice of

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an outside activity. I think it would appear less onerous if it were afforded some of the protection given to other industries by minimum wage and hour regulations, unemployment insurance, retirement benefits. The reasons why this occupation was exempted from Federal Social Security in the first place were undoubtedly good, but were they sufficient?

If part-time work outside the home, for women who wanted to work, were considered desirable and acceptable, I am sure that many middle-aged, middle-class women now at large would, by preference, choose to recapture a period in their own lives by engaging to care for small children.

Back in the thirties the National Youth Administration ran a housekeeping project to train high school girls and to place them in jobs. I should think that trade schools and state employment offices could coöperate today in training and placing high school graduates in jobs which they might find both enjoyable and profitable.

Because, when all is said and done, looking after youngsters can be lots of fun. But, like candy and everything else in this world, unlimited doses are too much of a muchness.

MRS. CYRUS IS RIGHT

by MICHAEL DRURY

THE two articles on what is popularly but obsoletely referred to as the woman question fell on my heart like rain on a parched garden. I find it next to impossible to restrain my enthusiasm for Mrs. Cyrus and her point of view into anything resembling coherent sentences put down in orderly sequence. I speak from what borders on bitter experience.

I say "borders on" because, owing largely to the very intellectual training which most authorities claim was the cause of my difficulties, I have been able to establish some sort of balance in my life and make peace with my household gods.

I am twenty-seven years old, have been married five years, am a graduate of Stanford University. In addition to free-lance writing, I hold a job as assistant fiction editor on a women's magazine. Any psychologist probing into my background would probably explode over all the "wrong" influences he would discover, but if he cared to look he would find enough of the right ones to offset the bad ones.

All wifely prejudice aside, my husband is a truly remarkable man who actually prefers that his wife work. "I married you," he says, practically enough, "because you were active, alert, productive and I felt our minds would be flints for each other. If you let yours turn to wood or putty, where's the spark for us?" We tried for a time, while he was in the Navy, having me be a housewife and nothing more. When the war was over, we fled to our former schedule like thirsty men to water.

For more years than I have done anything else except live and attend school, I've sought answers to the questions Mrs. Cyrus tackles, not only for myself and my own peace of mind, but also in the interest of women generally. It has, for the most part, been a heart-breaking search. Ideas (a mockery of the word) concerning woman and her place *in the larger scheme of things* — and I consider that even more important — are as poorly grounded as are the stubborn superstitions that surround any racial minority or oppressed group.

Incidentally, I submit that women, at least women who want to be full human beings intellectually and spiritually as well as physically, *are* an oppressed group. I once startled a Negro woman by telling her that I knew all too well what she was up against. I too had had doors shut in my face, been betrayed by people I trusted, been laughed at, scorned, ridiculed — not because my skin was black but because I was a woman and I didn't know my place. When I told her that, she wept.

Two main attitudes confronted me in my search, both equally thick, equally blank. From most women I received an absolute refusal to see the existence of any problem whatever. From men, when I could get them to talk seriously about it, the only solution was the resigned observation that nothing could be done about it for a couple of thousand years. I began to feel like a tearful drunk, insisting that the snakes were there, yet afraid that I was somehow making a fool of myself.

I do not for a minute believe that all the women who gave me a blank stare and asked mildly, "What problem?" were content, leading full lives and totally unaware of what problem. I think a good many of them had made their choices and didn't dare acknowledge the validity of my search, lest the entire structure of their lives collapse around them. For this, they can't be blamed. Most of us cling to illusions of one sort or another as a way of making our particular lots seem desirable. But I couldn't help having more respect for the woman who said, "My dear, the road you want to travel is long and unpaved. Turn back while you can," than for the "What problem?" girls whose reactions ranged all the way from laughter to raining epithets on my head.

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The trouble with trying to deal honestly with the problems that confront women today is that every avenue can be and usually is made into a dead-end street by the landed gentry of the feudal system still operating. I'll bet any editor on your magazine five dollars that some one of them has received at least a few letters from psychologists, clergymen, and/or outraged housewives which read, in part, "Mrs. Cyrus was probably the child of divorced parents," or suggest that she is an Exhibit A of the bad effects of education on women.

Armed with Mrs. Cyrus's articles, I approached a group of the young women in my office on the question of equality of the sexes, an economic place for adolescents, their aims as women. Some of these girls are career-minded; others merely work as a fill-in before marriage or while their ex-servicemen husbands go to school.

Here is a sample of the answers I got: —

"There is no such thing as equality of the sexes. It isn't right or possible. It's just part of the propaganda they hand women. Makes them dissatisfied, too."

"*Pay* kids to work at odd jobs? Good heavens, adolescents have more money now than they know what to do with. That's why we have juvenile delinquency."

"Why, my aim is to bring up a good family, of course." I asked this particular girl what she intended to do when she was sixty, and she answered, "Have grandchildren."

Mrs. Cyrus's ideas of broadening our scope, of moving off our own doorsteps and letting up in our possessive grasp of those who live under our roofs, reveal her as a real pioneer. She's fighting Indians — more than that, she's fighting ghosts.

I find that a good deal of what I should like to say here only echoes what Mrs. Cyrus has already said so adequately — some of them my own pet theories and bulwarks, such as the difference between the kind of life a woman is trained to expect and the kind she must in fact lead.

There are, however, one or two side lines on the subject that I should like to mention. One is that, although the school which holds that motherhood is the sole reason for woman's existence puts forth as a flying buttress the great joy children are in later years, almost no one of my generation has the least friendship for his parents. Respect, duty, a kind of apologetic love — yes, but how little friendship!

For me, this explodes the argument that merely having children will make you friends with them or give you something to do in your old age. I think Sidney Howard's summary is appropriate: "Have them and love them and leave them alone." If they turn out to be the kind of people you like, you will be friends.

The second thing I want to discuss is that gap between what women are educated to be and what they must become as wives and mothers. The rearing of children, as a full-time career, comes into conflict with a law equally strong, perhaps stronger: self-preservation.

If woman is to lose her selfhood, the thinking, living, productive, active being she has struggled to become and her parents have struggled to help her become through roughly twenty years of care and love; if she is to submerge this being she has every right to call "me" in the production of new creatures, the law of survival says to her through every channel: "Don't do it." If we don't make it practicable for her to do both, one thing or the other will suffer. The more widespread education and opportunity for women become, the less it will be her selfhood that pays the price.

A last direction we might look in is the right of woman to search for the spiritual answers. (I use the word in an un-Biblical sense.) Those who argue that only a man could write the Ninth Symphony, but only a woman could give birth to its creator (implying that this is her spiritual reward), are saying in effect that you too can have a little genius in your home. Only a woman can give birth to a moron, a ditchdigger, or a garbage collector as well as to writers of symphonies and leaders of countries. Having children is one of the large experiences life has to offer; so are a lot of other things such as getting married, reading the world's great books, working at a rewarding and satisfying job. No one of these things is *the* great answer. If it were, we should not be floundering around as we are.

Women are, as a class, no happier than men. Being mothers hasn't given them the sublimity and serenity that is claimed for that occupation. Too many women have followed all the rules and found themselves still with the same baffling questions that confront all mankind. The young man in the Scripture who said, "All these things have I kept from my youth up; what lack I yet?" implied his recognition of the very profound truth that above and beyond the do's and don't's is something which surpasses them and is more important than all of them put together.

Every man and every woman has the right to ask that question and to seek its answers to the utmost of his ability in all directions. Thanks to articles like Mrs. Cyrus's and courageous editors, we're beginning to make room for woman's mind and soul as well as her heart.

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THE GI AND THE LEGION

by HANFORD MACNIDER

HANFORD MACNIDER, one-time Assistant Secretary of War and U.S. Minister to Canada, is a cement manufacturer who lives in Iowa. He was wounded in action while a member of the Ninth Infantry of the Second Division in World War I, and again in World War II while serving as Task Force Commander during the initial fighting in New Guinea. After recovery from wounds, he participated in the Admiralty Islands operations, and later commanded "The Bushmasters," an independent combat team which made a distinguished record in the fighting on Luzon. He has served as a Post, State, and National Commander of the American Legion, and we feel that he is well qualified to reply to the charges against the Legion presented by Bill Mauldin in the April *Atlantic*.
— THE EDITOR

1

On an evening of late January in 1942, I was leaning over the rail of the *Argentina*, a suddenly and violently converted troopship, watching the lights of New York fade into the dark distance. Relief came welling up within me. It had been difficult arranging to be called to active duty, and until our Australia-bound transport was beyond recall of the Port officials, I wasn't at all sure that I was going to get away with it. Not only had the top authorities in the War Department been dubious about the use of aged reservists, but it was all too apparent that some of them felt that a bad example of Middle Western isolationism might well be more bother than he was worth.

Mr. Mauldin, in his article "Poppa Knows Best" in the April *Atlantic*, says that the American Legion has always been of that same evil isolationist ilk. If he had been at the 1941 convention at Milwaukee, he would have found that its thousand-odd delegates, representing every state in the Union, were far ahead of the nation's citizenry in wanting to start in at once on Mr. Schicklgruber and all his friends. Those of us who were on the other side of the argument discovered that it was the rank and file of the delegates, and not the top command, who were most vehement about taking us to the wars.

But to get back on the deck of the *Argentina*. I found that I had been joined at the rail by a curly-headed, very young, anti-aircraft Major — one of those fellows, to quote Mr. Mauldin, "with stars in his eyes" — who was very much excited over our getting on our way.

"Boy, isn't this wonderful?" he suddenly burst out. "We're off on the big adventure. Now we won't have to listen to those damned old Legionnaires the rest of our lives!"

It was not too light on deck, and as we had, to the best of my knowledge, never seen each other before, there was apparently nothing personal about his remarks. I agreed that it was all pretty wonderful and assured him that I knew just how he felt.

I could well remember how old the brethren who were Spanish War as well as World War I veterans had seemed to us when the Legion was started. Looking backward now, I can see where their wider experience and more mature counsel saved us from many mistakes in those early and formative years. Every now and then in this last fracas, we retreads would get a bad jolt when some wide-eyed GI would express his amazement that we could still get around. In the closing days of cleaning up Luzon, I was considerably startled to overhear a nineteen-year-old commander of a troop of dismounted cavalry wondering aloud "how in hell that old so-and-so [I'm quoting all this mildly] ever got up this confounded mountain. Why, he must be almost a hundred!"

From "down under" and all the way up through the campaigns of the Southwest Pacific (where, incidentally, we had no such cartoonist or understanding historian as the justly famous Mauldin), we were usually too busy to worry much about what would develop in the way of veterans' organizations after the fighting was over and we reached home, if ever. That would be a different world and it seemed a very dim and distant prospect.

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Later, when word seeped through to us that the Legion would open its membership to those who were serving in World War II, it evoked no great enthusiasm among us. When I so expressed myself by letter to some of the old-timers who had been most active in building the Legion, they responded that they felt the same way. Some of them, I imagine, would be included in what Mr. Mauldin characterizes as the top echelon of Legion affairs, but it was apparent that they had neither been consulted nor listened to by the rank and file of the Legion delegates in convention assembled who wanted this splendid new generation of American fighting men along and were ready to turn the Legion over to them. When a newly elected National Commander visited our theater some months later, he was astonished that any of us should be lukewarm over the proposed expansion. In fact, he was even then busy advocating that membership requirements of an honorable discharge should be waived in order that everyone could join while still in the service.

That proposition never materialized, but the die had been cast and the Legion was already a two-war organization. Looking back now, I think that the Legion's action was the proper course for everyone concerned.

What bothered me then was that all this magnificent GI generation, if it joined an already existing organization, would never have the happy and exciting experience of starting from scratch and building up a great new company of kindred souls, bursting with shining ideals and young ideas, determined to give of their best all through their lives to see that those who had borne the battle got a square deal from their country, that this time the bitter lessons of our habitual unpreparedness should not be forgotten, and to ensure that the mutual understanding and faith in each other which comes only to men serving together in dangerous days were preserved for future service to our communities, states, and nation.

It didn't seem right that they should miss what, for those of us who had battled through the early days of the Legion, were some of the busiest, happiest, and most constructive years of our lives. It had not been all fun by any means and we had been suspected of almost everything — both good and bad — and called everything from "jingoes" to "panhandlers" in the process, but we knew that we were building an organization and working out a program which could contribute as much to the life of our generation and to the nation as any organization in American history. Critics to the contrary, I believe that our best hopes have been fulfilled. The average Legionnaire is a pretty fine citizen of proved loyalty to his country. The Legion, representing his hopes and aspirations, combining his efforts with those of his like, has become a great and constructive force in the land.

2

All up along the New Guinea coast and the unhappy islands of the South Pacific we lived, fought, and chased the Nips, in as mean and nasty a sector as men were ever asked to face. It was like operating in the inside of a great wet, dark mattress, and our vision was limited, both mentally and physically, to a few feet at best. All ranks, as the British like to put it, lived pretty close together. A Command Post was just another muddy foxhole.

Falling into the category which Mr. Mauldin would probably call "minor brass," I cannot pretend to know much about what, if anything, the average GI had in mind for his post-war activities. Each monotonous day was just more mud, rain, bugs, and heat, — no furloughs, no entertainment, no diversion of any kind, — with little hope of anything different. For many of our youngsters, this went on for years. But the average soldier was magnificent despite it all, with only one common, expressed desire and that was "to get to hell out" of there. I'm afraid that at times they all evolved definite plans about establishing a future hide-out where no Recruiting Sergeant or Draft Board could ever find them again. The only mention of any post-war veterans' activity ever volunteered within my hearing came from a hitchhiking battle casualty who allowed as how, if he had actually lost an eye, as seemed probable at that moment, he was all through until he could show up at one of those Legion Conventions, which he assured me were something!

Now nearly two and a half millions of his GI colleagues have joined the American Legion. There are over 16,000 Posts of the Legion today as against some 10,000 in the pre-war days. Despite Mr. Mauldin's doubts as to the wisdom of this amazing trend, it is hard to believe that these young veterans, after having looked over the field, can all be wrong. What is bad, Mr. Mauldin infers, is that these new and younger members will have nothing to say about the Legion's affairs.

Well, let's look at the record only a little less than two years after V-J Day. Not only are the National and State Headquarters teeming with vigorous, vocal World War II veterans, but the same situation obtains throughout the Legion. Without going into

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the details of the whole Legion structure, the story in two representative states will give the picture. In Illinois, 483 out of 1100 Posts are headed by World War II veterans. In Ohio, 70 per cent of all Post offices are held by veterans of this war. In the traditional American manner in which the Legion operates — with the Posts electing delegates to the State Conventions, who in turn elect delegates to the National Convention — the World War II veterans will control, and the future of the Legion will be in their hands. The younger Legionnaires are taking over the Legion, and that is as it should be.

3

There are few, if any, organizations nearly thirty years old that cannot be charged truthfully with some sins both of commission and omission. That includes them all, from one's church to one's own family. It is simple enough to take a quick glance and then to pull them all apart. Mr. Mauldin, a very new veteran with no background of Legion experience or participation, is apparently very unhappy over the failure of his particular veterans' group, the American Veterans Committee, to fill its faltering ranks. He gives the Legion a cursory glance, visits its National Headquarters for a day or so, and then proceeds to belabor the Legion with every imaginable accusation of bad habits and bad faith. To my mind, most of them are based on mistaken premises, and even factually he is more often than not on false grounds.

Let's examine a few of his statements. First, he tells us that his own group, the AVC, "has been on the receiving end of a great deal of the Legion's invective." "The red paintbrush has been applied generously," he says, and adds "not without reason." Now there is no doubt the AVC has, deservedly or not, acquired the reputation of being a left-wing aggregation. That would make it appeal to only a limited number of GI's, because after a man has offered his life to his country and its existing institutions, he usually feels that he has a special stake in their preservation. However, if the Legion has ever mentioned the AVC officially, or any responsible Legionnaire has called it names, the record does not show it. There would appear to be a little supersensitivity on that score. The Legion's attitude has always been that in this country any law-abiding citizens are free to organize in order to promote whatever policies they deem best for the national welfare.

An entirely erroneous impression is created by the reference to the Legion's "comparatively small membership before World War II." Comparative to what? No other veterans' organization in all history has ever enrolled and retained so great a percentage of eligible veterans as the Legion. At the time of Pearl Harbor, more than 30 per cent of those who served in World War I were paid-up members of the organization.

Earlier Mr. Mauldin states that "the Legion's officials condemned Senator Robert Taft as a radical because he helped write the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing bill." There is no record available of any such action, although the Legion declared itself, at last year's convention, as opposed to this type of legislation. It might be interesting right here to note that the Legion's Housing Commission, upon whose recommendations the Legion has acted throughout this whole sorry situation, is headed by a GI Vice-Commander and manned by World War II veterans. Their program, as embodied in the Legion's "Operation Housing," emphasizes community rather than governmental assistance and undoubtedly is disappointing to anyone who thinks that government bureaucracy is the only suitable agency to promote better living for Americans.

The Legion's National Legislative Director, John Thomas Taylor, comes in for special individual attention from Mr. Mauldin. The legislative program is laid down each year by the delegates to the State and National Conventions. After it has taken final form, and received their approval, it becomes a mandate upon the National Headquarters and the Legislative Committee for the ensuing year. Normally, it is largely related to national defense and veterans' affairs, although child welfare, Americanism, immigration, law and order, accident prevention, and even foreign affairs are included in its scope.

Colonel Taylor's activities before the Congress are, and always have been, confined to the mandates created by the National Convention's resolutions. He is an extremely able and enthusiastic exponent of the Legion's interests, and his efforts have been successful because Congress knows that he stays within his instructions from the Legion in convention assembled. The average member of Congress is deluged by resolutions from organizations of every conceivable sort. Often he finds the rank and file are hardly aware of what they are purported to support. Colonel Taylor's methods, so graphically described in the Mauldin article, are designed to make it plain to our lawmakers that the Posts of the Legion are not only aware of the resolutions of the National Convention, but solidly behind them.

No one with any Legion experience and background would make the unqualified statement that a

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few Legion politicians determine Legion policy. If there ever was an organization whose program stemmed from the desires of its Posts and their membership at grass roots level, it is the American Legion. There is not one important Legion policy down through the years which has not run the gamut of Post, District, State, and National Convention action. As a result, the Legion has often moved too slowly for some impatient enthusiasts, because of the very weight of this legislative machinery. There, I presume, can be found the cause of Mr. Mauldin's nose-puckering at what he calls "Legion conservatism." Calling the Legion conservative will come as a considerable shock to many of the Legion's crusty old critics of the last twenty-seven years.

4

The Legion is a typical cross-section of the nation, with all elements of our veteran population represented. If it is conservative for the Legion to attempt to protect, perpetuate, and conserve the American way of life, our system of constitutional government, and the rights of the individual, then the Legion is conservative and probably always will be.

To the charge that the Legion has indulged in partisan politics, the answer can be a categorical denial. Not only has it clung firmly to a policy of strict neutrality in party politics and individual candidacies, but it has leaned far over backwards, as any citizen conversant with politics over the last quarter century will testify. That is an accusation that no man can make with justice and impunity.

As to the Legion's legislative record, no man can deny that, starting with the passage of the National Defense Act of 1920, which it had a large part in writing into law, the Legion has fought almost single-handed for adequate preparedness. It went on record for universal military training at its National Convention in 1920, and has worked for it consistently ever since. If the Legion's own plan for the universal draft, adopted in convention the following year, had ever been placed upon the statute books, there would have been no Pearl Harbor. The drafting of capital and labor on the same basis as men's lives would have made America so strong and so impregnable that no nation would have ever dared attack us, and the world's history of the last few years would have been a different story.

Year after year, the Legion struggled and labored to arouse the nation and the Congress to the need, but while even the most politically-minded of our lawmakers agreed in principle, it was impossible to get many of them to risk their political necks by advocating such a drastic and far-reaching plan. To quote from Richard Seelye Jones's recently published *History of the American Legion*, "The career of this proposal in government circles was a long succession of debates, investigations, reports, partial acceptance and basic avoidance. America would not adopt a law to take the profit out of war because America was not ready to admit that there might be another war." The Legion was still in there punching for such legislation when the bombs started dropping on our Pacific fleet.

The Veterans Administration, formerly known as the Veterans Bureau, is the child of the American Legion, which forced its establishment, and which has ever since been its most vigilant watchdog. The care of the disabled veteran has from the beginning been the Legion's first consideration and its first duty. Congress and the nation have always been willing to see that the men and women who survive our wars are properly and generously treated; but it is no reflection on that attitude to state — what every fair-minded American will admit — that practically all the legislation now in effect for the disabled veteran has not only been written, but pushed through Congress, by the efforts of the American Legion. In any controversy with the Veterans Administration — and there have been many, not only recently but from its beginning — that fact must be recognized. To see that the laws are properly and humanely implemented and administered is and always has been a Legion job.

The Administrator of that vast and complicated government agency is at the moment General Omar Bradley, one of the great field commanders of all American history. He has accomplished great things and is doing a tremendous job, but on this present detail he is a very public servant and he must expect to hear from the Legion, which represents a great proportion of those he is expected to serve, whenever it believes the VA's huge, sprawling machinery can give better service. There are over 30,000 Legion Service Officers in the field, in immediate contact with the disabled veterans, and when the Legion speaks of unhappy conditions, it knows whereof it speaks. The Veterans Administration will, in the end, be more helped than hurt by the Legion's constant vigilance on behalf of disabled comrades-in-arms.

It has been charged that the Legion makes no attempt to discriminate between its members on the basis of types of wartime service. Happily, that is correct. In 1922 the Legion said, and it can repeat twenty-five years later, "it is the spirit that prompted a man to enter the service that counts in

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the American Legion, not the circumstances that followed his enlistment and over which he had little control. There can be no distinction between men who have offered their life to their country. There is no comparative degree in an offer of all one has."

Naturally that statement, and all other reference to veterans, include the good women who marched out under the colors in both world wars, and whose standing in the Legion is on exactly the same basis as that of the men.

5

Let anyone poll any of the ten or eleven thousand communities where Posts of the Legion have been in existence over the years, and it will be found that the overwhelming majority of the citizens will tell him that the Legion has served it well, not just the veteran population but the whole community. Last year, for example, 800,000 teen-aged young Americans played in the Legion's Junior Baseball Program. There were 160,000 entries in its annual National High School Oratorical Contest. School award medals were awarded to 14,000 young pupils as a part of a continuing annual program. Over 2000 Boy Scout Troops operated under direct Legion Post sponsorship; and this summer, as in previous years, 20,000 boys will attend Legion "Boys' States" in forty states, where they will study and actually apply the mechanics of the government of this republic.

These are but a few of the constructive activities directed and sponsored by the Legion and its amazingly active and industrious women's Auxiliary throughout the nation.

Some twenty-odd years ago, in a small Iowa Post, the membership worked out what later became known throughout the Legion as the Iowa Plan of Community Service. They had found that, because their members comprised almost a complete cross-section of every phase of life within their community, all bound together by their common service and understanding, they could in turn reach into and bring together in common understanding and effort practically every other group in the community. Since they were so equipped, they felt that it became their duty either to lead off or to assist all movements for community betterment.

Legion Posts everywhere were busy at work along similar lines, but the Post originating the Iowa Plan was not content until there was included in the Iowa Department's program a mandate upon every one of its 600-odd Posts to accomplish within each Legion year at least one unselfish, constructive, and worth-while project for its community or surrender its charter. Finally the national organization incorporated a similar plan within its Americanism Program, and through its encouragement and direction there are today scattered across all America thousands and thousands of worth-while completed projects inspired by, or wholly accomplished by, local Legion Posts and their Auxiliaries. They furnish evidence, if evidence is needed, that the men and women of the Legion did not terminate their service to their country when they took off the uniform, but were determined that nothing should be left undone which could help make their country and their individual communities better places in which to live and bring up their children.

Today the Legion is enrolling 1947 memberships at a rate that averages one member for every eight seconds, night and day, throughout the year. The membership is now running about two hundred thousand ahead of this date a year ago.

The Legion has become a tremendous force in America. It has grown and continues to grow because its activities have become an integral part of life in the thousands of home towns which make up America.

If the Legion "in that imperfect manner that attends all human institutions" has here and there fallen into indifferent or selfish hands, it does not follow that its millions of members or constantly changing elected leaders are veterans first and citizens second. There are professional veterans just as there are professional do-gooders and do-baders in every American institution and organization. If they are occasionally found in control, it is because such people work at the job twenty-four hours a day. They are in office by default on the part of those who could give better leadership. That's true in one's political party, one's union, one's trade association, one's church, or one's lodge — in every organized group in the land.

The cure is apparent, and I suggest earnestly and seriously, to Mr. Mauldin and any other veterans who are unhappy over the Legion's course, that they get in and make it right. Such an organized movement cannot be changed or guided from the outside. The place for those eligible citizens who may disapprove of any part of the Legion's program is within the organization, lending their efforts to its improvement. Men and women who are sincere and persistent and who are right can make their Post right, and in turn their State and National organizations right. It has been done and is being done every day.

I do not claim that "poppa" always knows best. I do claim that both the Legion and the nation will profit from the active participation of the average GI, who, as those of us who served with him can testify, is about the best there is.

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FIRST-DAY WITH RUFUS JONES

by NORA WALN

NORA WALN is a Philadelphia Quaker who has lived more than half of her life outside the United States. After studying at Swarthmore she became director of publicity for Armenian relief. Then she went to China, where she lived as the foster daughter of a Chinese couple, where she married an English husband, and where eventually she was to write her first book (now in its seventeenth English edition), *The House of Exile*. In the 1930's she and her husband crossed to Europe, living first in Picardy in Northern France, then in Germany and Czechoslovakia, where for two winters they witnessed Hitler's final preparation of Germany for the war. *Reaching for the Stars* was published in 1939, and that same year Nora Waln and her husband took up their residence in Britain, where they remained, farming hard and engaged in every form of Quaker relief work, during the six hard-driven years. In 1945 she was sent to the Continent as the *Atlantic* correspondent, and was attached to General Patton's Third Army. With his permission she made extended trips to Hungary, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. At last, in 1946, she came home for a close and protracted view of this country, the first she had had in two decades.

The *Atlantic* looks forward to publishing a selection of chapters, of which this is the first, from Nora Waln's new book. — THE EDITOR

1

IT WAS the middle of May. The hemlocks and the maples by the morning wind's faint stirring wove a pattern of shine and shadow on the lawn at Far Country. From over the treetops came the sound of Sabbath bells. The notes that pealed from a blackbird's throat and the way he flew off on heavy wing told me, as I leaned in the open window, that the day would be warm. In my hand I had a letter with music in its inviting words: —

"Now that thee is back from thy arduous tour to the West Coast, do come to spend First-day with us, attend our Meeting for Worship, have dinner with Elizabeth and me, and stay the afternoon."

This day of deep, still happiness was a golden moment in my life. I hope to keep its joy through whatever heartbreaking tragedies I may know when I return to Europe.

When I started for Rufus Jones's home the sky was fair, a summer blue. The dogwoods that lace their branches over Kitchen's Lane were dropping petals pink and white. The meadow brook flowed gently, rippling softly over the stones on its way down to the ducks' pond. On sloping bank the ferns gave wild, sweet scent. In gardens that I passed, the flowers were in their full glory.

Walking up from the Haverford station, I stopped a short way inside the College gates to take pleasure in the beauty of the campus and the graceful symmetry of the stone halls. For a while I loitered, halted more than once by undergraduates whose friendship I treasured. Soon I came to the modest house where my host lives. Before I was up the steps of his porch he opened the screen door and came out, bidding me welcome in his rich warm voice that always seems to have the quality of the sun in it.

We sat on the porch. Perhaps in every religious group in some of the generations there is the blessing of a person who so lives that in his ripe age he is a saint of whom others would be in awe, except that his simplicity is so great that even the most timid are at ease in his presence. Rufus Jones is our saint. The Quaker saint is one who has met evil at its worst yet is stayed in faith, wholeheartedly a follower of Christ.

We conversed of America, of Europe, and of Asia; we remarked the beauty of the world and we felt the pity that men could not live in it with competence. Then we spoke of the ants industriously constructing their residence within our view, and finally of a short and simple Psalm, the Twenty-third, written by a Palestinian shepherd. Rufus Jones gave me generously of his wisdom. Speaking first of the Psalm as an exquisite poem, complete in comeliness, with no unnecessary word yet saying all, he led on to talk of its contents.

Rufus has the Twenty-third by heart. Its words spoken in his understanding voice had a dual

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charm. Listening to him I thought of this Psalm as I have heard it in the many languages of the various foreign lands into which I have traveled. It has elegance unadorned, a sturdy yet delicate splendor, the vitality of truth. These are the thoughts of a man who is supremely normal; therefore he can speak to healthy people everywhere. His words go into our English alive and real. They translate into the tongues of Europe and Asia with the same power. This is authorship at its best.

2

My host talked casually, and these are some of the things he said. This perfect poem is a song from a keen-seeing man who is satisfied with life as he has found it on earth. He has contentment of body, peace of mind, and a thankful spirit. Probably his life was in a time as politically troubled as our own, but he grew strong in it. The Psalm has three distinct parts. One for childhood. One for middle age. The other for maturity.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

Life for the average child anywhere on earth starts that way. Out of this springs up naturally a simple faith, sweet and artless, a perfect trusting. There is no foresight in it. Life begins with innocence as the Psalm does. It is a wondrous time, the time of happy expectancy and friendly joy. But innocence, lovely as it is, is not a virtue. Innocence is a gift, and it is a rule of human life that virtues have to be won. Every virtue men have possessed has been got by self-effort and self-choice. Thus the individual and the race climb up in human growth.

Not only do we usually come into life given a father who cares for us, but we all come in amazingly equipped with instincts. This contrivance, which is sufficient for animal life, is a thrilling gift. We could not start without it, and it carries us a long way. The instinctive operations in the bee, the ant, the colt, and the baby are delightful to watch. Instinct is something given, another instance of "green pastures and still waters." By it the bird builds its nest, the bee makes honey, the babe sucks, stands up, and walks.

Human life moves on. With the passage of the age of innocence, the age of instinct, the age of protection, one says farewell to many things — to certain ideas and emotions, images, hopes, and illusions, and finds out hard and thorny things, goes into an era when there is no rest, no progress without personal effort. Once we have left this early stage of life we cannot go back into it.

Rufus uses his hands when he talks. During the second period of our growth — if we grow — there are steep hills to climb and deep valleys with their frightening shadows to be passed. This costs us pain and suffering. We experience bodily, mental, and spiritual stretch. There is no real escape. The sane go on. The brave persevere. The way is the way. We are now come into the time when every achievement costs us effort. This is the stage when man develops through the use of his capacity for free will.

There is a career to be made, a craft to be learned to earn a livelihood, and the necessity to labor at it. The musician must master his instrument, the seamstress her needle. And now we discover that we need more than the practice of ethics handed down to us from our ancestors, and must acquire our virtues for ourselves in the heat of battle with temptations and difficulties. We are in the era of growth where intelligent choices must be made, and even the ability to keep close touch with God has to be cultivated or lost. Others have been this way and left us honest record by which we can safely travel. In our era men trust scientific findings and proceed by them, armed with scientific conviction.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

A light seemed to shine from his face as he went on. Mankind has a large store of spiritual findings harvested by trustworthy men and women. By experience our race has learned, again and again, as the shepherd relates in his Psalm, that God is with us in the dark and shadowed valleys and helps us find the food we need on the perilous steeps. In the days of our labor and struggle He anoints us with His oil of gladness, filling our cups to overflowing, giving everyone plenty to share with others.

Through the journey of our middle life we can come to a new place. There we have a faith very different from the naïve faith we had before this climb. It is the faith of a person spiritually robust and virile. It is founded on intelligent living and is tested and tried. This is the best part of life, the rich harvest season.

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It is the time when the violinist lifts his bow with confidence, the reader looks at the words with understanding, the builder knows how to make a durable house. We are come into the place of safe "secondary instinct" where the subconscious processes can be trusted. The character is formed by now and, if well stayed on Christ, is reliable. One can depend on one's self in crisis. Secondary instinct is capable of continuous improvement through practice and effort. We have the chance to keep on growing so long as our senses are alertly alive. But now one can have a special pleasure because this is the era of achievement. It is the time of good ease in one's craft, in one's thinking, in one's communion with God. With the sturdy wisdom gained by healthy self-effort one is certain of our Lord and can say with the Palestinian shepherd: *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*

When Rufus Jones had finished the words of the Psalm we were both quiet for a while. It was a joyous time for me. The air was laden with the clean, fresh smell of growing leaves and grass, and the hum of bees. The sun gave a gracious warmth. A gentle breeze blew in from the west. Students passing the porch waved a friendly greeting to their teacher and he waved gayly back. Sometimes they stopped, and as I listened my happiness deepened. Here were laughter and serenity, concern for the welfare of mankind, full comprehension of our troubles, firm faith in God and man. So might it have been to sit with Socrates or Mencius. I witnessed humility and holiness in a scholar.

At the College Meetinghouse we joined others who were entering. We walked in silence and took our seats in quietness. Haverford is a Meetinghouse plain as the Meetinghouse called Jordans, in Buckinghamshire, England, where my husband and I are members. There is the same stillness in the two. It is a deep hush as if the Friends of previous generations have left their peace of spirit on the benches where they sat.

At Haverford that morning there was a vital quiet, a silence which we call a living silence. We use this term when we are certain that God is present. I felt a spiritual harmony among us binding us together and all to Him. It gave me peace of mind beyond all describing.

A noonday peace was on the room when Rufus Jones rose from the Elders' bench, where he sat facing the body of the Meeting. He quoted the closing sentences of the Ninetieth Psalm, reminding us of two aspirations which were in the author's heart. One is a hope common to all mankind that the work of his hands may be permanently established on earth. The other is a prayer for beauty, manifest in him while he is living and toiling.

Rufus spoke of the importance of the practical things being done at home and abroad by Quakers and those who work with us, and then went on to stress gently a matter of first importance: the making of our lives with care that the beauty of God is in us. He said that life building is a fine art. A beautiful life must have poise and serenity and joy in it as well as the spirit of adventure. People have a God-given talent, the power of self-creation. In the midst of many other duties it is possible to overlook this fundamental thing.

One who would be creative must come to know what he wants to be. Such an ideal does not come to a sudden fulmination. There must be a plan to give unity and coherence. It can be a changing plan in outward things but must have a centered pattern. The beautiful life must have in it a resolute will able to control your conduct at all times. It must have noble intentions, wise judgment, largeness of view, generous regard for the opinions of others. There must be vision to see the invisible. You must have capacity not just to see facts but to see beyond facts to what ought to be, and courage to act by the as yet unseen. What ought to be can be made fact. This we know through experience. Above all, your life must be luminous, a lantern lit with love, a kindling flame that never goes out even when you are fighting dark, cruel, evil forces. The beauty of God must be in you if you are to be successful.

On this note he closed the morning Meeting for Worship, turning soon after he sat down to shake hands with the one next him. Along the front bench the men and women shook hands. Down the seats the signal passed. Each took his neighbor's hand.

3

Elizabeth and Rufus Jones have open hearts and generous hospitality for many. There were others at their First-day dinner table that day besides me. The windows of the dining room were open wide that we might feast upon the beatitudes of May while we ate dinner. In the noon heat the song of birds was hushed, but the soft air came in laden with the smell of azaleas.

My host's humor has a delicious flavor. He is from Maine, and his turn of wit is different from our Pennsylvania expressions. That characteristic of his has not changed during all the years that he

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has spent at Haverford. I like his fun best of all the humorous Quakers of nimble tongue whom I know. It makes me laugh when I least expect to be amused. Yet it is illusive to my pen. When I tried to record his wit of this noonday on paper, I had no more than has one who pins a butterfly in a specimen box.

Round the table it was Quakerly fun — salty, dry, matter-of-fact, down to earth, then off on whimsical wings. The outward appearance of Quakers may be sober, even dour, solemn, austere, and plain, but poking fun at ourselves and each other is a pastime often indulged in by members of the Religious Society of Friends. Ours is a practical religion allowing us to be mystics, saints, and joyous fools.

Rufus's light humor flew too fast and high for me on that happy day. This reminds me of an anecdote about him which can be applied to my inadequacy. It is widely told amongst us. Once when he had spoken at a First-day morning Meeting for Worship, on things above her head, a woman Friend rose up from the hush that followed on his words and spoke solemnly: "Jesus said, 'Feed my lambs,' not 'Feed my giraffes.'"

There is another told of his speaking in Meeting. When Rufus was a young man his religious surety was a cause of alarm to some of our members. It still is to a few. He speaks out as one who knows God intimately; and naturally those who have never had a mystical experience, because they have kept their souls closed, are sometimes doubtful of the truth of his words. In groups such as our religious sect, where there is no appointed preacher and all have freedom to give messages, probably there always grows up a spirit of caution. It tends to hold the ardent down, but also it steadies those who get up. And the truly moved can never be really crushed if the push is from God. In his younger days, Rufus used to be "preached at" frequently, as a discipline. He is not so likely to have this happen to him now, but it might, any time. On the morning of which I would tell, he was seen to be about to rise, when an older, more weighty Friend suddenly prayed: "Dear Lord, give us protection. We are going to be told a number of things which are not true."

Jokes concerning Meeting for Worship are many. There is one Rufus told me of Nicholas Waln, who lived about a hundred years ago. Nicholas was a somewhat restless Friend, impatient if people were too hesitant in getting the message out. Upon one occasion a Quaker rose in Meeting, looked about him, cleared his throat and began, "I feel — " Then followed a long pause, more throat clearing; and after another survey of the assembly the speaker solemnly repeated, "I feel —" Again pausing and casting his eye over his hearers, he reiterated for the third time, "I feel —" This was too much for Nicholas, who could not stand the extreme deliberation practiced by some Friends in their preaching, and in that pause he supplied a word which burst out of him — "a louse."

Naturally, Nicholas knew that a deputation of Friends, outraged at his conduct, would call upon him to "Elder" him, probably that evening when they had given themselves time to cool off and him time to be sorry. Sure enough, early in the evening a group of Friends arrived at his door. The house was dark and there was no response to their repeated knockings. Finally, concluding that Nicholas had gone away, they were turning from the door when a window opened above and he stuck his head out. "Friends," said he, "you needn't come in. The Lord has been here before you."

Most early Friends drank wine and smoked without concern about it beyond the fact that the use of food and drink and tobacco should be moderate — enough and no more. But later there came a period when smoking and drinking at all were frowned on. John Hunt and Samuel J. Levick were two Quakers who did not share the general sense of responsibility to bear a testimony against tobacco. One day after dinner at a Friend's house where there was no smoking, the two went to the back yard to enjoy their cigars. They were followed by other Friends and taken sharply to task. "Yes, Friends," said John Hunt, "Samuel and I agree. Tobacco is a vile weed and we are burning it up just as fast as we know how."

Personal independence within general unity has been a mark of Quakers from the seventeenth century, when our sect started, on to the present day. Quakerdom is a term that holds many types within its circle. We are a sect without a written creed and we have no binding rules other than the regulations of our discipline. What keeps us together is that we have unity in essentials, and what saves us from breaking up is that we have diversity in lesser matters. Fun such as we practice may seem out of place among religious people, but it is of value to us. The stories we remember from other days help us to get through minor differences still holding fast together on important matters. And jokes help to rid us of pompousness, which is ever a danger in religious people. When the roots of faith are strong, then the winds of laughter bring no harm.

Rufus Jones is as natural when he is joking as when he speaks of mystic things. This conduct

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seems to me nearer to the pattern of Christ when He lived on earth as Jesus than any other way could be. I can never think of Jesus as a man with whom I should not enjoy to go to dinner. I think that there would be happiness, easy and pleasant, at His table.

4

Soon after dinner we separated to do various things. My host, who is in his eighty-fifth year, went to rest in his downstairs library. I was put in his upstairs study, where there is a comfortable sofa, and given the freedom of the books. The quiet house was peaceful.

On the shelves and the tables there was nothing mean or sordid. It is pleasant to roam a lettered world where the sage's word and the poet's song are met. In the selection of his books a man's character is plainly shown. Even if I had never talked with Rufus Jones, but had merely spent two hours in this room, I should know that he is a man wide open to learning and catholic in his friendships.

In his study I found a harvest from the world. It is the reaping of one who has pleasure in creative literature. Greek and Hebrew, Latin, German, and French writing, as well as English and our own, keep company with thought from India and the Far East in that room. There is no color bar in Rufus's choice. The works of Negro and white stand side by side. Orient and Occident are not separated. There is kinship in everything collected, in that they are the books of mankind.

Resting in that room I had a serene yet intense emotion. I was conscious of the boon of living. I knew that it is wonderful to be on our earth in this era or any other. I did not get the illusion that the task of our human climb upward is easy. Neither did I feel helpless in the strain and stress of centuries of forward advance and backward blunder. Here were authors who gave life intrinsic meaning. I was privileged to be resting in the company of those who bear witness to the nobility of mankind in their treatment of the foibles and the sorrows, the virtues and the sins, the mistakes and the achievements of people.

In Rufus Jones's study his books spoke to me, reminding me that the arts are not luxuries. The hunger of a world in need, such as ours, is not all physical. Human spirits are low, hearts are depressed, minds lose their sanity because that hope which is the bread of life is scarce on our twentieth-century tables. The time for active artists is come, as it always comes in such eras. We need books, pictures, music that feed men's starving souls. Thinking of this, I began to consider what Rufus has done for all of us.

He has lived a full life and he has been open-handed with his experiences. Throughout his life runs a concern with the actuality of God. His word is careful. And it has grown luminous. He tells of the mystic, and his telling rings as truth rings. From early manhood on, as his scholarship and his personal experience have grown, he has never faltered. His reports have the surety of an honest man who knows by direct contact. His concern is with us as we live on this earth. He cares wholeheartedly that his fellow men be fed and sheltered, healthy and happy. He wants for all others what he wants for himself.

As a publisher of truth, he has steadily called for a resurgence of religious faith through an era increasingly dominated by concern with science. Scientific discoveries have fascinated the Western world, and this fascination is spreading to men everywhere. Never has Rufus been against the tide of eagerness to know the secrets of material combinations, or against research into human psychology. He has encouraged the desire for such wisdom.

At the same time he has put forth his discoveries in religious matters. These are the fruits of research into history, combined with his own calm, positive assertion that mankind must lay hold of truth as it relates to our spirits. He has constantly warned men and women to beware of putting trust in reason which is not the whole of reason, and repeatedly asked us to be cautious about relying on facts which are merely half facts.

In the classroom, on the public lecture platform and in the Quaker Meetinghouse, in his magazine articles and in many books, he has been industrious in saying that while humans can live successfully without the things which science gives, although better with them if wisely used, we cannot dwell on this earth in peace of mind without taking into account the necessity to grow in our souls. By his reasoning, unless our advance in knowledge goes forward in complete development of the human soul within us, in all its four parts, then mankind is in real danger of self-destruction. According to the law of nature which he teaches, humans have either to exercise the talent for self-creation or perish. He uses the word soul as the ancient Greeks used their word for soul, including under that term the entire inner self of man — intellect, imagination, emotion, and will. Frequently he makes use of a quotation from the Book of Ecclesiasticus: "The soul of a holy man discovereth sometimes true things: more than seven watchmen that sit in a high place to watch."

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Rufus has touched people far beyond our United States. His written words are translated into the tongues of five continents and he has traveled to homes in many lands. While I considered what he has meant to others, my thoughts narrowed down to what he has meant to me. He has broadened and enriched my life. He has restored my vision when I was blinded.

Consideration of Rufus led me to memories of my childhood. Born within the fold of Quakerdom, to plain Friends of the Hicksite division, I was reared with slight opportunity for knowledge of the "world's people," as others were called by many Quakers then. And religious dispute within the Religious Society of Friends kept such as I from association with Orthodox Quakers. Theoretically, I was taught a Christian faith that makes mankind one family. Actually we lived set apart.

But as early as I can remember, a clean wind was blowing in. A fresh liveliness was astirring. Several grown men and women were in this Quaker movement. Young Rufus Jones attracted the most general attention from the whole of Quakerdom, although he was born into the Orthodox division. He was highly talented with voice and pen.

Rufus and his associates were blasting at the divisions between Friends, and dynamiting the invisible wall which protected us from other Christians and pagans. Furthermore, they were proclaiming the name of God with a freedom which recently had not been habitual with us. Some members were alarmed, others delighted. He was radical and heretic, or herald and prophet, depending on how one looked at the matter.

My grandfather, Elijah Waln, a birthright Hicksite, took a keen interest in the doings of Rufus Jones, the young Orthodox. It was an interest so sharp that Grandfather was asked, by a solemn deputation of Friends, to cease sitting on the Elders' bench in our Meeting for Worship. Grandfather responded by sitting under his own maple trees in quiet worship at the hour of First-day Meetings. Then, because young people followed him out there and he felt a responsibility about division among Friends, he went back into our Meetinghouse — right up to his old place on the Elders' bench. This drama thrilled me.

We subscribed to every Quaker publication. If I recollect rightly, there was an editor who used to print news about Rufus in red ink. My interest was not religious. I took my God for granted. So far as I was concerned, He was not in this excitement. I had a childish faith, simple and unbothered. God loved me and I loved Him. My interest was more in nature than in humans. While very young I began to syndicate a series about birds and flowers, and — combined with this, as I explained in *The House of Exile* — to collect items concerning China. Religion, as disputed, was something I put off for consideration later. So serene was my faith, that the study of the Chinese philosophers did not ruffle it. I was grateful to Rufus for the freedom of movement he helped secure us, and I early began the practice of attending Hicksite and Orthodox Meetings alternately.

5

It was not until I was living in China that I began to read his books, and from then on they became a source of intellectual pleasure. That period of my life was contented and leisurely. During it I read much, and Rufus became one of my favorite authors. From him I learned of European mystics and considerable of the history of our sect. I did not skip his spiritual words. I read them without stir of spirit.

My faith was a shallow thing, a weak growth, something I failed to cultivate. In Europe I lost it. It burned out in hate of the Nazis, dried up, disappeared. I kept the tenets of my inheritance but I had no surety of God. It was in despair that I grasped Rufus's extended hand. I turned to his teaching as the thirsty seek water.

His words assure the troubled that the first essential in such a predicament is the calming of the mind. Fear must be eliminated by use of the will. One must prepare to "stand the universe." Then the spiritual senses must be roused. One must not turn from life. It is not detachment, but attachment, that one seeks. God is there. He will break through even as the hidden mountains break through into sight when clouds clear. The first step in kindling lost faith is a desire for faith. Divinity comes alive in us if we really want it. But the soul has to waken to its own need.

From Rufus I learned. He knew the way. His findings are helps to others. He teaches that the soul must make progress or wither. A child's simple faith is not sufficient for a grown woman in the present day. The way to growth is not to hate and not by turning from other humans, however sinful. The way forward is by Christ's pattern — greater loyalty to God and stronger love for our fellow men. The soul must come to have the qualities of tenderness, gentleness, humor, endurance, and integrity unshakable.

My thankfulness to Rufus for his help is today something beyond the power of my words to ex-

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press. From thoughts of this I was interrupted by his call from below stairs. Tidying myself, I went down to join him and he took me with him to a meeting in Haverford College Library.

There Rufus took a leading part in discussion concerning the paucity of artistic genius to be found among us. We have been among the last of the non-Catholic sects to allow our members to enjoy the Renaissance cult of physical beauty. Many of our diaries show us a people seeking to keep clear of the seductions of nature and of art. Quaker artists, musicians, poets, actors, and playwrights in full membership are few. Talents have been deliberately turned by education and social pressure away from any such career. With the whole weight of his present eminence among us, Rufus struck to knock off these shackles.

He spoke of beauty as one who loves the beautiful. He sees loveliness when he looks into a flower, and thrills to it. He hears it in music, enjoys it in fiction, in a painting, and on the stage. He knows that the face of Jesus on the Cross was not mournful and ugly, but beautiful and strong with the same light that is on many a laborer's face when he has done his work well. Beauty should be portrayed, written, sung. Artistic gifts are God-given.

All there agreed. My day ended in bliss.

Rufus has come to his golden day when his word has weight. Behind him are decades of earnest endeavor. He has been among the foremost in drawing us to work together as the American Friends Service Committee and, putting down the barriers of separation, enjoy the Friends Social Union. His accomplishments are many. Most important of all is his success with the fountain from which his success flows. In an era when few believe in God, Rufus has touch with Him.

After the meeting, we said farewell. He stood against the western wall of the sunset, and I was conscious that there is no beauty surpassing the beauty of a man who has taken care to make his life good. The beauty of our Lord is on him, manifest in him, when he is come to the place where the labor of his hands is established on earth by faithful use of his talents.

ONE KIND OF ADVICE

by THEODORE SPENCER

They said to him, "Surrender, and be kind;
The giving-in will silence all the pain;
Nothing is cruel but mind, cruel mind.

Rebels are blind; why with the blind be blind?
Orchards return; summer returns again;
Nothing is cruel but mind, cruel mind.

Set free your gnawing fox, and you will find
Less Spartan heavens and a gentler reign,"
They said to him. "Surrender, and be kind.

Priests bless; when war is done the treaty's signed.
Why should the ruined struggle to complain?"
They said to him, "Surrender, and be kind.

Comfortable fingers comfort the resigned;
Fury for fury is all fury's gain:
Nothing is cruel but mind, cruel mind.

Laugh with the moment's clown at what's behind;
Drop the time-table; take the waiting train!"
They said to him, "Surrender, and be kind;
Nothing is cruel but mind, cruel mind."

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AN ATLANTIC STORY

THE FARMER'S WIFE

by EMMETT GOWEN

This fellow, I lived on his place thar. Best durned fellow I ever cropped for. But he and his wife was in a trouble and mess. That was at the bottom of it all.

One morning Dee and I were out thar in the barn puttin' the harness on the mules and I heared a noise up in the loft over my head.

I said, "You hear that, Dee? What the devil's making that racket up thar?"

"Sounds right scairy," Dee said.

And I just stepped out thar and looked up where I could see in the barn loft, and he was comin' out of thar.

"Mr. Henry," I said, "what the hell are you doing up thar in that hay this time of morning?"

"John, I slept there."

Then he owned up to it. Been sleeping thar for the longest. Did you ever hear the beat of that? That good man sleeping up in a barn like a tramp. And Lord knows what he'd been doing for vittles.

I said, "Mr. Henry, you had any breakfast?"

Said he hadn't.

So I hollered to the house and said, "Dovey, you-all cook up Mr. Henry some breakfast."

After that, he et with us all the time. Beatinest durn thing ever I seed in my life. Him with them two big farms, and half a dozen houses on them for his tenants, and his house a big fine brick one — and him sleeping in a barn! And that land was all rich river-bottom ground, grew everything you could think of — we had the best garden there we ever had on any place I ever worked on — and fruit. Dovey had a hundred cans of fruit. That was worth the most of anything we had when the house burned down.

He was the beatinest and the eatinest durn man I ever seed. Dovey'd make up biscuits and after she'd cut them out she'd just wad the balance of the dough up and pat it out and that'd make a big old biscuit, as big as my two fists. He'd call it "the grandma." Would say, "Dovey, pass me the grandma." He'd butter that. He'd eat a pound of butter a meal. Well, he'd put a half a pound in this big old biscuit and lay it down beside his plate for the butter to melt. Then, when he'd et a big meal for anybody, he'd put the grandma on his plate and take and eat it with a knife and fork.

He'd a eat us out of everything except he was the best durn fellow I ever seed in my life. He was so fair with us that we could make enough cropping his place to afford to feed him, you see.

Why, he was always pulling a dollar out his pants to pay for something he seen Dovey needed. Or just as apt he'd give twenty-five dollars to Louise. She was fourteen then. She just loved him. We all liked him. You never seen a finer fellow.

He had a jealous nature. That was the main cause of that mess he was in with his wife. The way the trouble started, his girl — I reckon she was about seventeen and just the age to want to go to dances and such — one night she said she wanted

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"Eighteen years ago," writes EMMETT GOWEN, "I cut loose from a public relations job which I held from lack of employment as a newspaperman, and vowed to live by writing fiction, or starve. Since then I have written a lot of fiction, of all kinds, and several times I nearly starved. This story, I must admit, is the creation of an old friend, a sharecropper who cannot read or write. He put this account of unrequited love and crime and punishment into thought; I, only into words."

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to go down the road to a neighbor's house, about half a mile, thar, and borrow a book she needed in her studying. She was a great one for books and such, just like her mammy, but Henry he never did even read a newspaper, I reckon. He could read, but wouldn't — not like me, I'd read if I knew how. Believe a man can learn a lot that way, but when I was a boy I had to be always in the crop and never did learn to read and write. This is how he was: he never moved by thinking. Done everything he done by the way he *felt*. In his mind he went through this life like a blind man groping along.

He didn't want 'em to go after that book. Said, "I reckon we are folks. If we want something, we can send after it."

Miz Bedeen she said, "Well, I reckon Ella is big enough that if she wants to go git a book, she can *go*. And I'm a-goin' with her!"

So they went off down the road. Rectly it got time for them to be back and they wasn't back, so he went after them. He was so jealous he couldn't stand for either one of them to be out of his sight. They was both pretty. Miz Bedeen was the mother of nelly-grown children, but she was as pretty as aira girl you ever seen. The kind of woman, you've seen them — a man can look at 'em and slobber like a dog looking at meat.

Well, sir, he went down the road thar and them neighbors had done gone to bed. He went up and down that road, and there wasn't a house with lamps lit whar they might be visiting.

So he went home and got his shotgun and set out thar on the front porch waiting. They'd been to a dance. Slipped off and met Dave Childers, and he'd taken 'em to a dance, but he didn't drive right up to the house when he brought them home. Let them out down the road a piece.

So they walked up the driveway and thar he set with the shotgun.

She said, "Henry, what you doing, setting out here with a shotgun?"

"I aim to kill the man you been unfaithful to me with in the presence of my daughter," was what he said. "And ruined my daughter in the presence of her mother."

And she said, "Why, you fool, how dare you name a thing like that to us! Don't you think a nelly-grown girl has a right to go to a dance some time?"

She taken that shotgun away from him and whipped him with it. Run him out of the house. Her a ordinary-size woman, and him a great big fellow. About my size, I reckon, and I'm six-foot-four. Except he was a cripple. One foot kind of turned in, and that leg short. That had been on his mind all his life, and he never knew he was as good as anybody else, because he started out thinking folks that didn't have one leg shorter than the other was better than him.

So she whipped him with that shotgun like you'd whip a young'un with a switch. He wouldn't lay hands in violence on a woman, you see. So that little-biddy woman could whip him.

She ran him off and that's how come he slept in that old barn on them fertilizer sacks. Slept there till we cut the hay, and then in the hay till we caught him at it, and then we made him a bed in our house — just an old tenant house.

They was having trouble and about to have *bad* trouble.

2

I'LL tell you the kind of fellow he was. He was a man that didn't care for anything. A barn door would fall down, and it just would never come into his mind to have it put back up. Before he would even move it out of the way, he'd lead a hoss over it to get in the barn. Or take the night he left the crib door open and the cows got in there and et up corn all night.

Next morning Dovey she said, "Mr. Henry, did you leave that crib door open last night?"

"I don't know," he said. "Apt as not I did."

"I know you did," Dovey she said, "because I seen the cows coming out of it this morning."

But he didn't give a damn.

He'd give a young'un five dollars in place of a nickel, and twenty-five dollars for what anybody else would give a quarter for. He loved children. That shows he was a good man, or does it? Come to business, he'd bargain with you like a stock trader. Had two old cows down there on my place.

"John," he said one day, "what'll you give me for them two cows?"

"I don't know, Mr. Henry. What'll you take?"

He'd taken to living in town with his sister while his wife was suing him. (Yessir, it wasn't enough to whip him with a shotgun. She sued him, too.) But Sundays he'd take the day with us.

After dinner he'd go out thar under a big old chinquapin tree, and take him a pillow and sleep on the grass awhile. So them old cows got to grazing might' nigh on top of him, and one of 'em was just fixing to eat his panama hat, and he woke and said, "Huey! Huey! Gol durn ye!"

Mad at the old cow, you see, so he said, "What'll you give me for them two durn ole cows, John?"

"What'll you take?" I ast him.

Said, "I'll tell you what I'll do, John. I'll take

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twenty-three dollars for both of 'em, if you'll buy 'em right now."

"Mr. Henry," I said, "I'll give you twenty."

"No. Twenty-three, and you can have them both, but I wouldn't take that tomorrow."

You see? He was a businessman like them town stores. Offering a bargain *today*. Wait! Them cows had to do with that bad trouble that was fixing to happen with his wife. Wait!

I didn't know if them cows was going to be fresh, and I didn't want 'em if they wasn't. Didn't want to feed 'em. Come in my mind, I recollect, "He's got too many cows that won't give milk." Teechk, teechk, teechk, teechk.

"Mr. Henry," I says — said — "is them cows going to be fresh?"

"I don't know, John. If I knew they was, I wouldn't sell 'em."

And me settin' thar thinkin' he didn't know any more about his cows than he did his wife, but looks he *could* have kept up with his cows on that question.

Well, if they wasn't going to be fresh, they wasn't worth more than the twenty, and that wasn't known, so we couldn't trade.

Dovey and me, we worried and worried about it, couldn't ease our mind. If they *was* going to be fresh, we needed them cows. We even went up thar to the barn one day, and durned if I don't believe we was trying to see through them in the sun, we wanted to know so bad.

Well, we was standing thar watching 'em, and rectly I seen something knock in her side. That was all I wanted to know. We went on back down the path to the house. Next time I seed him, I said, "Mr. Henry, you still take twenty-three dollars for them cows?"

"No."

"Well, name your price, and I'll buy that best cow," I told him.

"You named twenty dollars for both of 'em. I'll take twenty for that one."

I knowed she was going to be fresh, so I said, "Mr. Henry, I'll just take you up on that!"

Went in the house and got the twenty dollars out of the sewing machine. Handed it to him. Didn't have but twenty dollars. That's why I couldn't give him twenty-three for both of 'em that day they nelly et his hat. Didn't want to go in debt. Always have been that-a-way. Soon as he had the money, then that made her my cow, and so I said, "Mr. Henry, that cow's going to come fresh."

"She is?" he said, surprised. "If I'd of known that I wouldn't of taken forty for her." Said, "I'd want her fer Cornelia to have the milk."

See? But wait.

When the cow come fresh, he give me forty for her back. Told me to keep the calf, and put it to suck with one of my cows and take that cow up to the Big House on the Big Place, and give her to Cornelia.

Dovey and me and the chillen we drove the cow up thar, and told her Mr. Henry said she could have the cow. Miss Cornelia she said, there by the gate, "Well, it's about time he saw to it that we have some milk around here."

That's the mouth word she sent him for thanks. And her already taken his farm, the one he had paid for.

But he wanted her back. Had no more pride than to admit it. Said, "You know the old saying, 'If you want a hen to lay, you must put up with her cackling.'"

3

WANTED her back. That was what it was all about.

Came to Dovey and me, and wanted us to go up thar and beg her to take him back. We told him we didn't want to get in that mess. But he got to crying, and so we taken pity on him and went. Hitched up a cotton mule to that old buggy we had then, and drove up thar. That was such a big fine house we was bashful to drive up to the front, and we drove on around, us in that old rickety buggy, ragged po' folks, buttin' into that high-class lady's business. I felt a pure fool.

Well, Miss Cornelia come out. That woman, with grown chillen, she was still the kind of woman makes a man catch his breath to look at her. And sweet-talkin', when she wanted to be. She was like a bee. Honey in its mouth, but a stinger in its tail. First thing she said was, "I know what you-all come for and who sent you." Said, "Henry Bedeen is down to you-all's house."

She was laughing. No. She was crying. No, the way it was, she was laughing first, and then she was crying.

She loved him, too. You could tell that. But they just got to fightin' some way or other, and couldn't quit. Her as pretty as a girl, and him as ugly as the Lord can make a man and still have him not look like some other kind of animal, but the best durn fellow I ever seed in my life.

She said, "I'm in a tight to get my cotton picked." Said, "When the court gave me *my* place, he taken all the hands off it and put them on that other place just to put pressure on me." He done that. It wan't like him but he done it. He had the screws

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on her there. So she said, "Tell him if he'll have the cotton picked out on *my* place, I'll live with him. But only as a stranger. You tell him not to set foot here until my cotton is picked and in the gin."

See how she whipped him every time?

He was the one that paid the hands, and so she would get her cotton picked for nothing. Well, he picked her cotton. Had it done. Taken her the check and said, "Cornelia, honey, I've come back. I kept my part of the bargain, and here I am."

Well, she smiled that sweet way she could smile, till she got the check in her hand. She reached out and taken it, and folded it up and put it in her bosom, so that he couldn't get it back without doing her violence — taking advantage of his principles, you see? Then she said, "Now, get on down the road, I don't want to see you no more! Just get on down the line! My daughter has a beau, and I don't want you settin' up fur him with a shotgun."

That's what she said. Henry he told me. That's the way she kept her word, and him a man that if ever he made a promise, couldn't nothing shake him from keeping it. A man of his word, and yet he was a fellow didn't care for nothing. Just as soon go around in rags, or sleep in a barn — and done both, except he would wear fine clothes because he thought she wanted him to.

He was the kind of man that didn't give a damn. Wasn't always trying to *git* something. Would enjoy life, if he could. Why, he'd stop all the hands on the place and all go fishing. One day plowing thar by the river, running eight or ten plows thar in the corn, and Mr. Henry he pushed down through the hoss weeds thar by the river bank; them weeds higher than a man's head thar in that rich river-bottom land, and he come back and said, "Boys, the river's just right. It's rained up the river somewhere. And it's coming down a loblolly. And the catfeesh will be out like at night."

We took out the teams, and one fellow rode his mule to the house to get the net. And we caught 'em that day! Some driving, some pulling the net. White men and niggers, having fun like a picnic together. I never was agin niggers, nohow. These white folks that set up in church of a Sunday, and then mistreat a nigger on a weekday, when they die, they'll go to hell before their ears get cold. Mr. Henry was for the nigger, too. We'd run the net up in them water weeds in water about thigh deep, and you'd see one's fin cut the water. Pull up and the net would be just a-thrashin' with catfeesh, and ever' one of 'em as long as your arm nelly. The next day we was all so full of feesh we pooched out!

Everybody else I ever cropped for — he'd be after you to keep you at it from can to caint, but Mr. Henry would stop the work to take you feeshin'. He sho loved to feesh.

He'd a got rich and stayed as rich as any of them, too, hadn't been fur this trouble with his wife. But maybe that trouble was just the thing to keep him down. Hadn't been that, it would of been something else. He wasn't like the balance of his class of people, and she wanted him to be. Wanted him to drive us hands, and not be common as us, like he was. But he could be good to us and still make, because ever' hand that worked for him would watch out for his interest like it was their own, instead of just trying to tear up and waste, like a cropper will do if he don't like the man he works for.

It was his wife done him out of what we made for him. That's the way it was. Wait!

When he couldn't take from the place he had paid for, to pay out on the one he still owed on, he got to where he couldn't meet the payments and was going to lose it.

4

THAT was when he got after me to burn the house down. If he could get the insurance to make the payment he was in a tight about, then when the crop come in he could meet some more notes for a spell and that way he might come out.

I told him I wouldn't do it. I kind of wanted to, to help him out, but I couldn't set no house afar.

"Mr. Henry," I told him, "if I done that I'd have bad luck the rest of my life, and I ain't gonna do it."

Got after Dovey about it. She wanted to help him out too, but she said, "I ain't *never* set *no* house afar; I just couldn't do it."

"No harder than lighting a far in the farplace," Mr. Henry said.

Dovey she said, "I just couldn't burn down something somebody worked to build. Couldn't burn down a house when there are folks needing houses."

"Why," he said, "it's easy!" Said, "If you just can't set a match to it, I'll tell you how you can do it without even you ever knowing you done it."

"You can tell me, Mr. Henry, but I can't do it."

"Just take a ball of binder twine and a bottle of turpentine, and soak the twine in it. Just lay the ball of twine on the shelf up over the stove — that old wallpaper is loose and coming off — and just accidentally let the end of the twine dangle on the stove when you go out to gather the eggs."

But Dovey said, "Why, I could set a match to it with less guilt than all that mess not to."

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He told Dovey, "If you'll do that for me, I'll build you a brand-new house, and replace everything you lose with the same thing brand-new and better than your cheap one was when it was new, and I'll give you a new hundred-dollar bill."

Dovey wanted to, but she just couldn't do it.

Well, sir, she went out to where he had his buggy thar in the barn hall, and thar set a jug of turpentine and a ball of twine. Like the devil settin' temptations around to work without words.

He even got after Louise to do it, and her not but fourteen at the time. Told her if she'd catch her mammy and daddy off some'eres and set the house afar, he'd give her a hundred-dollar bill.

Much as I liked him, I got mad at him for that. I didn't like it a bit, naming a thing like that, a crime, you might say, to just a child. Well, I told him, I said, "Henry, we ain't a-gonna do it, so you might just as well to leave us alone about it." I told him, "Why, you can get some town scallywag to burn this house down for five dollars, if you want to, but I ain't a-gonna do it for no money. We'll move and let you get it burnt down for five dollars."

"But that wouldn't do," he said. Said, "Somebody has to be living in it to keep them from being suspicious, and you-all are the only ones I can trust. Just leave everything in the house, and let yourselves be burnt plumb out." Said, "If Dovey can't stand to lose that hundred Mason jars of fruit, you can take that out and hide it in a cave some'eres."

"Henry, we ain't a-gonna do it."

Well, next time he brought it up, I was workin' in the field, and he come out and fair begged me to. Said, "I lost my other place, and now I'm going to lose this one. I lost that one because my wife wouldn't stick with me, and now I'm going to lose this one because my friends won't."

"Well, we won't," I told him.

He thought a minute, and he said, "Well, I'll tell you this — I don't believe you would ever tell on me, but I'll say this: Before I will let my creditors suffer, I'll be the one to suffer, and go to the pen, too, if I have to!"

With that he walked off across the new-plowed ground toward the fence. His buggy hitched there. I knew what he meant, so I called him. Said, "Wait a minute, there, Henry."

He just walked on, like he hadn't heard me. I hollered loud, then.

"Wait a minute, Henry! Stop!"

He waited and I left the plow and the mules and went to him. "Henry," I said, "if you burn that house down, you'll just go to the pen. You'll sho do it. I mean that!"

And I did mean it, too. I felt about him like he was my brother but I done made up my mind. You couldn't just let your brother commit a crime without turning against him. Your brother especially!

5

I KNOWED he was going to burn it down. Or have it done. Being a cripple, he couldn't be running around in the woods at night to burn a house down. It worried the hell out of us. We was scaired it might burn with us in it.

Got to where any little sound would wake us up in the night.

Dovey, she heared it, the first night they come.

She woke me up and said, "Wake up, John. I hear 'em. They're here. Sounds like somebody tipping around outside."

I got up and pulled on my britches, and I didn't put on no shoes, and got my old shotgun. I cocked it, pulled both hammers back. Went to the front door. That gun ready to shoot. There was a hawthorn bush out there. Just good shooting distance. And I was ready in my mind to shoot that man out there, be it Henry himself. But I couldn't see nothing. Something told me somebody was behind the hawthorn bush. Ought to have just shot into the bush. But stead of that, I went to the back door, to peep out. The door drug a little and made a racket, and it was Henry out there, all right, because he knew by the sound which door I opened. He run when he heared it. From behind the hawthorn bush.

Dovey heared him. Hollered, "He's out front, John!" But he was gone before I could get back to the front door.

Well, next was a little after that. Still spring of the year. Dovey she was cleaning up after supper. The ducks roosted there in the chimney corner. You ever notice how ducks will make a racket at night if there's anything unusual going on?

The cat, too. There was a rock fallen out of the chimney. Left a hole there between the farplace and the wall big enough for the cat to go in and out of. We just left it, so we wouldn't have to open the door ever' time the cat wanted to go in and out. Well, sir, when the ducks made that racket I heared the cat jump up on the wall. It's so quiet, way off the highway in a tenant house.

I thought they might have come, so I got my gun and went out thar, but I didn't see nothing. It was sure dark that night. I come on back in and we went to bed. But it was in our mind that this would be the night they would come.

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Apt as not, when the ducks hollered, they was fixing to set far to it then, before we went to bed. For I don't think Henry would have wanted to risk burning us up. But maybe he did. He'd know we couldn't tell it, then.

And I had threatened to report him if he done it.

Well, that cat just wouldn't stay out. Scaired. They was out there prowling around, that's what it was.

Rectly I dozed off and then Dovey woke up and seen a light in the kitchen, just like at night when there's a farplace going in another room.

She woke me up and said, "John! John, the house is afar!"

I had just bought me a new pair of Friendly Fives. You know what they are? Don't sell 'em any more, but they were real good shoes. Cost five dollars. Called 'em Friendly Fives. Well, what you reckon was the first thing I done? Put on my shoes? No, sir. I picked up them shoes and threw them out across the yard out of reach of the far. Them new shoes was the first thing that come into my mind to save. Could have saved 'em just as well if I'd slipped 'em on, and not burnt my bare feet on hot sparks running around barefooted!

But no. First I done something else. Wait!

I run, and looked in there and the flames was just a-swirling all around the room, over and over. Just a-whipping up the wall and across the ceiling and down the other wall. The *first* thing I done was to light a lantern and set it down in the middle of the floor. I be dog! That fire lighting up the country for miles around, and I lit the lantern and set it down in the middle of the floor. Never did think to put on any shoes. Woke the chillen up and told Louise — she was fifteen by then — to keep the least ones away from the danger, while we tried to get things out.

But Dovey's fruit — hit was done gone. You could hear the jars just a-popping, like rifles shooting. Louise she saved the porch swing. I bought it in a good year. She liked to set and swing in it, so that was what she thought of to save.

Well, I made a mess getting things out of thar. I taken the clock out, real careful not to break it. Then I throwed the bed out on top of it and busted that clock all to pieces. And the bed I didn't get far enough away, and it burnt up!

Never even thought about my gun, till I was standing out there watching the house burn up and the gun went off. Boom! First one barrel, then the other. Then I thought, "And I'll need a gun, too, now Henry believes I'll turn him in to the law if I live." Thought, "A man will get to where he will burn a house down for the insurance, might let himself go to the next step, too."

Well, after that we just taken up in another tenant house. They was near-'bout all empty by then, because folks could tell Henry was losing out and they had got to looking for other places to crop on.

It wasn't till two or three days later that Henry come in. He walked in and we had company, and he said, "John, I don't think you done me right, not notifying me about my tenant house burning down."

I just look him right in the face, and I told him right in front of all those people, said, "Mr. Henry, you know more about that than I do."

Notified him we was going to move on. At first I was scaired he might try to put me out of the way. Then I seen he was a beaten man. I was sorry for him, but things never could be the same, with me having that on him. He was friendly and asked us to stay, but I knew we wouldn't have any luck with him.

Said he would trust us with his life, and I had a mind to say, "You done already trusted somebody with your life that you couldn't trust." But I didn't say it.

We moved on and I didn't tell on him. Thought I ought to, but decided I wouldn't unless they asked me, and they never did ask. He got his insurance.

Just the same, he lost the place. Sold for debt, and — Miss Cornelia bought it at auction. Got it dirt cheap, too. Claimed she wanted it for her children. But couldn't the children had it without her turning him out? They was his children, too.

Well, he went on down to the bottom after that. Got down to rags, and beggin' for something to eat, though he left here out of pride. Starved to death out in Nevada. I didn't see him after he got to be an old tramp, but I know that's what he done. Because he was a tramp already, when he was sleeping in the barn when we first moved there, although he still owned the barn, then.

Yes, a woman made a tramp of him. Just took him a while to wear out his fine clothes and lose all the ways that a man can git a dollar. Like a thing changes and then it takes a while to show that it has changed.

But he's dead now, and I can tell what he done and it not matter. He was a good man, no matter what he done. He might have done what they would put him in the pen for, and *ought* to be put in, too, but he was *good*. Best durn fellow I ever worked fur in my life.

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SALMON FISHING IN LOW WATER

by JOHN E. HUTTON

1

For many years the ties of business have compelled me to take my fishing holidays when rivers are at their lowest ebb. Invariably I am met with the comment, "The river is at its lowest in the memory of man." Faced with the alternative of not fishing at all, or trying to find a way of enticing the fish to come to the lure, I set about experimenting with various means and modes.

In assembling these notes, which are the result of decades of low-water fishing, I have endeavored to avoid the pitfalls of dogmatism. One of the charms of salmon angling is the wide scope it affords for discussion; and if we cannot always agree with each other's theories and practice, we can at least concede that a salmon caught in dead low water gives greater satisfaction than a dozen taken in a flood.

By "low water" I mean a river that has been deprived of rain for so long that it is reduced to a minimum of volume, and the rocks, stones, and margins stand out in startling relief like the bones of a starved cow. Places where one would normally look for fish either are dry or have become sluggish deep pools. Rivers which are fed at their heads by large lakes are better able to stand up to drought than are those solely dependent upon springs and contributory streams.

In normal water anyone can catch salmon; indeed, the salmon catch themselves. In low water the angler has to do the work himself.

In good water, anyone who can get a fly out a few yards may look for sport. The current will soon straighten out the most wobbly line. Then the fishing of the fly is automatic. In high water, sometimes called "duffer's water," the veriest tyro is quite likely to catch a bigger fish than the experienced angler. Further, the much larger hooks used in high water permit harsher treatment of a hooked fish, with more certainty of landing him, than is permissible with the tiny hooks used in low-water fishing.

But to achieve any measure of success in low water, it is essential the angler be able to put out an accurate long line. It is astonishing how many anglers expend substantial money and time in visiting salmon rivers without first learning to cast properly. They miss nine tenths of the real joy of fishing. How often do we see anglers proudly exhibiting their catch, when the fish were really hooked by guides. It is true the anglers played the fish; but, at the best, that is a purely mechanical process in high water. They missed the thrill of the pull as the fish fastened. If anglers who are deficient in casting skill would only put themselves in the hands of a professional teacher for three or four hours, they would find their enjoyment and satisfaction in fishing increased beyond belief.

Salmon are unpredictable. On some days they will come to the fly like tigers, and on other days will refuse your most insidious lures. At the best of times they are sporadic takers. That they are very susceptible to weather, and particularly to magnetic conditions, is well known. The approach of a thunderstorm usually puts them down. On the other hand, I recall exciting sport in a raging thunderstorm — exciting in more ways than one, for it is no fun playing a fish with a wet lightning conductor in your hand. Salmon often take well the day before rain, and the first inch or two of a rise of water seems the best of all.

One may hear anglers lamenting a falling barometer, absence of cloud, too low cloud, bright sun, too hot, too cold, and so on, ad infinitum. Fish are caught under all conditions of barometer, temperature, water, and weather. The most theoretically unfavorable day will sometimes turn out

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most prolific of sport, while what looks perfect may result in a blank.

Had I the power to control the weather, I should specify for low-water fishing a beautiful fine day, the sun shining brightly in a blue sky, the trees and mountains (if any) reflected in the water. Under these conditions I should at least enjoy the day on the river even if the sport should be unexpectedly poor.

Fishing in the rain is at best a miserable pastime. The rain waterlogs the line, making it almost impossible to keep it afloat, while the slack, or "shoot," refuses to run out through the rings. I have rarely had sport in continuous, heavy rain. Perhaps age makes one reluctant to take one's pleasures sadly!

From 10.00 to 12.30 is usually the best time of day, but so many fish are caught at any hour of the day that it is futile to try to form any reliable forecast of when the fish will take. To get sport the angler must be at the right pool at the right time, and the golden rule for successful fishing is to "keep your fly in the water."

Late evening fishing can be tantalizing. Fish may be showing themselves all over the pool, and yet refuse to take. Even in ultra-low water, late in summer, fish will "run" directly the sun goes down, and much of the activity seen in the dusk is probably due to running fish, which are non-takers.

In dead low water, salmon and grilse move about much more than is generally supposed. In extremely clear water, like that of the Gaspé rivers, in which every fish can be clearly seen, it is astonishing to find how the fish content of a pool will alter in a few hours. In some pools, fish tend to drop back into the almost streamless deep holes, to emerge later for aeration in the running water. This movement of fish may explain why an angler, confining his activities to one pool, and lashing the same water for hours without a rise, will suddenly hook a fish. This is very noticeable in rivers where, by reason of gross overcrowding, an angler in a canoe may only have a few yards of pool in which to fish.

There have been theories advanced as to the influence on fish of the relative temperatures of air and water. Some claim that fish will not take a floating fly when the temperature of the water exceeds that of the air. One can only retort that fish are taken when the water feels like a hot bath. It may be admitted that, generally speaking, overheated water is certainly not conducive to free rising, particularly in regard to salmon. On the other hand, in some rivers, grilse rise freely under these conditions.

If fish are in the mood, they will rise to a fly no matter what rules and regulations the angler may make for his own amusement. If fish are not in the mood, they will ignore the fly even when conditions exactly comply with the angler's ideals. On the whole, it would appear wiser to ignore man-made rules and regulations for the behavior of fish, and to hope for the best. More often than not, the angler will be surprised at the results of the day's endeavor, be they good, bad, or indifferent.

2

THERE are many misconceptions among anglers regarding fishes' senses. Scientists tell us that fish cannot hear in the same way humans can. On the other hand, they have organs which are very sensitive to vibrations. Loud talk or shouting is likely to be inaudible to a fish, but the noise of a carelessly dropped anchor or the crunch of the metal-shod end of a canoe pole is doubtless heard by fish in a pool. It may be better, when approaching the lie of the fish, to use the wooden end of the pole when maneuvering for position. It must be further realized that sound travels farther in water than in the air. While we do not seem to know much about powers of communication between fresh-water fish, it is known that many sea fish are provided by nature with special sound-making devices which they use for communication with one another, particularly at breeding time to call the shoals together. Some fish, like the grunt, make a noise by expelling air from their air bladders; others make a noise by rubbing one surface against another. Horse mackerel and some of the triggerfish produce harsh noises by grinding their teeth, while others make a noise with the aid of their fin spines. The sound made by the drumfish may be heard by a person standing on the deck of a ship, fifty feet above them.

From these facts it seems reasonable to suppose that salmon can communicate with one another and possibly utter a warning of impending danger.

The sight of fish is much keener than most people realize. Any deep-sea fisher who has seen a school of dolphins starting to "hurdle-race" some four hundred yards away from a trolled lure, which one of them strikes with unerring accuracy, will appreciate the distance fish can see through clear water. In the upper waters of the Wye, in the autumn, when the water was clear and low, I have often seen a pike start off across the wide stream to meet the lure he had seen many yards away.

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Salmon see a submerged fly, in clear water, a very considerable distance away. Fortunately for the angler, a fish's vision of what goes on above the water is limited to a very confined "window," almost directly above him. For this reason, a floating fly has to be drifted almost directly over him if he is to see it at all. For the same reason, a salmon is very unlikely to be able to see the angler, or his rod, or anything that is his, other than the line, leader, and lure as they pass directly above the fish.

Should any angler doubt these contentions, let him sit quietly by the side of a stream where a shoal of salmon fry are swimming around looking for food. Let him shout as loud as possible, and the fry will take no notice. Let him wriggle a stick or the point of his rod in the water: the fry may come to see what it is all about. But if the angler stamps heavily on the bank margin, he will see the fry dart away in evident alarm. They received the vibrations through the water.

It is interesting to surmise how it is that salmon, or any other fish, are able to make tremendously fast and long rushes through dirty floodwater, in which their vision is limited to a few inches, without colliding with a rock. Fish are provided with sensitive nerves, supposed to be located near the central line, and are given radar-like warning of obstructions in their path. It is supposed that blind fish, inhabiting caves or underground rivers, owe their existence to this sense.

Fish not only use their bodies and tails for propulsion, but are greatly helped by jet propulsion. This is effected by jets of water squirted from the gill covers during respiration, and plays an important part in driving the body forward. This method is probably always brought into play for high-speed traveling, and assists the muscular action of the body. The jets reach their maximum strength between the flexures of the body, and are so timed that the motions of the fins do not get in the way of the jets. A particularly powerful jet is usually expelled when a fish begins any swimming movement — in flying jargon, a "rocket-aided take-off." By holding down tightly the gill opening on one side, and forcing all the water out of the opposite one, the fish may make the most abrupt turns.

Why does a salmon take a lure? The only rational answer is: "Because he thinks it is something to eat." On many Canadian rivers, salmon and grilse may be seen regularly feeding on stone fly and other insects, and I have seen them take dragonflies struggling on the water. If, as some still maintain, a salmon never eats in fresh water, what is he doing with a worm in his mouth? Those who have killed a large number of salmon on the worm will ask why, if the fish thought of some other reason to take it, the worm hook has to be cut out of his throat.

Once, in Scotland, I argued on this thorny subject with the acknowledged greatest authority on salmon, who was an intransigent advocate of the non-feeding theory. At two o'clock in the morning he got up, saying, "I'm going to bed. Salmon do not *feed* in fresh water, but they sometimes *take food* — which is a good thing for you, or you would never catch one!" So, with this delicious scientific epigram, one may leave this perennial subject of postprandial discussion.

3

Time has changed our ideas in regard to salmon tackle. Fifty years ago my proudest possession was a 20-foot split bamboo rod. What a wonderful weapon it was! And what a terrible pole to carry over your shoulder, in a strong wind, from pool to pool! But it did the job for which it was designed, that of driving out a 4/0 fly into the teeth of the early spring gales encountered on the British rivers. The fly was tied to the end of a tapered triplex leader, of immense strength and thickness, fastened to a line of corresponding proportions. Up to twenty years ago, we habitually used a 16-foot rod in high water and never less than a 12-foot, 6-inch weapon in low water. This latter rod would still be my choice in big water when using large flies. Lighter rods are put to a severe strain when efforts are made to drive a large fly into the teeth of a strong wind.

There is a tendency today to go to the other extreme, using rods so light as to handicap the angler seriously except under the most favorable conditions of wind. Further, such light rods will carry only very light reels, which do not, in my estimation, afford the flexibility, length of line, and speed of rewind which are necessary at times when dealing with wild fish.

In low-water fishing we are primarily concerned with casting very small flies, fitted with very small hooks which would be too readily pulled out of fish by heavy rods. When I am fishing rivers which require only short casts, my favorite rod is a single-handed 9-foot, 6-inch one which possesses great casting power and carries a reel with a capacity of 30 yards of line and 100 yards of fine silk backing — enough for most emergencies.

For large rivers, where in low water there is con-

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siderable distance to be covered, I use a 10-foot, 6-inch double-handed rod, which will take care of most conditions of wind or water when fishing wet fly or dry, and is not too severe on a hooked fish if properly handled. A double-handed rod always seems less tiring to handle when casting or playing a fish.

The essential factor of the line must be that it will float properly under all conditions of casting. A line which drowns on the slightest provocation is better scrapped immediately. Nylon lines, when new, float well but, from my limited experience of them, soon begin to fail in this respect, and have to be discarded. The explanation would appear to be that nylon is extremely elastic, whereas the dressing applied to it has a lesser coefficient of expansion and, consequently, cracks rapidly. For durability I prefer the tapered silk lines, which float very well and, if properly looked after, have a life of several years. To protect a silk line, it should be stripped from the reel at the end of the fishing season and hung up in a dry, dark cupboard. Light seems to have a bad effect upon lines — that is, on their dressing.

Sometimes one comes across a line which is twisted, and the slack "shoot" forms into loops which invariably foul the reel when casting. If this is not an inherent fault in the manufacture of the line, about which nothing satisfactory can be done, a twisted line may be straightened by pulling it over a grass meadow or up the rapids of a river. In either case, one must, of course, remove the fly and leader before dragging the line.

The "torpedo-head" line is delightful to cast and is likely to improve the distance of most anglers. The weight is all forward, and the line goes out like a rocket. Its only disadvantage would appear to be that the line cannot be reversed, as in the case of double-tapered lines; therefore, its life is only half that of the latter. But lines are so inexpensive an item in the general cost of angling that this expense may be ignored.

Because flotation is such a vital factor in the science of low-water fishing, it is essential to use a satisfactory flotant. Cerolene and solid paraffin wax are both excellent. There may be other preparations with which I am not familiar.

When fishing is over for the day, always run the line off the reel, together with any wet backing, onto a line drier. To get satisfactory flotation, next morning, it is essential that the line be thoroughly dry before greasing. If the night or early morning air is foggy or damp, do not leave the line outside on the porch, where the damp air can get at it. The day's sport may be ruined by lack of this simple precaution, if it results in the line's not floating properly. Putting grease on wet lines is disastrous; they sink worse than ever.

4

Leaders may be of nylon or silkworm gut. Having heard so many lamentations from other anglers over fish they have lost because nylon knots broke or came adrift, I have decided to stick to my old reliable gut. Whether these casualties were the fault of the angler or not, I do not know.

It required the lapse of time occupied by World War II to debunk the plea of tackle dealers to "buy fresh leaders" each year. Receiving the bulk of my tackle, which had been laid up in England since 1938, I found a large number of leaders dated 1936, 1937, and 1938. I discovered them to be (in 1946) far better than any I could acquire new. They had been stored in the original transparent envelopes in which the makers had packed them. One of these antiques accounted for fifty-two salmon and grilse before being discarded because of wear and tear.

Some thirty years ago, when I first began to experiment with low-water salmon fishing, I tried 4X trout leaders, and two 9-foot leaders knotted together to give 18 feet of gut in the water. Now I never, under any circumstance, use a leader longer than 9 feet. I can say positively that it is unnecessary so to do. The use of these ridiculously long leaders adds to the difficulty of handling your equipment, and complicates beyond all reason the landing of a fish.

A steady deterioration of the leader results from chafing of the point by fish being played. This has, for safety's sake, to be cut out and the leader gradually shortened. Towards the end of the normal life of a leader I frequently find myself fishing with only 7½ feet of gut. I have never been able to see any difference in the behavior of fish when I was using so short a leader. With two flies, the effective length of the leader, above the dropper, is only 4½ feet, and certainly salmon do not take exception to that.

There is no need to handicap yourself by using unnecessarily fine leaders, which are a menace. In dry-fly fishing, where an instantaneous strike has to be made, one is too apt to leave the fly in the fish. In any type of fishing, no matter how skillful you may be, you cannot prevent a salmon from rushing downstream, then turning upstream, and thoroughly drowning the line, and then jumping. Too fine a leader will not stand this treatment.

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I consider IX, if an angler wishes to fish very light, the finest gut permissible. But it is unnecessarily light, and is sure to spell disaster sooner or later. For low-water fishing in general, there is nothing to beat the tapered 7/5 leader. It has great strength and a point fine enough to pass through the eye of the smallest hook, and stands up well to the shock of dry-fly strikes.

The fact is that, within wide limits, salmon (unlike trout) do not care in the least what length or thickness of leader you put over them. They simply ignore it. Gut leaders must, of course, be kept thoroughly wet. This should be the rule during the whole fishing life of the leader. A solution of at least 25 per cent glycerin and water should be in your damper. Do not dry out leaders at night: keep them wet. If you knock off fishing for lunch, leave the leader in the water, while the line is drawn off and is drying at the same time.

Keep old ends of leaders: they can be knotted together to serve another life. Keep new leaders away from light. Always carry a spare wet leader. A fish may cut the leader, or even the running line, on a rock edge, and it is annoying to have to wait while a new leader soaks. In traveling in a canoe between pools it is advisable, if the distance to be covered is at all far, to trail the leader in the water so that you can start fishing the next pool with a properly soaked leader. (No doubt the nylon enthusiast will comment that with nylon no damping is necessary.)

The reel is an important unit of the outfit and should be of the simplest, most reliable construction. Self-winding reels, and those fitted with gadgets, are better left alone. On the 9-foot, 6-inch rod I use a reel with a diameter of 3½ inches, carrying 30 yards of line and 100 yards of backing. On the 10-foot, 6-inch rod I use a reel 4 inches in diameter, carrying 40 yards of line and 110 yards of backing. Avoid overcrowding a reel, but at the same time mount sufficient line and backing to fill the drum fairly.

As a fish takes line, and consequently reduces the effective diameter of the line pack, great additional stress is thrown on the backing because of the accelerated speed of rotation. Any deep-sea fisher knows what this means. When a marlin has stripped a quarter mile, the angler reduces the drag, or disaster may follow. The same applies, to a lesser extent, in salmon fishing. It may be pointed out that a salmon running at 30 miles per hour will cause the reel drum to rotate at some 3500 revolutions per minute when the effective diameter is 3 inches, but when the effective diameter is reduced (by line stripping) to 2 inches, the reel will be making more than 5000 revolutions per minute.

In low-water angling, set the drag very light. It should be only sufficient to prevent a line from overrunning.

Like any other piece of fine machinery, the reel must be kept clean and well oiled. After fishing in rain, always dismount your reel, dry it, and thoroughly lubricate it. When you are putting a reel away after the season is over, always reduce the drag to a minimum to ease the tension on the spring. Drags left on, at high tension, through the off season, may be permanently weakened.

5

For low-water fishing with wet flies, it is almost impossible to use too small a fly under all ordinary conditions. In over half a century of salmon fishing I have, like most anglers, acquired an enormous collection of salmon, sea trout, and other flies. True, many of them are only suitable for high-water fishing and are lovely to gaze upon. For present-day use I rely on two flies only: the Logie and Blue Charm. If the fish will not take these I might as well give up, although I usually try other patterns in desperation. I do not believe that salmon can distinguish color, as such, but I suspect that different-colored flies may present different shadows, silhouettes — call them what you will.

What is of the utmost importance is the size. Just why a salmon will take a 4/0 in high water and a No. 12 in low is one of those mysteries. In this connection, I had a remarkable experience, one July, when fishing a Highland river, in which I usually used a No. 10 fly in low water. The pools were full of fresh-run fish which utterly ignored my small flies. In desperation I mounted a 2/0 silver gray, to be rewarded with six fish in quick succession. For two weeks this fly accounted for a substantial number of fish which continued to ignore the small flies presented to them. I cannot think of any credible explanation. I have tried this experiment many times since without getting any result.

What hooks are best? When we are using very small flies, the hooks are necessarily tiny, but we have the choice of three types: the short single, the long single, and the double. Any one of them will lose a substantial proportion of fish hooked. Salmon will sometimes readily take the smallest trout flies, but the No. 16 hook with which they

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are fitted simply means the loss of 80 per cent of fish hooked, when the fish jump. It is perhaps better to have hooked and lost than never to have hooked at all! That substantial losses will occur must be expected. On some days, one seems to lose more fish on singles, and on other days on doubles. Probably, in the end, the double No. 10 hook is the better holder. Long, low-water hooks are provided with a short dressing, and fish do not seem to mind the projection of the hook. Indeed, at times it seems that a long hook is actually an attraction rather than a deterrent.

6

A TYPICAL low-water pool consists of three sections. At the head is the fast water, or run. The run gradually tapers away to smoother water with a fair current, which in turn tapers to a glide, sometimes terminating in an almost motionless deep hole, or to shallows.

Starting right at the head of the fast water, the high-water angler may feel at home. There are three axioms for low-water fishing with a wet fly: —

1. The line must float throughout its whole length. The knot, where it joins the leader, must cut the water visibly.

2. The fly must be fished square across the stream, so that it passes as nearly as possible at right angles to the direction in which the fish is lying.

3. The fly must move rapidly all the time, from the moment it alights in the water.

It is impossible, on paper, to lay down rules for the speed of drag. The amount of acceleration may vary with every cast. As a rough guide, try to imagine the river in perfect order and try to get the fly across the pool at the speed you estimate it would travel under such conditions.

The run, at the head of a pool, may be very deceptive. One is likely to assume that the fly is coming round at the proper speed. Careful watching of the knot will indicate to the angler if it is. There are sometimes whirls and eddies in a stream which so manipulate the line as to bring the fly almost to a rest. This must be corrected by drawing the line with the hand unoccupied in holding the rod. Except in unusually fast water, it pays to draw the line across a stream. On the other hand, in very fast water, in which the fly is obviously tearing around too fast, the fishing speed must be reduced. This can be accomplished by casting the fly more downstream, or by "mending" the cast by throwing a loop upstream directly the fly reaches the water. This latter method is also useful when fishing across a rapid stream into a stream of much less velocity. This "mending" the cast permits the fly to fish the slower water properly, and often proves effective at the moment the swifter intermediate current suddenly takes hold and sweeps the fly away.

It is well worth while to start fishing in the shallow water at the very head of the stream. Salmon and grilse are frequently taken in extremely shallow, fast water; salmon will lie, and take, in eighteen inches of water.

As the angler proceeds down the stream in which the current is becoming less, he must increase the rate of drag by drawing in the line quicker. He should be careful to fish out each cast into the "straight" and let the fly hang a moment before picking it up. Salmon, particularly grilse, often lie at the edge of fast water, and have a habit of following a fly around, across the stream, to rise to it at the very moment the angler lifts it; therefore, fish out every cast.

When fishing from a canoe, in midstream, do not neglect the short cast. Try the water all around the canoe with a very short line and pull the fly back and forth across the surface of the water. Fish will come from under the canoe, apparently, at a fly so fished. If there is a breeze downstream, "dap" the fly by alternately raising and lowering the rod, so that the fly jumps on and off the water surface. Having exhausted this method, start fishing with a very short line, which may be gradually extended until the whole width of pool is properly covered. Never neglect short-line fishing.

A fish rising to a fly without taking it is known as a "short rise." Some anglers will say "the fish missed the fly." Now it is very doubtful if a fish ever "misses" a fly by accident. He is much more likely to miss it on purpose. Something, at the last moment, excites his suspicion. How are we to deal with this fish? The fact that the fish rose at all shows he is a potential "taker." Sometimes it is almost impossible to rise a fish a second time. Such fish are known as "oncers." Anglers differ on how to deal with a short rise. Some say "rest it," others recommend that the same fly be presented again immediately. In high water, the rule used to be to present a fly two sizes smaller. This is excellent advice in low water when you are using, say, a No. 8 and change to a No. 10. But when you are already using a No. 12, you are unlikely to be able to present, usefully, anything smaller. Under these circumstances, it is well to try a low-water long hook, with very skimpy dressing, in place of the double hook you were using when the

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fish rose — or vice versa. If he still refuses the alternate wet fly, try a dry fly over him. Owing to the amount of labor that is involved in getting salmon to rise at all, it is worth while to spend some time over a fish that has shown an inclination to rise.

Except when you are dealing with a risen fish and have plenty of water in front of you, I consider it waste of precious fishing time to put two or more casts over the same water. Generally speaking, a fish will come to the wet fly at the first cast and very rarely to subsequent casts on the same water. On the other hand, if you are restricted as to water, you have no alternative but to duplicate casts. If there is plenty of water open to me, I fish a pool down quickly but very thoroughly, covering every inch of water, and then move to another pool. Fish are often taking in one pool and not in another — exploration often pays well.

In low water, the glide at the foot of a pool, when the current is still good, but on the surface of which is no ripple, often holds a number of fish, which can sometimes be taken more freely than in the run. In this class of water, the draw must be greatly increased so that the fly is working swiftly across the current.

It is of paramount importance to have the whole length of line floating on the water and the fly traveling only an inch or two below the surface. If any portion of the line sinks or is waterlogged, it will prove fatal to success. If the line is not sodden, a few false casts through the air may correct it; but if this proves ineffectual, the line must be thoroughly dried and greased. Sometimes fish will come to a fly which is cutting the surface of the water, but as a rule the fly should be just submerged. If the leader is greasy, through being handled by greasy fingers, it is likely to prevent the fly from sinking. This can generally be overcome by giving the line a sharp pull as soon as the fly alights.

Sometimes glides exist at the head of a pool just before the water breaks into a rough stream. This is usually good taking water, particularly at the very point where the glide ends and the stream begins. Fish love to lie with their tails just on the sill, and are often free takers there.

Fish, particularly grilse, may sometimes be seen lying behind a stone in quite shallow glides, a long way from a recognized pool. These are worth a square cast, rapidly drawn across their noses, and afford an angler occasional satisfaction in extracting a fish from what looks like an impossible situation.

7

As I pointed out previously, fish move about a pool — some days, or part of a day, fish will be found on the right side of a pool, and at other times on the left. At times they will be in the run, at others out of it. Every part of a pool should be thoroughly explored in order to find the taking fish.

If fish are known to be in a pool, and decline to rise, try approaching them from different angles and with different rates of draw. In dead low water, one is most unlikely to be drawing too fast; it is far more probable that the fly travel is insufficient. Try increasing the rate of draw. Some anglers always wave their rods up and down in the supposition that this imparts a jerky movement to the fly. It may on a short, tight line, but on lines of any considerable length, no movement whatever is imparted to the fly unless the rod-lashing attains a fantastic degree. Actually it is detrimental, as a rule, to good fishing. A fish may take the fly as the rod point is being lowered, and consequently fail to fasten.

Never, under any circumstances, strike at a fish you see rise to your wet fly. Wait until you feel the pull and then just tighten on him. There is no excuse for leaving a wet fly in a fish when he rises. The tiny hooks will fasten, as well as they are likely to do, through the weight and friction of the line. Striking at a rise will probably result in a fish's being pricked and put down, possibly for days, or the fly will be taken away from him before he has it in his mouth. There is one strange type of rise, particularly from grilse, which I have never been able to understand. You will be following the course of the knot, across the pool, when suddenly you see the line being drawn away towards the fly. No sign, or break, of a rising fish can be seen. When this is observed, tighten instantly. The fish has apparently sucked in the fly, an inch or two below the surface, without showing any disturbance. It is a weird performance.

Rising fish do not always mean to take the fly. Apparently they intend to drown it and, in consequence, get foul hooked — sometimes in the "face," sometimes in the tail, and often in a ventral fin. And what a time-wasting performance it is playing such fish! Large salmon, at times, amuse themselves by hurdling the floating line, a tantalizing experience. Anyhow, it shows how little danger a fishing line conveys to a salmon!

"Coming short" may be due to the fish or to the fly. On some days, these short rises are a nuisance, and nothing you can do seems to overcome them.

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One must suppose that the fish just do not want the fly and are simply making passes at it. On the other hand, coming short may be due to the fly. Most shop-dressed flies are too full and take much better after having killed a number of fish. A No. 12 Logie I used last season accounted for over fifty salmon and grilse, and was killing fish freely at the end, with only a few turns of silk left on it. It was noticeable that with this skimpy fly there were few short rises. It is well worth trying the special long low-water hooks, with very short, skimpy dressing, on short-risers; they sometimes work miracles. Fish coming short to a wet fly may frequently be taken on a dry one.

The grilse has always been a great favorite of mine. He is, weight for weight, the bravest and finest fighter that swims. In Canadian rivers the grilse runs rather small, averaging a little over three pounds, with a four-pounder considered large. In a Scottish river I fished many seasons, the grilse, which ran in vast numbers, averaged around six pounds. Grilse often lie apart from salmon, and are frequently taken so. When working out the end of a cast, I always make a point of fishing for them. In rivers like the Miramichi the grilse abound in thousands — many a day in August, when the salmon have been reluctant to rise, has given delightful sport by the capture of six or more grilse.

A grilse is, of course, no different from a salmon, except that he has passed less time in the sea. The aquabatics and acrobatics put up by a sporting grilse remind me, in miniature, of those displayed by a marlin, and when I lose a grilse which has fought so gamely for his life, I cannot help feeling he deserved his freedom. Grilse take just the same small wet flies as do the salmon, and the presentment of the fly is exactly the same. Grilse will lie, at the head of fast water, in scarcely depth enough to cover their dorsal fins. The behavior of grilse is just as unpredictable as that of their elder brethren. Like salmon, they may refuse to rise all day, except for an hour or so, and then take greedily.

To encourage others to try the methods I have endeavored to describe, I give the following extracts from my fishing log for part of August and September, 1946, on the Miramichi in the lowest water "in memory": —

August	14.....6	September	6..... 5
"	15.....6	"	7.....11
"	19.....5	"	9..... 9
"	21.....4	"	12..... 6
"	23.....4	"	13.....11
"	30.....4	"	14..... 4
		"	15..... 4
		"	16..... 4
		"	18..... 4
		"	28..... 4

Only days on which four or more fish were hooked are recorded above. In forty-two fishing days (in dead low water) I hooked 133 fish, with only four blank days in the whole period. There had been no rain since May, and the volume of water flowing through the narrows was that of a brook. The Miramichi is a very broad river, but most of the pools are exceedingly shallow in low water. Rarely is there more than three or four feet when the fish take.

(*To be concluded*)

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Too Big

Ever since the Revolution, Americans have been contending against monopoly, the Bigness of Business, a fight which has been carried on by Jefferson and Jackson, by Lincoln and Cleveland, by T.R., Woodrow Wilson, and F.D.R. Yet "the Biggest in the World" has become our national boast, and we have emerged from the Second World War with American corporations and American labor unions more powerful than ever in our history. Bigness is often inefficient and usually unnecessary, argues this nationally known engineer, the author of Brass Tacks *and* The American Way.

THE BIG CANNOT BE FREE

by DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

1

THE American people do not like to be pushed around by big business. They also resent being trampled on by big labor unions. The majority of Americans are suspicious of big private powers; they think there ought to be a law. But the American people have been baffled, generation after generation, when they have tried to keep the "interests" under control.

The American Revolution was a fight against British big business; and as it was only a war, we managed to win it without overstraining our minds. But since then, we have had nothing so simple. Among ourselves we have fought about monopoly and big business for a hundred and sixty years with a vast amount of confusion. George Washington speculated in Western lands. Aaron Burr dreamed of an empire in the Southwest. Hamilton and Jefferson fought over the issue of bigness, and it came to a head again in the struggle between President Jackson and the Bank of the United States. As to who was right and who was wrong in these historic operations, the American people have been much in doubt, with an inclination to fear big enterprises and admire them at the same time.

Bigness and resistance to bigness were stepped up after 1870 by the effect of new inventions, chiefly in the form of railroads. The railroad was a sort of adjustable bottleneck, by means of which farmers and miners could be squeezed and growing towns could be killed off or forced to pay tribute. The Huntington group in California controlled, bled, and stunted that state for many years by means of a railroad monopoly. Pennsylvania anthracite was monopolized from the beginning by the men who controlled water and land transport. Rockefeller developed the use of railroad rates to kill off the independent oil operators. The resistance to Rockefeller was violent, and even successful for a time in 1872, but he won in the end.

Meanwhile a much more important kind of bigness was taking the center of the stage, the kind known as high finance; but the control of transport bottlenecks is by no means a dead issue. In November, 1946, a Standard Oil man, testifying before a Congressional subcommittee against any publicly controlled use of the Big Inch oil pipeline, proudly stated that the oil industry provides all its own transport.

The battles of the giants, from Jay Gould to J. P. Morgan, covered far more than mere monopolies of goods or transport. The great game was to get control of a property, water its stock, and sell the watered stock to the public, and by "planned mismanagement" and market manipulation, to run stocks and bonds up and down at will, with the manipulator taking the profits. The methods of the last third of the nineteenth century were crude and spectacular. They made many good stories for muckrakers and investigating committees. The methods are smoother now, but the depression and the Second World War were not without their tall tales, some of which are still waiting to be told.

In the 1870's the Grange, with one and one-half million members, arose to combat the railroads' oppression of the Midwest. They put through some state regulatory laws, but in several states the roads forced repeal by threatening an embargo. The Supreme Court in 1886 denied the states the right to interfere with interstate rates. Congress in 1887 passed the Interstate Commerce Act, which promptly became a dead letter.

The Knights of Labor revolted in the 1880's against the labor policies of big business. They

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even threatened to eliminate Jay Gould, calling out from that gentleman a ringing profession of American faith: "I am yet a free American citizen. . . . If, as you say, I am now to be destroyed by the Knights of Labor unless I sink my manhood, so be it." From Patrick Henry to Gould and to the Liberty League the torch of freedom was handed on.

In 1890 the Sherman Act was passed to "appease the restive masses," but it would be fifty years before Thurman Arnold would demonstrate, briefly, that the Act could be made to work. Both Cleveland and McKinley regarded the Interstate Commerce Act and the Sherman Act as toothless, and the Supreme Court gave them reason.

In the nineties the revolt begun by Grangers, Knights of Labor, and Populists was focused in the fiery oratory of Bryan, who threw a brief scare into the big men in 1896. Mark Hanna went about raising a mammoth war chest; James J. Hill decided to turn Republican; all right-thinking people rallied to save the Republic; and that crisis passed. I first entered political life at that time, marching with other little boys and shouting, "Democrats live on rats!" It was a great moment. We saved the country — and in due course got United States Steel.

Then McKinley was shot, and the terrible Theodore reigned in his stead. The muckrakers raked, and Theodore thundered. He had the nerve to prosecute Morgan and Rockefeller themselves in the Northern Securities Case, and won it in 1904, but nothing came of it after all. T.R. calmed down, in fear of the possible consequence of rocking the boat. Mr. Dooley paraphrased the President's message in 1901: "On the wun hand, I wud stamp them undther fut; on the other hand, not so fast."

Wilson was rather more dangerous. In his reign the Clayton Act was passed to revive the fainting Sherman Law. But Wilson had a war, and on his death we scurried back to normalcy.

After Wilson the government was safe and sane. Mellon ruled the Treasury, to the tune of sound finance. More mergers, more watered stocks, more bigness; more power to "businessmen" who were really finance men in disguise. They had it their own way, and the outcome was unpleasant.

So there came another terrible Roosevelt, who put a crimp in some of the best Wall Street rackets, and upset the organization of a few holding company empires. He gave labor the power to meet big industry on equal terms, but had neither the time nor the political strength to put any restrictions on big labor. For he too had a war.

2

Underlying all the fighting about who should rightly get what, were deep human and economic questions left unanswered. Free enterprise and property were commonly admitted to be sacred rights, and the law, even if passed by bribery, was the law. How far could Americans safely attack the legal property rights of the wealthy, without losing all property and liberty? And who would build the country if the great builders were blocked? These questions were always in the background, confusing the majority with chilly fears that after all, if the reformers should win, they might win only disaster.

Gould made a keen point when he called himself a free American. By tradition all good Americans had to believe in free competition and the survival of the fittest. Nearly all the empire builders had been poor boys, who made good in competition with their rivals at every level on the way up. They were the product of liberty, and the strongest believers in liberty — for themselves. The progressives who attacked them believed also in liberty, and in free competition, and in the survival of the fittest. They objected to being squeezed and oppressed by men who had used "unfair" methods. But the little men failed to understand that the real trouble was not in the unfairness of the methods; the trouble was in allowing the prizes of competition to be unlimited. The problem was technical, not moral.

According to American mythology all men have an "inalienable" right to liberty (except when convicted of a crime). The fact is that the right to liberty makes sense only for small and unimportant people. The big cannot be free, or in the end they will destroy all freedom. We are under no moral compulsion to allow the rights of common men to big business or big labor. The double talk in the fight of John L. Lewis against the United States came from the illusion that Lewis and the mine owners are entitled to freedom until proved guilty of something. The same illusion has confused the arguments about economic freedom and monopoly all through our history.

In the face of the theory of inalienable liberty, we have had to recognize that "free" competition works reasonably well only so long as none of the competitors gets too big.

Public opinion has been confused by a feeling

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that coöperation among businessmen is the lesser of two evils. No doubt the trade associations, the mergers, and the interlocking directorates have often led to monopoly practices, to artificial prices, and to rules for keeping newcomers out of many lines of business. But to force business to go back to the cutthroat competition of the nineteenth century would be even worse. Instead of monopoly by agreement between companies, there would be monopoly by the strongest having eaten up all the others. Reform is bound to be halfhearted until the point is clear that competition must be a game with limited goals, in which the winner does not take all, nor can the winner use his money to buy special advantages outside the rules.

The revolts against the big men have been chiefly moral crusades. They violated what the American people vaguely believed to be the principles of liberty and the precious rights of private property, and they implied a desire to restore the law of the jungle. On their own moral grounds, the crusades were not good enough to draw overwhelming strength from the American tradition.

The other great weakness of the reformers was that they could not overcome the common belief that the empire builders were the makers of prosperity. In the seventies and eighties, someone had to build railroads and steel mills and cities. Big men who did big things in a big way might be hated, but they were admired too. And who else would have done the job? No one seemed to know the answer to that.

If there is any reason now to resist the exercise of big private powers, it will have to be something more than moral condemnation of malefactors of great wealth. To be sure, the country will have to be shown that it can afford to be against sin. But it is far more important to recognize that most big business managers and big labor leaders are not malefactors, but well-meaning men working according to the rules. If their work is a menace, the rules may need changing, on grounds of national efficiency and without reference to moral turpitude.

3

The question of efficiency has to be met. All through the nineteenth century and down to date, science and invention have been piling up examples of the value of big machines, big factories, and mass production. In some lines of production, especially in manufacturing, but also in mining and agriculture, larger operations turned out more goods for less money, compared with the smaller productive units that they displaced. These big plants had the news values and the romance that appealed to the great American love of the ingenious and the wonderful. How could the public ever guess that the big plant is only sometimes more efficient, or that in most industries the middle-sized plant works better than either the small or the big? Middle-sized things are not news in America.

The common belief that big plants are necessarily better is harmful mainly because it discourages the resistance to bigness, and by a natural confusion of thought makes people believe that large corporations, or even large financial operations, must be somehow better than small ones. A little debunking seems to be in order.

A few years ago, a large clothing manufacturer was conferring with a committee of the Consumers' League, on types of clothes for middle-aged women. For illustration they pointed to a suit worn by one of the committee as showing the kind of thing they wanted. He examined the material and workmanship and said he could do 100,000 of those to retail at $105. But the lady herself said she had had it made by a tailor at a total cost of $68. This was a case where the efficiency of mass production was eaten up by the cost of distribution.

Each particular kind of production has its peculiar technology. In a big country like the United States, as a rule the lowest cost on standardized goods is found in a plant that is big enough to use the latest automatic machinery. But even so, the plant may be fairly small. Most goods are small and do not call for large or complicated machines to produce them. Many kinds of goods are not even standardized, and as the country grows richer the demand for "exclusive" or unstandardized goods is apt to increase. Such goods are made in small and highly personal shops.

In America, because of cheap transport and large markets, the most efficient plant is often larger than in other countries, but it is not generally big compared with the total American production. Steel mills and automobile plants have to be fairly large; but aluminum plants do not, nor do machine shops, food-processing plants, and, in fact, the majority of factories.

A peculiar side light on the engineering aspects of bigness is the growth of specialties and subcontracting. During the war, after a couple of years of resistance, there was a considerable extension of subcontracting among the war industries. The figures, in fact, sound impressive. American Locomotive reported 500 subcontractors, and General

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Motors listed 18,375 different suppliers of parts and material, most of them small concerns. Actually, most of the subcontracts, measured by tonnage, went between one big concern and another, and represented nothing but a way of borrowing specialized machinery or skills for temporary work. But even in peacetime, and on work that is expected to go on for years, the big plants never equip themselves to make all the parts and materials they need for their finished product.

A small part, such as a bearing, was perhaps originally a simple piece of cast iron, and was made in a shop attached to the plant. But today a bearing may be a ball or roller bearing of special steels, or it may be lined with pressed metal powder, especially designed for a particular service. Even a big plant will often not use enough of such a part to justify the laboratory to design it and the machinery to produce it. This type of part then becomes a specialty, made by a shop that serves a number of customers, even in different industries. A specialty shop is apt to be small, because its product is small and is made on only a few highly specialized machines.

There is a strong tendency for specialty shops, though small, to be bought up by large concerns, but efficiency is not the reason. So long as the law allows these purchases, each big company is under pressure to buy up its sources of parts for fear that a competitor will grab them and cut off the supply.

Even the automobile business, which technically requires little beyond a design shop and an assembly line, could be more efficient with smaller companies, if the law protected them against the embarrassing right to buy up the producers of standard parts.

Mass production is a name that is apt to mislead the layman who thinks it must mean something massive like Willow Run. Mass production and its close relative, the straight-line process, are ways of handling work, to cut out hand moving of parts and, more important, the costly supervision and paper work of the older systems. Mass production refers chiefly to the assembly line, where the car moves along in front of the workman, while one part after another is added. This system is cheaper than the old-fashioned building method, where the car stayed in one spot while various workmen brought materials and built them into it, with innumerable foremen and clerks keeping track of men and materials.

In the straight-line process a steel plate starts from the yard and goes down a line of machines that cut, bend, punch, and plane it, without pause, until it emerges at the assembly line ready to be attached to the car. The machine that takes twenty minutes to finish a planing job may be working all the time, while a punch may take one bite and then sit idle for nineteen minutes till the next plate comes along, or in some cases the planer may be duplicated to save time. The idle machine time is more than made up by having no storage bins, no inventory, no orders to give, and no records to keep. This is the essence of these two American processes that have helped to set us ahead of the rest of the world.

Mass assembly and straight-line production must have a big enough output to keep the work moving, and that is all. Many kinds of manufactured goods can be made by these methods, and with the best modern machinery, in fairly small factories employing fewer than five hundred men. It is noticeable that the size of plants, if not the size of corporations, has been shrinking in the ice industry, steam and electric car manufacture, screw-machine products, structural and ornamental metalwork, and condensed and evaporated milk.

4

Since the engineering requirements for top efficiency do not generally call for extremely large plants, the case for the big corporations is not so strong as the public has been led to believe. Big corporations are usually several times as big as they would need to be merely to have a proper-sized plant. If big companies have any value, it is not based on the efficiency of big factories. A big corporation may be efficient because of good management that takes advantage of new methods when less intelligent managers are staying in a rut. Henry Ford, for instance, was ahead of his time in taking over the idea of the assembly line, which originated in freight-car building and had been further developed in the Chicago stockyards. But Ford, too, was an exception. The record of big business in general is that when several concerns are merged their production costs go up, as their ability to use new techniques is stifled by lawyers, bankers, and red tape. When Elbert H. Gary was head of the U.S. Steel Corporation, it was his dullness of mind that caused U.S. Steel to miss its chance at the patents on wide-flanged beams, and to be a generation late in taking up the continuous sheet process.

Monopoly powers, more or less absolute, have saved some large concerns and wrecked many

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small ones, with little relation to their ability to serve the consuming public. The profit record is therefore not a clear indicator of relative efficiency. Cost records are more important, and such records as there are do not show most of the biggest concerns in a good light. Here and there a single individual has created a big business that remained efficient while he lived, but most of our best producers, judged by engineering standards, are of medium size.

Even mechanical or managerial efficiency, as shown by cost in dollars, may be deceptive. One common illusion of economists is that if a country district can import manufactured goods cheaper than it can make them locally, there is necessarily a real saving that will raise the standard of living. Maybe so, but the saving in price is not enough to prove it. There are several costs that do not register in the price of goods imported into an agricultural area. One is the cost of migrating from the farm to the city, where a boy can find a job in making these same goods. Another is the lack of other jobs near the farms. Having no easy way to escape, the farmer gets the small end of all bargains. What he loses by his weak bargaining power should be charged as part of the cost to him of buying cheap goods from far away. "Buy at home" has its points.

Another reservation on money costs is the possibility that too much mechanization and concentration, especially if banker management creeps in, may lead to general economic instability and periodically paralyze large numbers of factories for months or years at a time. From the public's standpoint, there is more efficiency in a lot of small mills that run than in a big new mill that doesn't run. This country lost 200 billion dollars between 1929 and 1937 by sheer inability to operate its economic system. That kind of over-all inefficiency outweighs a lot of wonderful technology in the details of production.

Another point is that capable and experienced business managers are scarce in this country, and were desperately scarce during the war. This weakness is directly caused by big business. Thousands of independent businessmen, or Babbitts, have been abolished and replaced with subordinate executives, or yes men, who, though smoother and more interchangeable, are unquestionably as a species a far lower form of animal life. For the nation, this change is inefficient.

These features — "intangible" costs, not expressed in dollars, economic instability, and the loss of certain scarce and essential kinds of manpower — must be charged against big enterprise.

5

The men who organize business mergers, labor federations, and farm bureaus are more interested in power than in production. When they use their power, they use it to stop producing or to make the public pay higher prices. Whether they are conscious of it or not, they challenge the nation to take over, as in Germany or Russia, and make them produce what the nation wants at whatever prices or wages the nation thinks fit to pay. In America, we took a lot of public control during the war, when the armed forces were the principal buyers. But public control over all business, labor, and agriculture is not what we Americans want in ordinary times. This is the dilemma of a democratic capitalist country. How can we protect the liberty and the interests of the common folk without setting up big government to control a growing number of big private interests, on an increasing scale that will end in our having no liberty at all?

Our law has long since recognized that railroads, power companies, telephones, and all natural monopolies are public services that may be privately operated only under license during good behavior. Other private enterprises have been taken over by the public — the Navy, the Post Office, most of the schools, highways, bridges, water supplies, police and fire protection services. Each inroad of government has been attacked as socialistic, and as adding to the bureaucracy, but it had to be.

Let us admit, by this time, that whatever has to be big cannot be bigger than the government and so has to be governed by the government, either under public ownership or under the threat of it. Then let us admit that bigness is a curse and that big government is dangerous to liberty. Let us recognize that bureaucracy is inefficient in big government as well as in big steel or big insurance. But the dangers and inefficiency of big government are no excuse for leaving big business or big labor uncontrolled. If any arbitrary private power grows strong enough to threaten the nation, it must be seized and mastered by the government. But if strong government is to be consistent with a satisfactory quantity of freedom, it must use its power wholeheartedly to protect small enterprise. Nothing ought to be big if it can get along at any reasonable cost in small units of ownership and operation.

The most valuable kind of national planning is what has been called "unplanning" — the arrangement of conditions under which the govern-

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ment will not have to handle masses of detail, either in regulating or in operating unnecessary big enterprises. The TVA, for instance, is an unplanning plan, since by handling the river, the electric rate problem, and some miscellaneous scientific research, the Authority has let loose a vast amount of private enterprise that the government need not worry about. The greatest unplanning plan of all is the defense and encouragement of small industry, which, if protected from gobbling by big industry, can do a vast amount of good planning without burdening the government.

What, exactly, could be done to cut down the amount of unnecessary bigness?

The personal income tax is still not so high in America as in most democratic capitalist countries. This tax is the backbone of any program to prevent unnecessary bigness. In general, its effect is to discourage the enterprise of men of large fortune, and to leave the field to those who have it still to make. A reactionary Congress will cut income tax rates, as a favor to big business. The first plank in any proper liberal platform is higher tax rates on the middle and upper brackets.

Corporation income taxes could well be increased, but with an exemption, such as fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, which would eliminate both taxes and headaches from more than 90 per cent of the number of corporations in the country. Precautions would be needed against tricks such as family incorporation. Such a direct advantage to legitimate small concerns might be logically inaccurate, since some kinds of business have to be much bigger than others, but the objection is academic. Prices would rearrange themselves with no measurable loss to the consuming public.

Little businessmen need scientific help. Without such help, many small concerns will be hopelessly handicapped. Some parts of the new frontiers of technology, like the old land frontiers, can be occupied only by large and expensive expeditionary forces, which should not be left entirely to big private companies to organize and exploit. The government should provide small business with more scientific research, management advice, marketing information, and technical services, especially in the less developed areas of the country. These services would do for little business what the government has long been doing for agriculture to the great profit of both the farmers and the nation.

The laws that an irritated public is demanding for regulating labor unions might well recognize that in so far as unions can divest themselves of monopoly and operate as small independent units, they can be left free to bargain and to strike in any plant that is not of strategic importance to the community.

But in the longer run, the development of great labor monopolies, with naïve abuses of power, has probably been a good education for the American people. We were slipping. Too many businessmen had come to accept monopoly as normal, and too many liberals had slipped far enough to the left to accept monopoly as inevitable. Now one can go to a meeting of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and hear monopoly denounced as evil, and an encouraging number of liberals are expressing themselves as not feeling obligated to follow the whole labor party-line. Out of all the confusion, we may get a renewed distrust of bigness, which in American life means renewed youth and vigor.

6

MANY Americans are "agin" monopoly on principle; but curing it is not so simple as opposing it. Monopoly is a good fighting word, but the tricks of big business, big labor, and big agriculture are complicated, and calculated to escape legal definitions of monopoly as fast as they are set up. The defense of free enterprise cannot be tied to a word, but must look to results, fighting every trick that allows men to escape the pressure of legitimate competition as understood by the American people. The application of the American notion of liberty is entirely practical, as the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice have proved.

Big business has created the illusion that no antitrust law can hold it, but the ineffectiveness of the law has been only because of weakness of will. The present antitrust laws can be tightened up and enforced with good effect if the government wants to enforce them and can have money to pay for doing it. The appropriation for 1946 was 3.6 million dollars. Billions for military defense, but only 2½ cents per capita for defense of free business. And the fines ordinarily more than pay the cost of antitrust suits, so it is not a question of "economy."

There is much to be said for laws directly limiting the size of all enterprises. For instance, the law might forbid any company to have over 1000 employees unless its operation is confined to one location, as suggested by Fred I. Raymond in *The Limitist.*

If ever we Americans mean it seriously, we can

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decree that no corporation may do business in this country in any complicated form. The law might well prescribe the exact form of a business corporation and of its accounts; it should have no peculiar kinds of stock or bonds; it should have no officers who are connected with any other corporation as officers or important stockholders, and no stockholders in a dominant position who hold important quantities of stock in any other corporation.

No commercial corporation should be allowed to hold stock in any other, and no financial corporation should be allowed to hold more than a limited per cent of the liabilities of any company, or to have any actual means of control over its operations. No corporation should be allowed to invest undistributed profits except in its own plant, or to hold a rainy-day reserve except in cash or government bonds. And no company should be allowed to own two newspapers, or a newspaper and a radio or any other business. Producers should not be allowed to own their distributors. As Attorney General Clark says, what big business needs is Divorce, Divestiture, and Dissolution.

Most of the failures of antitrust actions and of utility regulation are caused by complicated corporation setups and cross-ownership of stock. The complicated network is vaguely supposed to have some practical reason; but the main reason is that it will take a court four years to find out what goes on, and four more to find out how its decision has been evaded. The economic losses from cutting the whole Gordian knot would not be any noticeable fraction of the national income; and the frustration of certain financial manipulators would be a healthy tonic to legitimate industry and business all over the country.

Do such proposals sound visionary? At least they are not sudden visions. Some of them are law or have been law. Congress long ago, for instance, prohibited utilities in Washington from owning each other's stock — a law which, in the opinion of competent observers, has been evaded. But the principle that simplicity in business organization is a right of the public for protection against wool-pulling has not been widely accepted, yet.

Action along lines such as these can be taken, and it would do the trick, if we really mean to weed the garden before it gets hopelessly choked. Bigness and monopoly grow up in any free competitive system as naturally as quack-grass and burdocks grow in a vegetable garden, or cancer and tuberculosis in the human body. You can't fight against nature? Then why try to cure tuberculosis? The actual key to the future is the mental state of the independent voters who, when they are well agreed, can decide elections. If this middle group can think more clearly, it will be able to fight nature with good success. If reactionaries and communists are always going to be able to "sell" the independent voters the idea that they can't fight bigness, the game will be up; but that is exactly the point that must not be yielded so long as any free speech is left.

During the war, the concentration of economic power in America was stepped up another notch. It would have been stepped up still more but for the constant resistance of liberal forces, chiefly the Small Business Committees of Congress and the Truman Committee. The Smaller War Plants Corporation reported to the Senate Small Business Committee that before the war, 250 corporations controlled two thirds of the total American industrial plant, which had cost about 40 billion dollars. At the end of the war, the 250 largest concerns again controlled two thirds, but by then the total had grown to 60 billion dollars' worth, and almost without exception what the big companies hold is the newest plant. Since 1943 there has been also a new wave of mergers in many industries that previously had been more or less free.

On the other side of the picture, the total number of independent businesses (other than farms and professions), which was 3.3 millions in 1940, fell to 2.8 millions in 1943, and by April, 1946, had recovered to 3.3 millions. By the end of 1946 the figure was reported as over 3.6 millions, the largest number of independent establishments in our history. Only a few hundred of these are large companies; the vast majority of course are one-man businesses or concerns with one or two employees. The net loss of 500,000 concerns in 1942–1943 was an effect of the draft and the lure of war jobs; the recovery of 800,000 or more in 1944–1946 represents demobilization.

How do we reconcile these two facts? On the face of them, they show two opposing elements in our national life. The second set of facts means that the spirit of independent enterprise is as lively as ever among the American people; millions of hopeful men still risk their savings in new business ventures. But starting a new business is one thing; surviving is another. The growing concentration of business, in one line after another, is chilling the climate for small business and crowding new enterprise into the least profitable fields. This country needs to make up its mind rather soon to maintain as large a field as possible for men who are not too big to be free.

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THE INSECTS

by WILLIAM SANSOM

1

The Moth

Lying in bed, I was close to the candle flame. Only the edge of the pillow, the white tabletop, the candle pot, constituted a world; this naked light threw out a spherical halo beyond which all grew dark. For some time the bright yellow flame burned upright, unwavering, erect as an emblem. No breath could touch it.

A moth flew in, a small moth, gray as a leaf. The flame shuddered, then reached higher, gathering itself into a pillar of renewed and eminent strength. It drew itself up to receive the moth. And this moth never wheeled, never fluttered: it flew like a soft bullet straight for the flame, so swiftly that its opened wings were never seen, on so direct a course that one might have imagined it whipped back to the wick by an elastic attachment.

It flew straight for the wick, clutched this black post high up with its forelegs, pressed its whole body upright against the wick within the blue base of the flame. One moment it had been flying, the next it was clutched thus rigid in adoration. It never moved. Its black eyes gazed fervently into the yellow fire above. It stared up at the yellow fire that had already burned off its foremost antennae, with black eyes fixed in deep fanatical understanding. Slender whitish legs clasped the black wick, like hands wrung in prayer. And its wings! Its wings flowed downwards like a knight's mantle, clasped high, spreading bravely over the armor of its body down to the platform of pale candle grease.

Never again did this moth move. Never once did it shudder, it made no movement of recoil, it remained only clenched rigid in terrible prayer. This was no stupid blundering — its black eyes, perched up on the gray body, stared with understanding. The impeccable direction of its flight, the embrace, the enduring adoration — all were purposed and predetermined; it was no dumb sacrifice, but a fine self-immolation, as clean as the fire that now slowly shriveled up its head, collapsed the eyes as they gazed upwards, withered the poor clinging body.

I saw this. I saw it on August 23 last summer. I could have saved the moth, at least I could not have saved it — for such an act was too private, too perfect for blundering fingers from another world to disturb. I would have pushed it clumsily into the air, when, of course, it would have fluttered about blindly, its fine purpose soiled, to return at some later date, exhausted and stupid, to some similar flame.

The Beetle

Lying on the cliffside, I saw a bright green beetle. Its carapace shone with a jeweled green, pale emerald, like emerald water-paint washed palely over white paper; but really more brilliant, as though a powdered dew glittered from within.

But I might never have seen this beetle, for the leaves of a salty rock plant that grew all round were colored an exactly similar pale green. The leaves were small, thick, and heart-shaped like the beetle itself. They were fat as cactus leaves, fat with pale water tissues, and they clustered low to the rock over a straggling wide area. It was plain that the beetle had grown to imitate these leaves among which it lived. But its legs betrayed it. Leaves never walk away. And this one walked away alone from its forest across the bare volcanic rock.

Instantly one felt afraid for this beetle. Its green showed so brilliant a target against the black rock. The beak would have swooped down, a thousand beaks would have been instantly attracted, the

A short-story writer whose fantastic allegories, "Fireman Flower" and other stories, are reminiscent of the Austrian novelist Kafka, William Sansom makes his first appearance in the *Atlantic* with these essays, which came to us recommended by Sir Osbert Sitwell. Mr. Sansom's latest book, *Three*, consisting of two short novels and a short story, was published early in April by Reynal and Hitchcock.

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beetle would not be there. But witlessly the beetle lumbered forward, feeling its way slowly and awkwardly across the desert of rock. It crossed a distance of what must have meant for it a thousand paces, and came to the edge of a precipice.

Beneath lay a rock pool. A new world of water, alien to the beetle, where strange drowned hairs waved, where shells slept, where perhaps the only movement was a slight bubbling of sand as a limpet thrust out its blind, toeless foot and dragged itself one, only one, pace forward. The beetle paused above this new world. Its feelers waved at the gleaming water. It tasted fresh enchantments, it savored the grand limitless vista of new ground, new life, horizonless possibilities, space.

It seemed to take a decision. Its green back opened, the two curved plates of armor slid apart like soundless doors, and from under each plate emerged a thin transparent membrane. Wings — the beetle was going to fly! New land was to be won, every risk of the air scorned, all those unknown dangers of the glittering deep were to be tried! The beetle stretched its wings wide. They were so thin, pliable like dried flakes of saliva, soft pieces among so much armor. But they were to bear the brilliant green beetle on a great voyage.

The beetle stretched its wings, fluttered them — one was agonized that they might be wrenched off among such heavy textures — and then the armor closed again, the wings folded and disappeared, the beetle turned and slowly, — the sigh could almost be heard, the smile of resignation seen, — slowly ambled back to its accustomed vegetation.

The Fly

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" snorted the little fly, bucking like a foal. "Ho! Ho!" it snorted at me as I lay back in my bath.

The fly stood on the white enameled rim of the bath. My bathroom is white in everything, white tiles on the walls, white rubber on the floor, white heating engines, white pipes running everywhere, white taps, a white bath. Yes, the only black occurrence in all these intricate fields of white was the fly, which stood alone, quite alone, on the side of the bath, a very small fly. Was it a dwarf fly? Was it a very young fly? I would never know. I could only accept it as a minute edition of what I had always known was a fly, a small creature at that. It stood there against so much white and with the whitish steam rising round it, a little black fly, quite alone.

I never heard it speak. That, of course, was my imagination. And even if it had spoken, there was no reason to suppose that it would have addressed me, or even that it had noticed me at all. Possibly, probably, it never saw me — but that is neither here nor there. The fly — it simply stood, thinking hard, with an abominable self-assurance about its raised snout, expressing in every facet of its attitude a precocious omniscience that sneered singsong at the wide white world: "Ho! Ho!" Sometimes it would race backwards, bucking like a foal, for it stood high on its many thin legs.

What a huge world confronted this little black pegasus in motor goggles! What vast tracts of smooth enamel, what complexities of mountain and valley lay bare to its exploring eye. What irregular pipe strata, what phenomena of taps and hooks, what chains and bowls and baskets and pipes, pipes, pipes — each a giant's causeway for the small inquisitive visitor. It was not a world like, say, the candle world of the moth, circumscribed and urgent. It was, for instance, no beetle's world, where candidly one chose, despite other dreams, to cultivate one's own rock garden. It was a world innocent of action — it contained only curiosity; and this, to judge from the size of the fly, was inexhaustible.

The fly began to walk hither and thither. It stepped to the edge of the bath rim, took a look, stopped, lowered its head to think, dropped out its long trunkish tongue — as if this itself were a deposition of thought — waited ponderously, turned back. It wandered to the bath-side overhanging the water, stepped backwards twitching exasperated wings. Then along the rim towards the taps, flicking forward quickly, cavorting to one side, then again advancing; now and then it dropped the black sucker from its face.

Arrived at the taps it disappeared. It strutted behind one of the taps as though it had business there of abounding importance — but in a moment, quite unconcerned, as though such business was to be disposed of with no more than a flick of the back leg, appeared again, and began the long descent down the plug chain.

Where was it going? Was its intention matched by purpose? What was it at? Did it eat to live, live to eat, eat at all? Where did it procure its food? Presumably its food appeared magically from nowhere, was consumed, and no questions asked? Did this beast, then, have no connections with its food, neither contact nor interest in the real source of its vitality? Had it, further, contact with anything? Was it not, on the opposite hand, superbly unconnected, without any real contacts, propelled everywhere only by curiosity and a sense of its own strutting importance? "Ho! Ho?"

It fell off the chain into the bath. There on the surface of the water it rested still for a moment,

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completely absorbed. One could hear its thoughts: "Hmm. Water. Water, eh?" it thought. "We-ell, interesting — certainly interesting, but hardly of real importance. Dangerous? To an extent — fortunately the surface tension seems to hold — I'm pretty light. Of course, it *might* give. I'd be drowned. Let's see, so and so many million Chinese are drowned every five years; that's such and such a number of Chinese per square mile, a recurrent phenomenon, hardly variable. Little else to this drowning business — Chinese — water — "

Presently it pulled itself together, paddled its legs about, and eventually arrived, a little the wetter, at the plug chain. It climbed out onto the white enameled rings, shook itself, tested its drenched wings, ascended by leg the chain.

Arrived at the taps again, it stood for a while rubbing its back legs, raising these almost horizontally, washing them as though it were washing and stretching a pair of slender black gloves; then it paused once more, deep in thought, and then stepped off again.

It disappeared over the rim of the bath, to assume somewhere hidden from my view an upside-down position.

The Unknown

Lying in my invalid chair outside the greengrocer's and buying a few potatoes, I was stung in the right ankle by an unseen insect. Its sting penetrated through a woolen sock, in the dark underworld of my trouser cuffs, a low-lying foot or so from the pavement. Mark this — I had been lying still, buying potatoes. Mine was no ankle flung to the attack. I was passively stung, by something untouched and even unseen.

The pain tore in sharply as a barbed needle thrust. I looked along my trousers. Nothing. No wasp. It felt, of course, like a wasp sting, a wasp perhaps dying of cold among the October apples. Perhaps — ? Perhaps a black widow from a rotten nectarine? A bitter red ant, polished jet sacs fierce with formic acid? The lightning legs of some tortuous millipede wriggling everywhere for heat?

I never knew. The insect passed unseen. The pain soon subsided, there was not much swelling, there was enough alcohol in my system to counteract any upstart virus. And the insect came from nowhere, stabbed, and was gone. Maybe it had a purpose, but when purpose is not immediately apparent, action is soon classed as irresponsible. We are taught, the older our race becomes, that there is a purpose for everything. Only our ignorance assigns to the wayward act a lack of purpose.

2

Steam Tugs and Gray Tape

It is difficult to say finally whether it was a good thing or a bad thing when we dropped the bed on the street. But drop the big wood bed we did, with a loud singing of springs and groaning of the wood, hard in front of the grim granite door of an empty school used now for storing bombed-up furniture — and instantly there flowed onto the gray pavement what appeared to be a thick brown oiled liquid.

But in variance to the usual way of a liquid — a commendable instinct to flow without argument and without hesitation in one direction in search of its own level — this liquid from the bed sprouted anxiously in all directions; rivulets of brown darted everywhere like little lost snakes nosing in the dust for a smell of home. My companion was dancing up and down, his overalls drawn up from his ankles like a woman's skirts threatened by mice. He was shouting wildly, "Steam tugs! Steamers, boy — all alive — oh, steam tugs! Oh, hundreds of 'em!"

This I knew meant bugs.

We retreated to the fire van from which we had unloaded the bed and other pieces of furniture. It was a difficult moment. We shook ourselves, we danced. But presently reassured we called to others of the firemen in the convoy to come and see our bugs. By now this slow army of brown was streaming all over the pavement. We kicked them, we stamped on them, we shook the bed and more fell out and we slaughtered these too. But many, we knew, remained behind in the bed.

We decided, of course, that it would be criminal to store this bed with the other furniture. The school hall was stacked high with salvaged pieces, stacked close, the goods of each house labeled together, yet for want of space abutting into each other. There were towers of furniture, plateaus of furniture, piers of furniture jutting into the center of the hall like runs of dominoes. Wardrobes, chests, tables, chairs, pianos, mattresses, bedding, and occasionally some startling Victorian contrivance, something that looked like a large golden-brown egg on stilts, or a strange boxlike nest of mahogany pillars supporting nothing and enclosing only the air. In all, a vast array of furniture — and an unlimited banquet for those with a taste for wood.

So we propped the bed up against the street wall and someone went in search of authority. He came back with a man in gray.

A short man, old and sad, who in his hands grasped a little frayed ledger. His suit was dusty, his mustache straggled gray to its faded yellow

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ends, his cheeks hung in starved gray creases; there was a gray gleam on his spectacles, the bloom of wet slate reflected on afternoon windows. "That bed — " he announced, licking his pencil with a feeble smack of authority. The indelible lead purpled his tongue.

One of the firemen, unimpressed and sweating, told him: "It's got bugs in it. You can't take it in — you'd have the whole place running."

The gray clerk frowned, shook his head slowly, and eyed the bed with distaste. "But it's down for 'ere, ain't it?" he said. And then, suspiciously, "You see 'em?"

One of the firemen immediately started shaking the bed and the clerk waved his pencil. "All right, all right," he grumbled, all hope lost. "We know, we know." Then he pursed his lips and applied himself to the ledger. It seemed that he was seeking for some definite course of action that he could not himself provide.

We waited while he scratched about the frayed pages with his stubbed black fingernails. It took him a long time to find what he wanted. But when he did, his murmurings and peerings ceased abruptly, he snapped his purple tongue off the pencil, he spoke with sudden sharpness. "What address," he said, "did you get this bed off of?"

We had been working there all through the dusty afternoon and knew too well. "75 —— Street, King's Cross."

There was a glitter almost of blue behind the spectacles as he looked up. He swung the ledger round at us. "And that's for 'ere. See? 75 —— Street. Wrote 'ere."

We protested. "But we know that — that's not the point — "

He shrugged his shoulders. "If it's down for 'ere, 'ere it goes."

"And infect all the other stuff?"

He looked at us with pity, with disappointment, with infinite patience. "It's wrote 'ere," he said. Only that. And he repeated it as often as we protested. He said he saw our point, that it would be criminal to taint all the other furniture. Yet he could not fail, at the same time, to see the course of his own duty as written. He saw both sides of the question with maddening clarity, yet seemed quite unable to make the two converge. It was as though we discussed two entirely separate beds. Perhaps, we asked, he was in the hands of some superior? No — it appeared that he alone was in charge. One could only assume that he was obeying some queer convention of order; or proceeding with one of those immaculate acts of individual justice that upset everyone else's applecart.

At last, as none of us moved, he suddenly changed his tactic. His face assumed a gray smile of sweet reasonableness, he put his head appealingly on one side and asked: "But what are you goin' to do with 'er then if you don't? Where you goin' to take 'er?"

Someone said: "Leave it in the street."

This appalled him. He stared in horror, he gasped, "What! In the street?" And then, lowering his voice in awe, "You can't go leavin' things about *in the street!*"

"Then *burn* it."

At this the clerk broke into high laughter. "That's a good one, that is!" He laughed. "Why, you can't go round burnin' up their things! What'd they say? Now, gentlemen," — he began purpling his tongue again, — "we can't burn 'er, we can't leave 'er in the street, *you* don't want to take 'er along of you, and she's down for 'ere. It looks to me, gentlemen, like there's nothing else for it but in she goes. Eh?"

He looked at each of us in turn with a sort of wry benevolence, proud of his speech, ready to face up to facts — hard facts at that — and at the same time prepared generously to include us one and all in his assessment of matters.

But one of the firemen had found a piece of chalk and he was already writing *Verminous* in large white letters on the varnished woodwork. We others repeated our refusal to take the bed to school. The clerk then called over his shoulder to two figures lurking in the deep granite shadows of the portico behind. They stepped forward, revealing themselves in the battle dress of the local borough, and stood, disinterested but patient, while the clerk told them: "Steamers — down for 'ere — part of 75's lot — " They shifted about nervously, one of them went over and seemed to stroke the bed. They both tried their best, in the many subtle ways of men skilled in avoiding decisions, to remain "of half a mind."

After waiting another five minutes while the clerk brandished his list and the men murmured pathetically, we, with the sweat drying on us and the afternoon's dust clogging our throats, had had enough. We compromised by carrying the bed into a stone vestibule where there was no other furniture and writing the word *Bugs* in large white letters on the floor.

As we left I took a last glance back at the little gray clerk. The door was closing. He still stood by the bed, edging perhaps a little nearer to it, ledger in hand, with his two henchmen still snuffling like shadows behind. He stood watching the door, waiting for it to close.

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A THOUSAND RUPEES FOR A LIFE

by DOUGLAS DICKINS

1

In August, 1943, the appearance of corpses and living skeletons on the streets of Calcutta broke through the wartime censorship to shock the world. I saw that famine at close range. I traveled through Bengal when the train was besieged by destitutes at every station. With faces distraught from fear and hunger, they climbed up to carriage windows, fought for every crumb that was thrown out to them. Red-turbaned policemen halfheartedly chivvied them away.

These poor wretches were trying in desperation to get away from their villages. They had sold the paltry bits of jewelry in which Indians keep their savings; they had sold their clothes, household utensils, land, houses, even their children in some cases, and were making for Calcutta, where they hoped to find succor. Many of them found death instead.

"Ticketless travel" was the order of the day. They clambered underneath the coaches, they clung to the steps or the buffers, they climbed on the roofs. As the train proceeded with its illegal human freight, I saw to my amazement that we were traveling past miles of ripening paddy fields. Apart from the Midnapore district, still devastated by the cyclone of the previous year, Bengal looked a luxuriant land of paddy, palms, and bananas.

The price of that famine was officially estimated as 1,500,000 lives; unofficially, as twice that number. But it was not a tragedy for all of Bengal's people. For some it was a source of fortune. This was no ordinary famine, due to the harshness of nature; it was due to the harshness of merchants and speculators, who forced up the price of rice from about 6 rupees a maund ($3.72 for 80 pounds) to the unprecedented figure of 40 rupees. The total of "unusual" profits on the sale of rice has been estimated by the Government Commission of Inquiry at $44,800,000. In other words, for every death in the famine, some landlord, hoarder, or speculator netted a thousand rupees excess profit.

This standard of commercial morality should be borne in mind as a background to the ever present threat of famine and semi-permanent malnutrition that hangs over the luckless heads of Indians.

In 1945 the monsoon failed and the winter rains also. Much of India, especially the southern Deccan plateau, turned into a gigantic dust bowl. Cyclones tore through the rice-growing deltas of the Godavari and Kistna rivers, leaving havoc in their wake. Failure of crops was general and widespread, but especially severe in Bombay and Madras Provinces and in the State of Mysore.

The total deficiency of grain for 1946 was estimated as 6,000,000 tons. Just what these statistics mean in terms of human suffering is difficult to appreciate. But remember this. One ton of grain will feed six Indians for a year, at the rate of one pound a day each. Imagine, if you can, a daily diet of one pound of rice, wheat, maize, ragi, jowar, cholam, bajri, according to the district, *and little else.* Queer little dried grains, black and brown and yellow; grains which you have never seen outside of a bird cage; boiled with water into a thin gruel, or kneaded into a putty-like paste flavored perhaps with a scrap of dried pepper and eaten with the fingers from a black clay pot. This is the *normal* diet for millions in southern India. It is not much that the Indian asks — a daily handful of grain; yet that handful was lacking in 1946 for 36,000,000 persons.

Dr. Rajendra Prasad, the able Congress Member for Food and Agriculture in the interim Indian Government, has revealed by what a narrow margin a major catastrophe was averted — and at what cost in sacrifice and privation to India's peasants and workers. The disgraceful scenes of Bengal's fratri-

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As a "penguin" — an administrative officer of the RAF — DOUGLAS DICKINS lived and worked for nearly three years in India, where he witnessed the Bengal famine and acquired a firsthand knowledge of the Indian peasant and his economic and political difficulties.

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cidal profit hunt were not re-enacted. The Government had learned its lesson and achieved control over crops and prices. In most Provinces and States there is now complete government monopoly procurement of the major food grains. Rationing or "controlled distribution" has been applied to 800 towns, covering a total of 150,000,000 people. It cannot be extended much further. The very size of India, its illiteracy, its poor communications, all combine to prevent universal rationing.

The basic ration of twelve ounces daily has on occasions been reduced to as little as four or five ounces of rice, with some of the balance made up in substitute grains — unpalatable and even indigestible to rice eaters. That mass starvation has been avoided may be regarded as something of an administrative and a physiological miracle. But as Dr. Prasad points out, India's people are used to suffering; hunger has been their constant companion for so long that they are not easily frightened by the specter of crisis. Even in the black days of 1946, with rations already below the subsistence level, some people had the public spirit and courage to form "fasting clubs" in order to save part of their rations for others less fortunate than themselves.

India's plea before the International Emergency Food Council was for 4,000,000 tons allocation towards her 6,000,000 deficiency. Because of the world shortage, the needs of other nations, the lack of shipping, and transport strikes, she actually received from all sources abroad during the whole of 1946 only 2,448,000 tons of grain, according to figures given in the British House of Commons. By government procurement within the country she secured about 4,000,000 tons to meet the rationing schemes and to bridge the gulf between areas of acute scarcity and those where a surplus could be spared. Thus, while India is grateful to the farmers of the United States, Canada, Argentina, and Australia for the substantial help they have sent her, she is proud of the fact that the major part of her deficiencies has been met through her own efforts.

Politics have overshadowed food in India lately. But the full rice bowl, rather than the ballot box, remains for the mute masses of India the symbol of emancipation. "*Dilli dur ast* — It's a far cry to Delhi," is an old Indian proverb. Whoever would rule in Delhi must somehow manage to fill that bowl.

2

India was not always poor. The early European explorers were impressed with her wealth and prosperity. Now her poverty is a byword. What has happened to turn her into a vast slum? It is worth while seeking the answer to that question; otherwise India is likely to remain, instead of a primary producer, a burden on the world's food supplies.

It is fashionable to blame the British for all that goes wrong in India, while ignoring whatever benefits they may have conferred. My task is not to defend British policies, still less to deny the ultimate responsibility of Britons for the government of India. Some well-meaning idealists dismiss India's problems with an airy wave of the arm. "Now that India is getting freedom," they say, "all these difficulties will disappear. If Hindus and Moslems will embrace, prosperity will descend on the peasant like manna from heaven."

I wish these idealists could live for a time, as I have done, in an Indian village. Let them study the caste system, which denies to the outcast "untouchables" the use of a high-caste well, even when their own is dried up. Let them cope with religious customs that require a clay god in a temple to be washed with 108 pots of milk, while babies grow up deformed with rickets. Relief supplies of milk and other foodstuffs from abroad have probably saved many lives in India during the past year; but how many of the senders realize that many a high-caste Hindu would sooner die than defile himself with food that has been touched by "untouchable" American hands?

Add to religious custom the fatalism, superstition, inertia, and ignorance of an illiterate and priest-ridden peasantry, and you have an inkling of the obstacles to be overcome. Add too a commercial morality that sees nothing wrong in making additional profits out of starvation. Add the corruption which permeates Indian life, from the highest spheres to the lowest. To all this, add the enervating effects of the climate, which no one can realize without experience.

But the backward state of India, you may say, reflects the reluctance of Britain to spend the necessary money on raising Indians to civilized status. Undoubtedly it does. But have you ever figured out how much money and time it would take? An Englishman, Mr. John Sargent, is Adviser on Education to the Indian Government. He has formulated a scheme for universal education between the ages of six and fourteen. This, he reckons, will require 1,800,000 teachers, to instruct 52,000,000 children. Where can you conjure up 1,800,000 teachers? Actually the scheme, which has been accepted by the interim Indian Government, will take some forty years to reach fruition, and will then cost $940,000,000 a year for British India alone — a sum in excess of India's total revenue.

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India's governmental machine creaks and groans horribly. You cannot move at atomic speed in the land of the bullock cart. Britain came to trade, conquered rivals, and stayed to rule. Today she hands the country over, and is called to account for her stewardship. The balance sheet is too complicated to give in full. But in the mirror of Bengal's famine we can see a reflection of India's general condition. The causes of that famine, as well as the possibilities of improving agricultural production in the future, have been thoroughly analyzed by an official Commission of Inquiry, consisting of three Indians and two Englishmen, under the chairmanship of Sir John Woodhead.

The story revealed by the Commission is a sordid one of calculated greed, corruption, and governmental ineptitude. Wartime rationing seemed so natural to us in America and Britain that it is difficult to comprehend the mentality that advocates a free-for-all grabbing of available supplies. Yet this is precisely what the Indian big businessmen of Bengal did advocate — and got. The result was that enormous profits were made; and in the words of the Commission, "profits for some meant death for others."

3

Who was responsible? The circumlocutory pastime of "passing the buck" has nowhere been developed to a finer art than in India. Neither the Central Government nor the Governments of the Provinces would take full responsibility for feeding the people. Food, not being a subject "reserved" to the Central Government under the dyarchic Constitution of 1919, undoubtedly falls within the jurisdiction of the Provincial Governments. Yet, in the abnormal conditions of scarcity and war, when the free market operations of the trade can no longer keep a Province supplied with food, the Central Government surely has an overriding responsibility to plan distribution as between surplus and deficit areas, on an all-India basis. Thus the responsibility divides between Indians and British. The Provincial Government of Bengal is and was a purely Indian administration. But at the center in Delhi sits the representative of the British Crown, the Governor General or Viceroy, whose word is law, and through whom ultimate responsibility for the destinies of India devolves on the people of Britain. It cannot be said that wartime Britain had much thought to spare for India. At the Indian end, lethargy and corruption ran their disastrous course unchecked, until Lord Wavell on assuming office as Viceroy in November, 1943, ordered the Army into Bengal to distribute relief supplies direct.

If no coördinated effort was forthcoming earlier, the reason was chiefly the resistance of Provinces with a surplus to any form of rationing or price control. The Provincial Governments of the Punjab and Sind, with enormous surpluses of wheat, were quite ready to export to Bengal, provided that prices were "allowed to find their own level." It was a case of dog eat dog. In Bengal itself, price control was reduced to a farce by the activities of speculators who withheld supplies, until the Government was forced to capitulate and restore free trade.

The results, say the Report, were "on the one hand unprecedented profiteering and the enrichment of those on the right side of the fence; on the other the rise of prices to fantastic heights and the death of perhaps one and a half million people."

Business had reached its zenith; profit was maximized. If at the other end of the scale these profits meant death to the poor, that was just too bad, but it was no concern of the big businessmen whose interests were so well served by this Provincial Government. Did they care if their poorer brethren starved? The Commission mentions "much callousness and indifference to suffering on the part of people who were themselves in no danger of starvation." This is too often the background to famine in India.

But why does not a rise in prices benefit the peasants? Surely they have been able to sell their produce to advantage? To some extent they have; but their marketable surplus is small. The landlord or sahukar (moneylender) takes too big a proportion of the crop; the debt-ridden peasant seldom owns his produce or his land. The actual extent of peasant indebtedness is a matter for conjecture. Official and semi-official estimates place it at $900,000,000 in 1911, $2,700,000,000 in 1930, and $4,800,000,000 in 1940 — a total which exceeds the annual value of India's agricultural output. A slight reduction between 1942 and 1945, due to higher prices, benefited mainly the large and medium landholders. Along with the beggaring of the small peasant goes his increasing expropriation from the land. Today the proportion of landless laborers may well be half of the total peasantry.

Then perhaps India is overpopulated? An annual increase of 5,000,000 boosted her population from 338,000,000 to 388,000,000 in the ten years between 1931 and 1941. In twenty to twenty-five years she will probably have a population of 500,000,000. Some speak of the "pressure on the land" as if the prolific procreation of Indians were the cause of their troubles. It is not, even though the population has

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increased about 30 per cent since 1872. In the last fifty years, Britain's population has increased by 54 per cent. Malthus is dead, and his theories have long since been disproved. We must look elsewhere than to human fertility for the cause of India's impoverishment.

While Europe, America, and Russia have become industrialized, and are therefore able to support greatly increased populations, in India the process has been reversed. Between 1911 and 1931 the numbers employed in industry fell by nearly 13 per cent. At the outbreak of World War II, the number of workers subject to the Factories Act was about 1,500,000 — roughly as many as the beggars in India. During the war, of course, there was a big expansion of industry; nevertheless the number of workers at the end of 1945 was only 2,520,291. Even more significant is the way in which the agricultural proportions have changed. In the middle of the nineteenth century about 55 per cent of Indians depended on agriculture for their livelihood; now 74 per cent do. By comparison, in Britain 11.6, in the United States 26.3, and in France 40 per cent are so dependent.

Here we have one of the factors in India's unbalanced economy for which British policy is directly responsible. Before its colonization by European powers, India had a thriving artisan industry in no way inferior to that of Europe. What India did not have, however, was an Industrial Revolution. When a flood of machine-made goods began to pour in during the early nineteenth century, her artisans were unable to withstand the competition; they were forced out onto the land.

The cotton industry of Lancashire in England grew out of the deliberate sacrifice of India's craftsmen. Prohibitive import duties in Britain kept out the superb muslins and calicos of Murshidabad and Dacca (Dacca muslin was so fine that 20 yards could be pulled through a wedding ring) until such time as the power looms of Lancashire could flood the Indian market with cheap cotton piece goods. Exports of British cotton to India grew from 1,000,000 yards in 1814 to 51,000,000 yards in 1835, while Indian exports to Britain dwindled to virtually nothing. The same thing happened to other industries, until, from a balanced economy in which industry and agriculture were integrated, India was turned into a mere source of raw materials and a market for the lusty young industries of Britain.

The fact that since World War I the tables have been turned, and India has been permitted to levy discriminatory duties against British goods, does not invalidate the indictment. As far back as 1880 a Royal Commission appointed to inquire into the rising incidence of famine pointed out the necessity of industrial occupations to draw off the surplus population from the land. It is a commentary on British rule that the Famine Commission of 1945–1946 should have occasion to repeat this unheeded warning.

4

WHAT has Britain done to help India? Irrigation projects in the Punjab are impressive; but four fifths of India still depends on the caprices of the monsoon; 110,400,000 acres of cultivable wasteland remain — waste. Britain built railways, which materially helped to develop India, and enabled relief to be brought to famine-struck areas. Now their assets, together with the British-held debt, have been bought out by the Indian Government, so that Britain no longer draws tribute, but on the contrary owes India over $4,000,000,000. Nevertheless, individual investors in India's railways have not done so badly. When the ordinary stockholders of the Bengal and North Western Railway Company were paid out recently in England, they got £386.11s.1d. for every £100 invested. So India has paid dearly for her vital assets.

But stockholders are few in India. Nearly 90 per cent of her people live in villages, and here we come face to face with the problem of the land and its cultivation. The land revenue system is largely the creation of the Emperor Akbar, contemporary of Queen Elizabeth. But it was adapted by the East India Company in three different ways.

Bengal and Bihar are the principal examples of the Permanent Zamindari Settlement. In 1765 Lord Clive, the victor of Plassey, secured from the Nawab of Bengal the *diwani* or right to administer the Province. The East India Company thus took over a complex feudal system of land tenure under which, broadly speaking, the village community was the economic unit. This conferred security on the individual because no land could be sold or alienated without the consent of the community. Land revenue was collected through the Zamindari or feudal chiefs: but they were merely tax farmers, not landowners as we understand the term. The East India Company completely undermined this system by creating transferable rights in land and by recognizing the Zamindari as absolute owners of their vast estates. In 1793 the Company made a Permanent Settlement of the land revenue, fixing the amount to be paid by the Zamindari in perpetuity. It was left to these gentry to collect from their tenants. This they did to such good effect that today the amount extracted from the peasantry

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has risen, through the increase in parasitic subholders, to $52,000,000, while the Bengal Government is paid only $12,000,000 a year.

Rigidity is not the only fault of the Permanent Settlement, which covers about 19 per cent of British India. It inhibits all progress because absentee landlords and rent farmers have no incentive to spend money on improvements. However much they squeeze their tenants, the Government can exact no more revenue from them. There is no subordinate revenue staff; and this fact proved a serious handicap in the Bengal famine, when it frequently happened that relief could not be brought to the villages, nor grain collected from hoarders, for lack of an administrative organization. A commission appointed in 1938 recommended the abolition of this system of land tenure. Few would mourn its passing, yet still it flourishes.

The Temporary Settlements, covering about 30 per cent of the area, enable the Government at long intervals to raise the Zamindari's assessments, thus securing some part of the natural increase in values. The increase is of course passed on in the form of higher rents to the ultimate cultivator, who is no better off.

The remaining 51 per cent of the country is under the ryotwari system. Landlords exist here too, but the Government makes a direct assessment on the ryot (cultivator), based on his estimated crop. A network of District Commissioners, Collectors, Tahsildars, Circle Inspectors, and village Patwaris or Accountants maintain detailed records of village lands and crops. The revenue is flexible. The all-powerful "Collector" (usually an Indian) has the power of reduction or total remission of assessments in times of scarcity. The system has its faults, but the close contact between Government and village affords possibilities of reform and protection.

Land hunger is the prevailing malady of India. Microscopic holdings, fragmented anew with the passing of every generation, leave the peasant chronically underemployed. Most have from two to four months of involuntary leisure in the year. Of the 7,500,000 families dependent on agriculture in Bengal, the Famine Commission estimates that less than 2,000,000 families hold enough land to maintain themselves. The remaining 5,500,000 million families, or 25,000,000 people, rack-rented or crop-sharing, live on the bare margin of subsistence, with no reserve of strength, wealth, or health to withstand additional shortages. This picture is broadly true of India as a whole — a peasantry debilitated by malnutrition and disease, struggling to farm inadequate and heavily mortgaged small holdings with the most inefficient and outdated methods in the world.

Even granted favorable monsoons during the next few years, India's cereal deficiency remains a serious problem. By the natural increase of population alone, the present annual deficiency of 1,500,000 tons will increase, other things being equal, to a deficiency of 7,000,000 tons by 1951. To meet the situation, Dr. Prasad has propounded a Five-Year Plan of agricultural development, which calls for an increase of 11.5 per cent in production. At last the years of *laissez faire* are ended, and vast schemes of irrigation, chemical and natural fertilizers, improved seeds, consolidation of fragmented holdings, cooperative farming, loans for mechanization, have been inaugurated. The cost to the Government of India during the next five years will be between 500,000,000 and 750,000,000 rupees, and an equivalent amount will need to be spent by the Provincial Governments.

5

It is clear that there is not one "problem" of India, but many — and they are psychological as much as economic and political. Will Indians fare better than the British in tackling the Giants of Squalor, Ill Health, Corruption, and Superstition that are the real overlords of India? No one who knows India will underestimate the difficulties that face her statesmen — the vested interests of priests and mullahs, of bankers and Brahmins. But at least Indians will have the greater will and incentive to spend the necessary money to raise India to civilized status.

It is not always appreciated what strange obstacles obstruct the raising of finance in India, and thus hamstring progressive measures. In the Central Assembly the Finance Member introduced a bill to impose a small estate-duty on non-agricultural property. Sir Ziauddin Ahmed, speaking on behalf of Moslems, said that he and his coreligionists would fight this measure tooth and nail, because "Islam does not permit the State to lay hands on the property of a dead Moslem." The exact division of Moslem estates is prescribed in the Koran.

Consider, too, the effect of Hindu religious beliefs on prospects of improving the milk output. All observers are agreed that it is essential to reduce the number of semi-starved cattle for which insufficient fodder is available. But in the eyes of Hindus there is no worse crime than to kill a cow. At the same time their inhumane and unhygienic treatment of their holy animals is such as to arouse disgust and despair in a Western mind. Not long ago the chief

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executive officer of the British Milk Marketing Board toured India to advise the Indian Government on the dairying industry. Here is a typical extract from his report: —

> At another stable the buffaloes were allowed to immerse themselves daily in a backwater into which went all the urine from 500 animals, and into which the dead bodies of animals found their way: but no washing of udders took place before milking. An official report on a test of Bombay milk showing a bacteria count of 36 million per cubic centimeter should, in the circumstances, surprise no one.

Significantly, the report recommends that the Provincial Directors proposed for the milk industry should be appointed from overseas at salaries of $12,000 a year, because it would be hard for any Indian with a career at stake to take the drastic and unpopular action necessary to combat the filth, ignorance of hygiene, repulsive personal habits, and official apathy which are prevalent throughout India — with the sanction of religious custom.

What, then, of the future of public health in India? Almost one child in every six dies before reaching its first birthday. The expectation of life is 27. Six million a year die from preventable diseases such as malaria, cholera, plague, and smallpox. The inefficiency of the public health system is such that in rural Bengal, hospitals are "unpopular," and people are reluctant to enter them because in many there are no night nurses or attendants, and patients are left to die at night without attention.

The word hospital connotes to us a spacious, airy building, with white tiles and running water. In India it is a little different. Listen to this extract from the Famine Commission's report: —

> The sweeper is a functionary of vital importance in Indian hospitals, performing the essential tasks delegated to him by the customs of the country. His services were of particular importance in emergency hospitals without sanitary appliances or drainage. . . . In the early months of the famine, when many patients were suffering from diarrhoea, and beds and wards were continually befouled, the shortage of sweepers was almost as great an obstacle to the efficient running of hospitals as the shortage of doctors and nurses. The problem remained unsolved throughout the famine.

What a commentary on India! A land where several million human beings are condemned by the accident of birth to minister to the most elementary needs of their fellow men, spending their lives in the function of human drains. For it is caste that decides their occupation. Blame the British if you like for not introducing modern drainage outside the big cities; but what incentive is there to incur such expense, when the customs of the country deny the right of some millions of its citizens to any but the most menial and degrading tasks, which they in turn regard as their natural livelihood?

This point raises the old controversy on interference or non-interference with native customs. Possibly it would have been better if Britain had adopted, like the Soviet Union in its Asiatic republics, a frontal attack on all obscurantism. But with the best of intentions, British policy has been one of scrupulous abstention, save against the grossest malpractices, such as infanticide and suttee. This policy, of course, is the cheaper one. Finance is often the arbiter.

So, in the typical Bengal district of Dacca, an area of 2713 square miles, with 4,500,000 population, there is just *one* District Health Officer, drawing a salary of 300 to 500 rupees a month. He has under him a subordinate health staff consisting of Sanitary Inspectors on 50 to 70 rupees, plus 21 rupees allowances; Health Assistants on 22 rupees plus 7 rupees allowances; Medicine Carriers on 17 rupees a month. Can one possibly expect efficiency from such a staff? No wonder the Famine Commission uncovered a maze of neglect, sloth, indifference, and chicanery. Many of the Native States could show a better record than this.

Clearly the Indian peasant cannot afford to support a doctor in his village; in consequence doctors naturally seek private practice in the cities. The only solution is a well-paid State Medical Service to cover the 700,000 villages of India. This cannot be achieved on the present expenditure of 2½ per cent of the national revenue. A Committee on Public Health under Sir Joseph Bhore has reported that per capita expenditure must be multiplied by seven times for the next five years, and by fourteen times thereafter. And this is only a beginning.

We see here the vicious circle from which India suffers. Poor because she is ignorant, she is ignorant because she is poor. Without money she cannot have health, and without health she cannot earn money. Whoever will break this circle must attack its whole periphery, at the focal points of industry, agriculture, health, education, religion, and morals. India's statesmen are confident they can solve the problems that have defeated Britain. They now have the opportunity to try.

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AN ATLANTIC "FIRST"

A Story

"FLY, FLY, LITTLE DOVE"

by PHILIP GARRIGAN

In the dusk of the third day we were ordered out of the trucks beside a mass of tents, which bewilder the eye seeking analogies, for they resemble nothing but tents. Before it was altogether dark we marched off with the heavy bags on our shoulders and took our assignments, six men to a tent. We sat on the bare cots and waited to be called for blankets.

At just that time, which with its dark and stars and strange tropical trees would otherwise have been romantic, the Mexican with the guitar began to sing and play, and another sang with him. This second Mexican I had not seen, but the first I remembered by the guitar. On the bag he carried (with difficulty because he had also to carry the guitar) was a large tag with the childish lettering of the name Francisco Llorado. I saw him as we came down between the tents, and I remembered that *llorado* is Spanish for weeping or sorrowful or something like that. And now this Francisco was singing, and someone with him, and playing the guitar.

The song itself was sad, and that brought his name again to mind, so that I said I must look tomorrow and see the name of the other. I should have known after riding all day in the same truck; but the recruit is stunned by the Army, and sometimes his reactions are not normal for weeks. That is how it was with me, sitting there on that sagging cot in a tent with the fly ripped, thinking not of that but of home and my wife, because we were separated for the first time.

Thinking of this I might have had tears in my eyes, but nobody would have noticed in the dark. Yet the guitar itself could not be sad, no matter how Francisco might sing to it. So I sat there and filled my mind with the silly resolve to find out the name of the second Mexican. Soon after, a sergeant ran up and down the line bellowing, to herd us out for our bedding. He made it look as if he had to drive us, but we were glad enough to go.

When we got back and had somehow arranged the blankets in the dark, we took off only our shoes and hats and belts, and crawled into what little warmth there was. For a long time the two Mexicans continued their singing — how long I don't know, because I fell asleep while they were still going on. That night and many others afterward their singing seemed like a lullaby, a little faint because it came from a distance of three tents to the left. But when I spoke to one in that tent, a Pennsylvania Dutchman called Uzzenfuss, he said it nearly drove them crazy and it kept them awake until two in the morning sometimes. They all cussed about it, but they understood that the Mexicans were lonesome. We were all lonesome.

The days that followed our arrival are painful to dwell upon. We were delivered over to drillmasters and instructors uniformly obscene and abusive, or humorous in a macabre way. Only the simplicity of the things they had to teach prevented us from absorbing their moronism along with their brutality. We became able to march in cadence, to carry a

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A Massachusetts boy who graduated from Lowell High School in 1931, PHILIP J. GARRIGAN, JR., enlisted in the Army Air Forces in 1943. After three years in the Air Corps, he has taken up the new occupational risk of a free-lance writer. His title here is from a popular Mexican song.

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rifle and simulate the fierce rage of bayonet practice, to wear the ubiquitous gas mask. There were many other things, too, learned at great cost of standing or dog-trotting for hours in the sun, over the mud, or sitting until our legs went to sleep, or crawling on our faces through the thorny bushes. We learned them all and still know a little about them, some of us.

The Mexicans were not made happy by all this. I could sometimes hear their discussions in their own language; and now and then someone in a near-by tent would in the dark night call on Jesus Christ to witness what a trial they were to English-speaking people in need of rest. I passed them on my way to and from drill; and almost always they were sitting on their cots, with all the tent flaps rolled up, conversing loudly and at the same time sadly — for they often wept together, the sound of their voices choked by their sobbing. I wondered what they were saying, but I was already learning too much to take up Mexican. I had told my wife, before I left home, that I would surely learn Russian in the Army. There would be so much time.

Nevertheless, the sight of their devotion to one another, and the lonely melancholy of their life, were affecting. I am not myself inclined to meddle with anyone's life, and very little with my own. But there were some who spoke of them with sympathy, feeling that these two were just a projection of all of us, a plaintive protest against the harshness of a climate supposed to be forever sunny, of petty understripers and their outhouse rhetoric, or perhaps against the separations of war, which we all felt.

In time we grew accustomed to the serenades, and I came rather to expect them. I would lie in the blankets, thinking of my wife and of the weeks of last summer in that New England seaside town, wondering if our child would be a son to shiver in the tents of the war after this one. Oh, this was not bitterness — only the searching fingers of music in the mind, probing for thoughts to cancel the aches of the body.

But not everybody was thus probed and canceled. Four or five times, this or that group of drunken tentmates returned from town with the same conspiracy, hatched in some scuffed barroom booth. They would gather before Francisco's tent, as once I saw them do, and when all was quiet one of them would slip in to steal the guitar. Every time, they found the two friends awake, clutching it; and their clamor brought around the guard. One night, as I afterwards heard, the Mexicans made no noise — but the marauder came out swearing, with a six-inch scratch on his forearm. Because of the dark he only presumed this had been done with a knife. But that was the end of that idea.

2

We were in a training camp from which large numbers were shipped every day to far parts of the country, and some overseas. It was another matter, however, that accounted for many of the gaps in the lines and names crossed off the rolls. Partly from the climate, new to most of us, and partly from the wind whistling through the tents, and the gray Florida sand sifted into us at every pore, we all suffered a peculiar irritation of the nose and throat, in which we had a high fever, a dry racking cough that doubled us up in pain, and finally bronchitis.

Sick call was well attended, but heavy as it was, most of us stayed away from it as long as we could. It was not wise to tempt any Fate in this place. I nursed my troubles along for two whole weeks on remedies bought in town. When at last I had to report myself, it was not so bad as I had expected. It was strange that the stripers kicked us around sick or well; but the medical officers (except when they disliked a man's face or remarks) were as solicitous of us as if we had all been private patients at customary prices. From a straightforward interview with a major, I drew an assignment of a week in quarters, and some foul potion which seemed to be mostly menthol.

That week I spent in writing long letters to my wife and in lying on a cot in the tent of the Charge of Quarters, who had a small radio. At home I had more than two hundred records; but I had not heard any good music except on one afternoon when the officer in charge of the swimming pool tuned in a Mozart program and was too busy to change it. Nobody else dared. I lay there in the midst of the naked sunbathers, and listened so long I could not move without pain for the next three days.

The Charge of Quarters swept the dial for hillbilly music; and though opinion was divided as to whether it was better than no music at all, I listened hour after hour.

I was sitting there of a Friday in the late afternoon, when the second Mexican ran in, crying that Francisco was dying. His name was Juan Fernandez, and he spoke English on occasion. It was only that he and Francisco preferred to use their own language. It was for the same reason that I sometimes thought to myself in French — because nothing was farther from that life than French.

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But, as I said, this Juan Fernandez ran in saying that Francisco was dying.

All of us went to the tent; and there it seemed that he was indeed dying, so the Charge of Quarters ordered Lambroso to go for the ambulance. Now Lambroso was quartered with a bad knee, and it was twenty minutes before the ambulance arrived. Meanwhile there was nothing we could do but stand there while Juan addressed his friend urgently, grasping him by the shoulders and shaking him as if he were a small child who would not wake up. Francisco seemed to be in a stupor, breathing with difficulty and great noise. I usually cross the street to avoid the sight of a dead dog; but I could not leave there, so my mind put off its horror by speculating with all its strength on the appearance of these two beings.

The moving pictures had accustomed me to handsome Mexicans. But these two were not so; they were ugly in the sense that they did not look like the rest of us. Short and squat, they had round heads, high cheekbones, and protruding lips. Their noses were flattened, their faces closer to black than to olive, and their hair coarse and unruly. On the back of Juan's neck it flowed over the collar in a jagged line of bristles. Francisco's mouth was open on a thick tongue and yellowed teeth, some of them broken. He lay there with his eyes shut, running with sweat, and struggled to breathe.

When the ambulance finally came, the driver and attendant brought in a litter and set it down. They pulled the blankets off the Mexican and rolled him expertly on the litter, throwing one of the blankets over him. Except for a hat, he was fully dressed. When they slid him in, Juan tried to go along. They took him by the arms and threw him out. Then he tried to put the guitar in with Francisco. The attendant pushed it back at him. I was surprised that he hadn't thought it simpler to throw the instrument on the ground and break it. He closed the doors at the back, went to his seat, and they drove off. We felt relieved to be able to go then, and only the Charge of Quarters remained. He told us later he had felt sorry for Juan, so he had taken him to the lieutenant.

3

Before this tribune it came out that Francisco had been sick for three weeks without medical attention. In the morning Juan would get him something to eat and they would slip out into the fields of Spanish Sword to hide until we had gone to drill. Then they would come back and Francisco would lie down. At the approach of anyone of official appearance, Juan would give warning and they would slip away again. At night in the dark Francisco still played the guitar, however poorly; and in the face of this, nobody knew there was anything wrong. Only, this particular day when Juan tried to rouse him he had not even waked. They were not afraid of the doctor, Juan insisted, only of the sergeant. The sergeant had said (*all* the sergeants said it as a matter of course) that if any relative of the dog as far as his eye could see was crazy enough to go on sick call, thus avoiding drill, he personally would double-time him from hell to breakfast or until his legs were worn off right up to the knees and beyond, whichever took longer.

The lieutenant was a humane man, but I have no report of his conversation with the sergeant. For infractions of discipline the lieutenant put Juan on the rock pile, but promised he would be told how Francisco was progressing. Twelve times in the first half hour he had to lead Juan back to the rocks and assure him that there was no change, that everything was all right. After retreat, in an unsatisfactory state of mind, the lieutenant left camp and stayed in town overnight.

Francisco died. He had been moribund when we saw him, and he did not regain consciousness. I never found out how they told Juan, or who it was who carried the word. Shortly after that I was shipped, and so far I haven't met anyone who was at that camp with me.

Only, as I was standing in the doorway of my tent that evening, Juan came down the street from the direction of the hospital. He was crying. He went into his tent, and I heard him trying to play the guitar and sing. His fingers, unlike Francisco's, were not apt; the music stumbled awkwardly. His voice, though passable in accompaniment, was broken and choked with sobs. I had not listened half a minute when I decided to go to the Post Exchange for a bottle of beer, which ordinarily I do not like. I had four.

Uzzenfuss told me about it afterward. He was shipped out with me, but went to a different place. Having nowhere to go, those in his tent had to sit and watch Juan as he tried to sing and play. Finally, Uzzenfuss said, the Mexican took the guitar outside and filled it with toilet paper (we all carried it — for we never found it where we might have expected to) and grass. Then he set it on fire; and while it burned he went into the tent and came out again with a heavy silver bracelet no one had ever seen before, and a large bandanna handkerchief. These were all he owned in the world. Everything else belonged to the Army.

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Nobody could do anything, Uzzenfuss said. They just sat and watched him go; and behind him the guitar spat and crackled in the flames, and each string as its supports were burned out cried harshly once and for the last time. Juan did not say goodbye or look back. He went to the gate; and when the guards stopped him, he talked to them, gesturing toward the direction in which the sun had just gone down. Then there was a struggle as he tried to go by them; at first it was mild, but grew wilder as his efforts aggravated the guards. After all, as Uzzenfuss said, they have orders not to use any more force than they have to.

In the end they had to hit him over the head a few times. It wasn't a nice thing to see, Uzzenfuss said, and I knew he meant not just because of the clubbing. These details he told me as we sat on our barracks bags in the back of the truck, going away.

I was going to write my wife about it. But I decided not to. From her letters I think she worries about what is likely to happen to me so far away. At this station, when we arrived, I sent her three little bottles of wine to put in her shadow box on the dining-room wall. That brings her collection up to twenty-three, all different.

BORN UNDER CANCER

by ROBERT CECIL

Now the leaves turn and whitethroats are on the wing,
  Migrants to a far land.
We in this still ward waiting almost hear
  The knife turn in the hand
Of the grave, white-coated surgeon who will bring
  Death in the dying year.

The malign growth claims its victim and tongues wag,
  Recalling his crusty shell
And claw that seemed hardly human.
  These never tapped the limpid well
Which only the water diviner could dig —
  Or perhaps a woman.

What epitaph for one whom I saw only
  Reflected in the corner of my eye?
I cannot riddle what his fate meant
  Or where the pattern went awry.
I can but give to those whom he leaves lonely
  This oblique statement.

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END OF A BERLIN DIARY

by WILLIAM L. SHIRER

A Middle Westerner, born and educated in Iowa, WILLIAM L. SHIRER trained as a cub reporter on the Cedar Rapids *Republican* before lighting out for Europe. For three years he was the young chief of the Central European Bureau of the Chicago *Tribune:* his headquarters were in Vienna, and there he learned the language and fell in love with his Viennese wife, who was to prove such a versatile assistant. From 1937 until the end of 1940, Mr. Shirer delivered a series of broadcasts beginning, "This is Berlin," with a German censor at his elbow and with the American listeners of CBS hanging on his words.

In 1941 Mr. Shirer published his uncensored chronicle, *Berlin Diary,* and in 1945 he went back to Berlin to dig among the ruins and to search through the captured German documents for details depicting the rise and fall of Hitler. This is the second of three long installments from Mr. Shirer's forthcoming book, *End of a Berlin Diary.* In the first, which we published in May, Mr. Shirer quoted Ribbentrop's amazing letter to Churchill and described Hitler's marriage and suicide as reported in Army Intelligence. He gave the full text of Hitler's personal will and his political testament. — THE EDITOR

7

Berlin, Tuesday, November 6. — Went with Nicky Nabokov, who is helping to guide our Military Government in its cultural endeavors, to see the première of an American play, Robert Ardrey's *Thunder Rock,* at the Hebbel Theater. It is the first American play the Berliners have seen in more than ten years, and the audience liked it. Ernst Busch, who played the lead, and who, I gathered, had not been seen on the stage in these parts for a long time, got a great reception. The theater, of course, was unheated, and it was surprising how many of these well-dressed Berlin women turned up in fur coats. I thought I recognized many old faces from pre-war first nights.

The play, which was due to start at 5.00 P.M., was delayed a little because of a rumpus with four Russian officers. They arrived with carbines slung over their shoulders, and a little in their cups, no doubt in anticipation of the anniversary of the Russian Revolution tomorrow. The play had been sold out, but the German manager hastily found four seats for them. The trouble was they were in the balcony, and when the Russians saw that scores of American officers were sitting downstairs, they descended to the box office and proceeded to make a row. The manager, not understanding Russian and not liking the way the Russians fingered their carbines, became definitely nervous until Nabokov, who has not forgotten his native Russian, stepped in, kidded the irate officers, and induced them to depart, which they did after stiff salutes, and not without dignity.

Talks these last days with some of the German Socialists and Communists. Though AMG, whose top men are either American businessmen or professional soldiers, may not know it yet, the best hope for a decent, peaceful, and — eventually — democratic Germany lies in its working class. The trouble is that in this land, where, even before Hitler, all workers were either Socialists or Communists, the latter are under the heel of the Russians and the former do not seem to have learned anything from the war and from the long Nazi tyranny. The Communists strike me as seeing things more clearly. They admit, for example, that one of their first jobs is to convince the German people — including the working class — of their share of responsibility for the war and of their complicity in Hitler's crimes.

But Otto Grotewohl, chairman of the Social Democratic Party, says that not only are the German workers not responsible for what Hitler did but that the German people have no responsibility. He blames the war exclusively on German Big Business and the Nazi Party, conveniently overlooking that Hitler never could have built up his great war machine nor even marched off to war had not the German workers given him their full support.

Thursday, November 8. — Somewhat of a head

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this morning. Blame the Russian Revolution. Last evening, with Ray Daniell and Anne McCormick of the New York *Times*, I went out to the Cäcilienhof at Potsdam. The Hohenzollerns, to whom it once belonged, are of course no longer around. The palace, at the moment, is occupied by the Russians, and it was they, beginning with Marshal Zhukov, who were hosts for the celebration of the anniversary of the Russian Revolution. They almost drowned their guests with vodka and stuffed them with some very choice food.

Despite all the talk you hear in anti-Russian Allied circles here about Red Army men being forbidden to fraternize with their Allies, there was certainly a lot of it last night. I have never drunk so many toasts in my life, and have seldom seen so much conviviality. I must confess that one Russian major — a correspondent, I think, from *Izvestia* — gave me a particular kick when, after someone had told him I was the author of *Berlin Diary*, he embraced me like a bear and shouted in broken German, "It is you. You! Why, I used to read your diary day after day in the trenches at Stalingrad. It came out daily for weeks in one of our Army papers there." And he dragged me over to the buffet table with some of his fellow officers, where we upended too many tumblers of vodka. A chat with the Russian garrison commander, General Smirnov, who, ever since General Gavin took me to a meeting of the Kommandatura at which Smirnov presided, has mistaken me for an officer in Gavin's airborne division whom he met when his army corps made contact with the 82nd Airborne in central Germany. I try to explain I am just a civilian scribe in uniform, but he will have none of it.

8

An interesting chat at noon today with Johannes Becher, the German poet. He almost floored Howard Smith and me with his frankness. We had got the impression from our talks with Germans that they had no sense of guilt or even remorse for Germany's crime in making war and regretted merely having lost it. But since one reporter can talk to but relatively few Germans, we could be wrong. Becher made it clear at once that we couldn't be more right. In fact, he put it much stronger than even I had felt it.

"With a few exceptions, there is no feeling of guilt in the entire people," he said. We had not put the question to him. He started right off talking about it on his own.

"It is not these ruins," he said, pointing to a block of debris along the adjoining Kurfürstendamm, where once homes of the complacent *bourgeoisie* undoubtedly had stood, "which are the worst thing about Germany's present condition. Far worse is the deadness of the German soul. It has been poisoned beyond belief by twelve years of Nazism. Today it has no spiritual connection either with our German past — the world of Goethe and Schiller, for example — or with the outside world of the present. And while it is true that everyone is preoccupied with finding shelter, warmth, and food [his office, in which we talked, was bitter cold], this cannot excuse the German people for having dead souls and nitwit minds and not the slightest desire to make good their awful crimes. They do not recognize them as crimes, or even think about how Germany eventually can get in step with the rest of the world and its civilization."

And then he made the most cynical remark I have yet heard in Berlin. "Why, these people," he said, pointing out to the passers-by on the street, "regret the loss of their little flats and their ugly furniture from the bombings more than they do their men, or even women, who were killed in the war. It pains me, as a German, to have to say these things," he said, apparently noticing our slight shock, "but it's better to be brutally frank."

Becher said the working class, though it was the only hope of a decent Germany, had been as poisoned by Goebbels and Hitler as the middle classes. The workers, too, could not understand that they had helped in the perpetration of Nazi crimes. They had not minded much — or done anything about — the loss of freedom in Germany. As for the whole German people, they had not given a hoot when they were told by the Nazis what to think and read and write.

Becher is a Communist and, like all party members, he talks a lot about eventual democracy for Germans. But having spent long years of exile in Moscow, he must have known, I could not help thinking, that there, too, a writer, a poet, is scarcely free to write what he pleases.

We got to talking about writers in Germany. Like most other men of letters who have returned to the ruins of the Reich, he was somewhat resentful of Thomas Mann's decision not to come home.

We talked also of the man who had been to German drama what Mann was to the novel — Gerhart Hauptmann. For some reason the Russians have been making quite a hero of him, and this has been inexplicable to me. Hauptmann, who even before 1914 had been persecuted by the Kaiser for being a Socialist, had weakened in

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his declining days and had seemed to make his peace with the Nazi butchers. Had they not put on his last play, *The Daughter of the Cathedral*, and had not Goebbels made Nazi capital of this? Had the Nazis not boasted that Germany's greatest living playwright, a former Socialist, could remain in Hitlerite Germany and write and have his plays produced? Hauptmann had bitterly disappointed his followers throughout the world. Yet when the Russians arrived, they lost no time in letting it be known that Hauptmann should be honored. And only last month, on October 6, the aged playwright had sent a message to the new Kulturbund for the Democratic Revival of Germany, wishing it well and expressing the hope that it would succeed in bringing about a "spiritual rebirth" of the German people — a message that appears to have been accepted with deep gratitude.

A turncoat he seemed to me, lacking the guts that Thomas Mann and Heinrich Mann and so many other German writers had shown when the integrity of the German artist was at stake.

However, Becher said he thought there were extenuating circumstances in Hauptmann's favor. He had learned, he said, that for every concession the great playwright had made to the Nazis, he had courageously rejected eleven other demands to exploit him. Maybe so. It is easy, of course, for an American writer who has never been put to the test the Germans were, to take a high-minded position. But Mann's course does seem more honorable than Hauptmann's.

It occurred to me that among eighty million Germans there must have been a few young rebels who poured out their hearts in writing which would see the light of day when the Hitler evil perished. Had it not always been so in all countries in all such periods of suppression of the human spirit? I asked Becher about this. "You must have uncovered some interesting writing," I said.

His eyes glared at me. "That's what I thought too, when I returned," he said. "I was absolutely certain that many a young, unknown writer — as well as some of the older ones — would flood us with manuscripts kept in hiding during the repression. But I was wrong. Nothing, apparently, was written — by anyone."

We did not nearly finish our talk and agreed to meet soon for a further one.

9

Friday, November 9. — Today is the anniversary of Hitler's Munich Beer House Putsch — a day of great celebration in the Nazi time. How many endless speeches full of wind and lies have I heard Hitler give from the Bürgerbräukeller on this day. And I was here in Berlin, I remember, on November 9, 1939, when word came through that a bomb had gone off just after he and all the other bigwigs of the party had left the beer house at the end of the usual celebration and speech.

We correspondents always thought that Himmler set the bomb off — it killed seven of the lesser Nazi fry and wounded sixty-three others — to rally the Germans around the Führer and his war. Today one of the German editors in a local paper remarks that nothing more was ever heard of the poor chap, Georg Elser, by name, whom Himmler named as the man who planted the bomb on behalf of the British Intelligence Service. Well, the Germans will be hearing of what happened to him shortly, as soon as the German secret documents are made public at Nuremberg.

Just as we suspected, the Nazis did the job. And they made Elser, a carpenter by profession, the goat just as they had done with van der Lubbe in the Reichstag fire. The records show that Elser was confined to a concentration camp and treated exceptionally well, though kept separate from other prisoners. The Nazis had promised him 40,000 marks and release on the termination of the war. But of course it never would have done for the man to survive a *lost* war. So a month before the end Himmler ordered Elser "liquidated" immediately and decreed that an announcement be given the press that the hapless fellow had been killed in an Allied "terror attack" on Dachau. It does not surprise me.

Today was also the anniversary of the German "revolution" of 1918, when the Kaiser fled and the Germans sued for peace and the Socialists (there were no Communists then) took over power in Germany. A couple of editors try to draw the lesson from the failure of that "revolution" — the failure of the Socialists, who had the power, to appreciate it and use it. Instead, they called in the reactionaries and the men of the discredited Army — a false and stupid move which eventually paved the way to these ruins of the Third Reich, among which the Germans, in their dazed helplessness, now live.

Last night at dinner with an old friend, I had a long confab with one of the top Russian political advisers. I got the impression from him that the Soviet Union's policy for Germany was entirely clear: to treat Germany in such a manner that she would never again be strong enough to attack Russia.

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Afterward I sat up most of the night reading the diary of Count Lutz von Schwerin-Krosigk, the German Minister of Finance throughout the twelve years of the Nazi regime. Though he was, as I recall, a dull fellow, his notes of the last feverish days of the thousand-year Reich are strangely exciting. And how revealing! The fool believed, to the last minute, that the Pope, with the backing of American Catholics, might still save Germany, and that the Wehrmacht could team up with the British and American Armies to fight the Russians.

He discloses that he, Hitler, Goebbels, and the rest of the Nazi gangsters received the news of Roosevelt's death as though it were a gift from God, the very break they had been waiting for to enable them to snatch victory from defeat.

Schwerin-Krosigk was not originally a Nazi. A Rhodes scholar at Oxford before the First World War, a permanent official in the Finance Ministry after it, he had been Minister of Finance in the short-lived Papen government and had continued on under Hitler, apparently because he had a reputation as a financial expert and an honest man. I remember that Ambassador Dodd was impressed by him and seemed to consider him an anti-Nazi force in the Cabinet. Schwerin-Krosigk had the reputation of being a deeply religious man and was the father of an unusually large number of children — twelve, I believe. The morals of such Germans (the so-called "good Germans," so beloved at home), who did not start as Nazi gutterbums, come to light in his diary.

Schwerin-Krosigk became Foreign Minister under Dönitz, but a quick end was made of his silly illusions shortly afterward, when all the members of the absurd "Dönitz government" were arrested and jailed by Allied military authorities.

It may be, of course, that Schwerin-Krosigk is not such a fool as his diary seems to reveal. His hope — the hope of all the Nazi criminals that Germany may somehow be saved by a falling out between Russia and her Western allies — already does not seem so absurd as it did a few months ago. Well, if we and the Russians are as stupid as the Germans are counting on us to be, we *deserve* another German war, or, at least, to lose the peace.

10

Saturday, November 10. — Cold and raw today, and the Germans in their unheated homes, many still roofless, windowless, must be feeling it. Our military kicked the owner of our house out of the place today and hired a German worker to heat it with our meager coal ration. The house was much warmer.

Spent part of the day going over a batch of German newspapers. They, at least, have changed. The Russians, British, French, and Americans see to that. It seems incredible that the German people could have read their Nazi press with its bilge, its lies, its utter emptiness for twelve years. But some of the old Nazis are changing their colors pretty fast. Bumped into Hasendorff the other day. He was a very able assistant to Goebbels in the Propaganda Ministry, specializing on American affairs, when I was last here.

"I've fallen on my feet," he laughed when I told him I was surprised to see him even at large, considering his past.

"How come?" I said.

"I'm managing editor of the British-licensed daily newspaper here," he chuckled. His attitude seemed to be: if the British are stupid, why should I be?

His talk reminded me of a recent evening at John Scott's. Victor de Kowa, the theater producer, was there. I remembered him as having done very well in the theater business under the Nazis. Now, he said, the British had just given him two theaters to direct in the British section of Berlin.

"How come?" I had asked, hardly surprised any more.

"I was in the underground. Didn't you know it?" he said.

"No," I said. "What did you do in the underground?"

"Raised money," he said.

The girl with him was very beautiful. She spoke German, but I soon gathered from her accent that she was French. In fact, it came out that she was a French movie actress. She spoke of the pictures she had made in Berlin during the war. Now, she said, she was going back to Paris. The war was over, after all. It was — apparently even for the collaborators.

The French, who have been fairly tough on their own collaborators, puzzle me. The girl was small fry — though pretty. But Hasendorff says that the managing editor of a new French-licensed newspaper here, the *Kurier*, which will begin publishing next week, is one Vaudoin, the same individual who was, he adds, Vichy correspondent of the Berlin newspaper *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and an ardent Pétainist. Surely the French are not that stupid — assuming that Hasendorff is correct.

Howard and I again went to see Becher, who complained that his German cultural committee and its new publishing house find it difficult to

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make cultural contacts with the American Military Government. He says the British and the Russians have been most helpful. The Germans, he declares, are starving for foreign books and are especially anxious to fill the void of the last twelve years. They want to read again Hemingway and Steinbeck and Dos Passos and Sinclair Lewis and others. But AMG, he says, apparently hasn't heard of America's best writers.

It became clear that Becher and his crowd are really quite bitter at Thomas Mann for not rushing back to Germany. They are pretty sore at him for a letter he wrote to Walter von Molo, a minor German poet and a former president of the German Academy of Poetry, explaining why he wasn't going back to Germany.

What a commentary on German culture and character in our time, when the country's greatest living author has to become an American citizen, and has to tell his former countrymen that what they did to him in the past and what they failed to do as decent men and honest artists under the Nazis, does not make him feel much like returning! I am moved by the tragedy of this great estrangement between a German artist and the German people.

[Mann, as my diary notes indicate, was immediately attacked by a number of second- and third-rate German writers for sending this letter. He answered them in a broadcast to Germany over the BBC.]

MANN'S DEFENSE OF HIS STAND

I am ready to defend my stand before God, and posterity will call it reasonable.

It seems that one could give proof of egoism as much by remaining in Germany as by fleeing. I was far removed from the monumental callousness such as Richard Strauss manifested in an interview with American journalists for the amusement of the world. The devil's spawn that is National Socialism has taught me to hate — to hate for the first time in my life with a genuine, deep, inextinguishable, deadly hatred, a hatred which, I fancy in a mystical way, was not without influence on the course of events. From the very first day I have worked for the downfall of this evil, not only through my broadcasts to Germany, which were a single-minded, sincere appeal to the German people to rid themselves of it. And what do you believe was my purpose, among other things, in doing this? That I should return, as I am now being asked to do, now that it is too late?

To return home! For years, as a guest of Switzerland, I hoped for it, dreamed of it. How eagerly I accepted every sign that Germany had had its fill of degradation. How different it would have been if it had been given to Germany to liberate herself. If, between 1933 and 1939, the revolution of deliverance had broken out among you, do you think I would not have taken the very first train home?

This could not and did not happen. It was impossible — every German says so — and so I must believe it. I must believe that a highly cultured people of seventy million, under certain circumstances, can do nothing but accept for six years a regime of bloody savagery which is revolting to the depths of its soul, and then follow that regime into a war which the people recognizes as utter insanity. And that this same people, for six more years, does its utmost, strains all its inventive powers, courage, intelligence, love for discipline, military ability — in short, throws its entire strength into helping this regime to victory and thus to immortality. That is what had to be, and entreaties such as mine were utterly worthless.

"The blind," says the writer Frank Thiess, a member of the Inner Emigration, "would not listen, and the wise were always one step ahead of the spoken word" — at least, at the very end. That is how it was in Germany. In oppressed Europe and in the rest of the world, more than one tortured heart found solace in my superfluous talks, and so I have no regrets. But, however meaningless the "love's labor lost" of these appeals may have been for Germany, they cannot now be my compelling reason for returning.

"You have posed as a spiritual leader of the German people," so they say. "Well, now live among this people. Do not merely share their sufferings, but relieve them, and oppose the foreigners who are responsible for them."

But where is Germany? Where is it to be found, even only geographically? How can one return to a fatherland which does not even exist as a unit, to a country torn asunder into occupation zones, which hardly know each other? Should I go to the Russians, or to the French, or to the English, or to my new fellow citizens, the Americans, and ask for the protection of their bayonets against National Socialism, which is far from being buried and, even today, is hard at work at corrupting our soldiers? Should I, in the face of the impudence which is exhibited and which is unfortunately encouraged in certain quarters, protest against the sufferings of Germany and point out to the occupation powers the mistakes they commit in the treatment and administration of Germany?

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This is exactly what I cannot do. I was able to speak as a German to the Germans, and to warn them of the approaching Nemesis. But just because I am a German who feels deeply that everything *German is involved in the terrible national guilt*, I cannot feel free to criticize the policy of the victors, for my criticism would always be interpreted as being the expression of egocentric patriotism and of apathy towards the years of suffering imposed by Germany on other nations. One who has long ago been frightened by the mountains of hate which established themselves all around Germany, and who long ago, during sleepless nights, anticipated and tried to imagine the terrible way the inhuman acts of the Nazis and of their armies would one day backfire throughout Germany, cannot now wring his hands in patriotic horror at the actions of the Russians, Czechs, and Poles towards Germany. It is a mechanical and unavoidable reaction to the misdeeds committed, and for which a whole people is being punished, and in which individual justice, or the guilt or innocence of the individual, unfortunately is of no account.

It is far better to act from here to help Europe, to save German children from starving to death, than to agitate in Germany to soften the lot of the Germans — an agitation which might unwittingly promote German nationalism. For I am not a nationalist. You may forgive this or not, but I have suffered as much over the misery of the countries oppressed by Germany as I now do over German misfortune.

As far as my living abroad is concerned, the time granted to me by my country for this purpose has not only led me to accustom myself to it with resignation, but also to accept, with sincerity, the dictates of fate as being for the best. I have in the past impatiently awaited the opportunity to return home. I have just seen again a printed letter I wrote early in 1941 to a Hungarian friend, in which I said: "Exile has become something quite different from what it was in the past; it is no more a state of expectation, a concentration on return, but hints already at the dissolution of nations and the unification of the world." This is true. Everything national has long ago become provincial, and the atmosphere which is but the air of the fatherland has become prison air!

"Germany, Germany, and without Germany one must decay!" This is the call of those who never opened their mouths to warn of the coming catastrophe and therefore were allowed to remain in Germany in 1933. But this is a grave error. Living away from home has been good for me. I have taken with me my German heritage, I have not missed anything which the Germans experienced these past years, even though I was not in Munich when my house was destroyed. Grant to me my world Germanism which came naturally to me when I was still at home, and grant me my outpost of German culture which I hope to maintain honorably for the remaining years of my life.

[Thus a great German soul crying out in the terrible German wilderness. And the soul seared and sorrowed, but courageously facing the hideous fact of what has happened to his fellow countrymen, and the awful plight their collective crime against humanity has put them in. The American and British people, in the depths of their sentimentality and their ignorance, will try to forget the facts; and soon, I am afraid, the integrity of Thomas Mann will be but a small voice in the complacent Anglo-American wilderness.

[In his letter to Molo, Mann refers to a conductor who was sent abroad by the Nazis, to direct the music of Beethoven, as being "guilty of an obscene lie." He mentions no names, but he could mean Wilhelm Furtwängler, Germany's greatest symphony orchestra conductor, whose concern for art did not prevent him from serving the Nazis well. On December 17, 1946, nevertheless, Furtwängler was acquitted by a German denazification court in Berlin, and most Germans, it was evident, were greatly pleased with the verdict. Why not? Furtwängler's real crime was one that the frightened little denazification tribunal in Berlin did not even attempt to assess: lack of moral sense and integrity. Was that not the chief crime of the whole German people?

[Was that not what was wrong with the greatest composer of our time, Richard Strauss, whom Mann, in his broadcast, castigates for his "monumental callousness"? Here were Germany's two greatest artists in the art in which modern Germans were pre-eminent — music — (Walter Gieseking, the pianist, was a third) lending their world-wide reputations, their magnificent talents, their great names, to a barbarous German regime which was murdering and prostituting art and crucifying mankind, from which art springs.

[The writers who stayed on in Germany were no better than the musicians, though in literature, at least, the greatest figures (except for Hauptmann) — the brothers Mann, Hermann Hesse, Bert Brecht, Leonhard Frank, Fritz von Unruh, and others — had the guts to emigrate rather than to knuckle down to the inanities of Dr. Goebbels. In most cases, uprooted as they were, they were not

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able to write very much. But those who remained in Germany, the authors Mann refers to as the "Inner Emigration," produced nothing of worth — a frightening phenomenon. A few, like Ernst Weichert, once a rabid German nationalist, showed courage. He went to a concentration camp and now appears to be emerging as the most significant writer in Germany.

[On the stage and screen it was the same story. Gustav Gruendgens, perhaps Germany's most popular actor and director, who, during the Republic, had had left-wing sympathies and who had been a disciple of the great Max Reinhardt, became a darling of Göring and one of the titans of the Nazi theater. Werner Krauss, a sort of German Barrymore, became another. Gruendgens recently made a triumphal return to the Berlin stage, his prodigious services to the Nazis having been forgiven, if not forgotten. Only the other day the Berlin Actors' Association petitioned the Allied Kommandatura to permit Krauss to return to the stage.

[I suspect that Emil Jannings, most popular of German film actors, will be back in business soon too. After the German collapse innocent young American war correspondents sought him out at his picturesque villa on the Wolfgangsee near Salzburg, and fell easily for his pose that he, of course, had been anti-Nazi all along. Even Klaus Mann, son of Thomas Mann, who should have known better, was taken in by Jannings when, as a soldier-correspondent for *Stars and Stripes*, he went to see the famous actor. Jannings told Mann of how he had been persecuted by the Nazis and of what a good liberal democrat he had always been at heart. Later, after further evidence of Jannings's kowtowing to Goebbels had come in, Mann changed his mind. I myself, especially during the first year and a half of the war, had seen Jannings gloating in the company of the Nazi bigwigs, had been disgusted by his taking the leading role in the Nazi propaganda war film *Ohm Krueger* and by his boasting of how he liked this ridiculous movie of the Boer War, and, finally, I had noted in the Nazi press a little item announcing that Jannings had been made head of a big Nazi film company — a most lucrative post.

[Germany's artists under the Nazis had been as lacking in personal guts and integrity as other Germans. The fact that the Germans demanded the return to the limelight of their artists who had served Hitler's barbarism so well is merely further proof that the German people, at heart, have not changed, have not reformed. There will always be a Germany, I guess, and, in our lifetime at least, it will always be the same.]

11

Sunday, November 11. — Armistice Day, and cold, gray, and drizzly. This morning the Russians unveiled their mammoth monument in the Tiergarten commemorating the men of the Red Army killed in the Battle of Berlin. You could almost hear Hitler's Bolshevik-hating bones rattling in the grave.

Field Marshal Montgomery called the correspondents to his villa. His mind seemed to be preoccupied with another battle. He kept talking about the "Battle of Winter." "'Twill be a tough winter for the Germans," he said. Something must be done to get them more food and heat. Everyone here agrees that the Allies must not let Germans starve or freeze. We Americans are now furnishing the Germans one third of their food supplies. This morning I noticed in the corner grocery store sacks of flour piled up to the roof. They were all stamped: "Buffalo, U.S.A."

What stumps me, though, is that the Allies don't seem to give a damn about the liberated people, who also are cold and hungry, after having been deliberately starved (and frozen) by the German government for years. Shouldn't we help *them* first? According to UNRRA, the liberated peoples will get this winter 300 fewer calories a day, on an average, than we provide for the Germans.

Yet only the other day there were shocking outbursts in the House of Commons, especially from my Labor friends, protesting about the Allied failure to give the Germans more food. No wonder that Jan Christiaan Smuts was moved to say recently: "You see today a ruined Europe. If tomorrow you hear of suffering, disease, starvation, and death on a large scale unknown before in time of peace, remember that that was, in the first place, the curse of Hitler and, in the second place, the dreadful responsibility of the German people who allowed such a monster to become their master. The dreadful responsibility rests on us to do all we can to save what can still be saved. But do not forget where the chief responsibility lies."

But we are forgetting.

I said to a German woman the other day, "It must be nice to have white bread again after that sawdust you got from the Nazis during the war."

"Nice? I find it tasteless," she said. "Why don't the Americans give us nice brown bread?"

After Montgomery's remarks my mind kept going back to a little item in yesterday's Berlin newspapers. It came from Czechoslovakia. It was about that former little Czech town, Lidice. Almost for-

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gotten now, isn't it? How the Nazi gangsters erased it from the face of the earth and murdered the entire male population above the age of fifteen.

What ever happened to the women and children? The women, the newspapers now divulge, were shipped to a concentration camp at Ravensbrück.

And their children? The papers say they were torn from their mothers by the Gestapo and scattered around, nameless, in Germany. There were ninety-three of them. *Not a one of them has been found to this day.* That's what the little piece in the local papers was about. It was a pitiful appeal from the mothers of Lidice to the German people to help locate their children and send them home.

I've been wondering since I came here how many of the 540,000 Jews that lived in Germany when the Nazis came to power in 1933 are still alive. I can't get the figures for today, but I have found the Nazi government's own figure for a year ago. On July 1, 1944, there were 20,000 Jews left in Germany — 20,000 out of 540,000. Hitler thus failed by only 4 per cent to make good his boast of wiping them all out.

Which reminds me of another item in the local press. It tells of the testimony of a fifteen-year-old German lad, the son of the former SS Commander of the Mauthausen concentration camp. Questioned about his father, the boy said: "For my birthday, my father put forty inmates at my disposal to teach me how to shoot. I took shots at them until they were all lying dead. Otherwise, I have nothing to report about my father."

After my recording today, Howard and I went out to see Friedrich Wolf, the anti-Nazi German playwright and author of the play *Professor Mamlock*. We found him at the home of Fritz Wisten, a Jewish *régisseur*. Wisten is a bit puzzled that none of the Allies will give him a theater, though the British have given de Kowa two, despite his having done well under the Nazis. We found the two hungry for news — especially literary and theater news — from the outside world.

12

Monday, November 12. — I have had several talks here with American economic and financial experts, and had better put some of their amazing revelations down.

In the first place, the bomb damage to Germany's industrial plant is not nearly so great as it looks, or as we were all led to believe by the British and American air forces. In fact, our people state flatly that German industry is virtually intact, and that, if left to her own devices, Germany could — in five years — make herself stronger industrially than she was when she marched off to war in 1939. The Allied bombers, it develops, did not *destroy* the German industrial plant. They merely curtailed production temporarily in a number of key industries — above all, aircraft and synthetic oil. Actually, at the very moment that Allied bombing approached its peak, in the latter part of 1944, German production was higher than it had ever been in history. Today, according to our experts, most of the big German plants could get back to normal production with very little repairing.

For example, one single I. G. Farben plant, with a capacity for producing nearly as much dye annually as all the chemical works in the United States put together, is completely intact. It didn't even suffer a broken window. It could start full operations tomorrow.

Almost all the iron and steel furnaces of Germany are either in a position to start producing immediately or could be put into operation in a short time after minor repairs. It is this industry which is the basis of a warmaking machine. Its capacity of some 25 million tons of steel a year is easily five times what Germany could consume for peaceful uses.

Here are some facts about the state of other German industries that most of us in America thought had been destroyed by the Anglo-American bombing: —

Coal-tar by-products. These include hundreds of materials used in warfare (explosives, for example). Germany's production in this field, the world's greatest, has scarcely been affected by the bombing.

Nitrogen. Germany produced about half the world's output. It could so do again, after a little repair work.

Oil. At the height of the war Germany was manufacturing 5½ million tons of synthetic oil per year. Our bombers put out of action a number of the plants producing it, but most of them can be repaired, and normal production restored, in a short time.

Aluminum. If allowed to, Germany can produce 250,000 tons a year, compared to 40,000 tons in 1933, the year Hitler came into power.

Machine tools. Production of these, as everybody knows, is the key to all great modern war machines. In 1939, Germany surpassed every other great power, including the United States, in its supply of machine tools and its capacity to manufacture them. Today, despite some bomb damage suffered by the industry, Germany has more than 4 million tons of machine tools on hand and a vast undamaged plant to produce more.

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It is plain, therefore, that unless the Allies do something about it, Germany, in five years, can become again a great military power, able to produce more deadly machines of war than she turned out for a war which almost destroyed the rest of the world. It will not solve the problem to propose, as many more or less innocent souls in Britain and America do, that this great German industrial plant be put back to work to produce for the prosperity of Europe. That is, it will not do if you leave the control of this vast plant in German hands. For if you do, you automatically guarantee Germany's military power.

My own feeling is that some of the plant should be removed to the liberated lands as compensation for the destruction visited upon them by the Nazis. As for the heart of German industry, which lies in the Ruhr and Rhineland, this should be placed under permanent international control, and its superb production facilities should be made to work not only for the Germans but for all Europe. We should never again allow it to become the basis of Germany's ability to wage gigantic wars.

[Speaking at Stuttgart, Germany, on September 6, 1946, James F. Byrnes, then Secretary of State, declared that the United States favored giving the control of the Ruhr and Rhineland back to the Germans. His reasoning, it seems to me, bordered on the ridiculous. He said: "So far as the United States is aware the people of the Ruhr and the Rhineland desire to remain united with the rest of Germany. And the United States is not going to oppose their desire." To allow the inhabitants of the Ruhr and the Rhineland to decide this all-important problem of European and world peace would be sheer lunacy.]

I wish I had the time to get down here some of the fantastic tales our economic and financial experts tell: of American businessmen suddenly turning up in Army uniform to reclaim their factories or acquire new ones; of AMG officers sabotaging the job of getting the Nazis out of the Big Business posts in Württemberg. They tell of a certain American Lieutenant Colonel who stoutly declares that our official denazification policy will drive the Germans to Communism, and who therefore opposes our denazification whenever he can.

The story of I. G. Farben, the world's greatest chemical trust, which not only furnished Hitler with the materials to make war but which carried on a gigantic economic and political warfare against the rest of the world, is gradually being ferreted out by our American investigators. It would make a fascinating book but is too vast a story even to attempt to summarize here.

Perhaps it is too strong stuff to be published at home, for I. G. Farben had many connections with big American corporations, and, according to the evidence so far uncovered (including the testimony of various I. G. directors), made monkeys out of some of our leading businessmen. It obtained from the latter some of the most vital secret processes for such essentials to modern war as lead tetraethyl, while at the same time it refused, on the advice of the Wehrmacht, to give us in return some of *its* secrets, such as the buna process for making synthetic rubber — a product which was to become a life-and-death matter for our country in 1941.

Tuesday, November 13. — Lunch with Bob Murphy in a very charming villa he has taken over. Somehow, we never got around to talking much about what is going on here. Afterward, a long talk with General Lucius Clay, deputy military governor, a most competent administrator. His latest headache, he said, was the refusal of the French to set up a central German administration in Berlin. He has many other headaches, of course.

The magnificent American Army which landed on the Normandy beaches and swept to the Elbe in less than a year is deteriorating at a frightening pace. Officers and men have but one thought: to get back home. Those who stay are pretty inferior. They know nothing of Germany or the Germans and they are not fit to govern our zone. Too many of them have already been taken in by German propaganda. Few of them have the faintest idea of what Nazism is. Most of them therefore are either opposed to denazification — even though it is a military order which they are supposed to carry out — or are uninterested in doing anything about it. Their passion for creature comforts is tremendous. They think of little else.

Afterward at X's, perused a somewhat startling document. The British had proposed a list of suitable Germans for responsible positions in the information setup of the planned central German authority. This group will be largely responsible for the future of the German press, the theater, movies, music, art in the new Reich. The British had proposed some fifty German names, and my American friends had been assigned to check up on them. The first forty-nine were all members of the Nazi Party!

I've found Hilda, who saved my neck on many an occasion when I was here during the war. Though as Aryan as they come, she had fallen in love with a Jew who escaped to a neighboring country. When it was overrun by the Germans, she gave him up for dead. I have promised to try to find out for her if the man is alive, as soon as I

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get out of Germany. It was good to see her again and to be reminded that there are Germans of noble character, capable of every sacrifice for fellow human beings, able to distinguish evil when they see it, and brimming with courage. She had sustained me at many moments when hope seemed lost. She had fantastic tales to tell of life in Berlin after I left.

13

Wednesday, November 14. — Here in the ruins of the capital of the conquered Reich one can see the end of the road to war which Hitler took. But how did it begin? How did he proceed? Was there a thought of turning back? A chance? Did he, from the start, know his goal and realize that war — war against the world — was the only means of attaining it?

This day, I believe, I have found the complete answers to such questions. History can no longer have any doubts. For the Germans, with true Teutonic thoroughness, wrote everything down and now we have captured their secret archives — some 1400 tons of them, at least. I have spent some time the last few days wading through those that tell the story of Germany's road to war. They would fill several volumes.

On September 30, 1934, a year and a half after Hitler came to power, Dr. Schacht submitted to Hitler a secret "Report on the State of Preparation for War-Economic Mobilization." Schacht, as Minister of Economy, was enthusiastic and realistic about his job. Eight months later, on May 3, 1935, he wrote another memo to the Führer. "The execution of the armament program," he said, "is, by its speed and extent, *the* mission of German policy and everything else must be subordinated to this purpose."

On November 5, 1937, Hitler called to the Reich Chancellery in Berlin his top military men: Field Marshal von Blomberg, the Minister of War; Colonel General von Fritsch, Commander-in-Chief of the Army; Admiral Dr. Raeder, Commander-in-Chief of the Navy; Colonel General Göring, Commander-in-Chief of the Air Force; and von Neurath, the Foreign Minister. Colonel Hossbach, Hitler's aide, was also present and drew up the minutes of the meeting.

Those minutes I have just now read. They show that after Hitler had harangued his leading military and political advisers for four hours and fifteen minutes — from 4.15 P.M. to 8.30 P.M. — they could have had no more doubts that he had chosen irrevocably the road to war. Hitler himself considered his statement so important, Hossbach noted, that he requested it to "be looked upon in the case of his death as his last will and testament."

Here is the remarkable transcript of the speech, from which only nonessential details have been omitted for the sake of brevity: —

HITLER'S ADDRESS

The aim of German policy is the security and the preservation of the nation and its propagation. This is consequently a problem of space. . . . The German future is therefore dependent exclusively on the solution of the need for living space. Such a solution can be sought naturally only for a limited period, about one to three generations.

Before touching upon the question of solving the need for living space, it must be decided whether a solution of the German position with a good future can be attained, either by way of an autarchy or by way of an increased share in universal commerce and industry.

Autarchy. Execution will be possible only with strict National Socialist State policy, which is the basis. Assuming this can be achieved, the results are as follows: —

A. In the sphere of raw materials, only limited, not total, autarchy can be attained. . . .

B. In the case of foods, the question of an autarchy must be answered with a definite No. . . .

Consequently autarchy becomes impossible, specifically in the sphere of food supplies as well as generally.

Participation in world economy. There are limits to this which we are unable to transgress. The market fluctuations would be an obstacle to a secure foundation of the German position; international commercial agreements do not offer any guarantee for practical execution. . . . We live in a period of economic empires, in which the tendency to colonize approaches the condition which originally motivated colonization. In Japan and Italy economic motives are the basis of their will to expand; the economic need will also drive Germany to it. . . .

The only way out, and one which may appear imaginary, is the securing of greater living space, an endeavor which at all times has been the cause of the formation of states and of movements of nations. It is explicable that this tendency finds no interest in Geneva and in satisfied states. Should the security of our food position be our foremost thought, then the space required for this can only be sought in Europe, but we will not copy liberal capitalist policies which rely on exploiting colonies.

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It is not a case of conquering people, but of conquering agriculturally useful space.

It would also be more to the purpose to seek raw material producing territory in Europe directly adjoining the Reich and not overseas, and this solution would have to be brought into effect in one or two generations. What would be required at a later date over and above this must be left to subsequent generations. The development of great world-wide national bodies is naturally a slow process, and the German people, with its strong racial root, has for this purpose the most favorable foundations in the heart of the European Continent. The history of all times — Roman Empire, British Empire — has proved that every space expansion can only be effected by breaking resistance and taking risks. Even setbacks are unavoidable. Neither formerly nor today has space been found without an owner; the attacker always comes up against the proprietor.

*The question for Germany is where the greatest possible conquest could be made at lowest cost.**

German politics must reckon with its two hateful enemies, England and France, to whom a strong German colossus in the center of Europe would be intolerable. Both these states would oppose a further reinforcement of Germany, both in Europe and overseas, and in this opposition they would have the support of all parties. Both countries would view the building of German military strong points overseas as a threat to their overseas communications, as a security measure for German commerce, and, retrospectively, a strengthening of the German position in Europe.

England is not in a position to cede any of her colonial possessions to us owing to the resistance which she experiences in the Dominions. After the loss of prestige which England has suffered owing to the transfer of Abyssinia to Italian ownership, a return of East Africa can no longer be expected. Any resilience on England's part would at best consist in the readiness to satisfy our colonial claims by taking away colonies which at present are not in British hands — for example, Angola. French favors would probably be of the same nature.

A serious discussion regarding the return of colonies to us could be considered only at a time when England is in a state of emergency and the German Reich is strong and well armed. The Führer does not share the opinion that the Empire is unshakable. Resistance against the Empire is to be found less in conquered territories than amongst its competitors. The British Empire and the Roman Empire cannot be compared with one another in regard to durability; after the Punic Wars the latter did not have a serious political enemy. Only the dissolving effects which originated in Christendom, and the signs of age which creep into all states, made it possible for the ancient Germans to subjugate ancient Rome.

Alongside the British Empire today, there exist a number of states which are stronger than it. The British mother country is able to defend its colonial possessions only allied with other states and not by its own power. How could England alone, for example, defend Canada against an attack by America, or its Far Eastern interests against an attack by Japan?

The singling out of the British Crown as the bearer of Empire unity is in itself an admission that the universal empire cannot be maintained permanently by power politics. The following are significant pointers in this respect.

A. Ireland's tendency for independence.

B. Constitutional disputes in India, where England, by her half-measures, left the door open for Indians at a later date to utilize the nonfulfillment of constitutional promises as a weapon against Britain.

C. The weakening of the British position in the Far East by Japan.

D. The opposition in the Mediterranean to Italy, which — by virtue of its history, driven by necessity and led by genius — expands its power position and must consequently infringe British interests to an increasing extent. The outcome of the Abyssinian War is a loss of prestige for Britain which Italy is endeavoring to increase by stirring up discontent in the Mohammedan world.

It must be established, in conclusion, that the Empire cannot be held permanently by power politics by 45 million Britons, in spite of all the solidity of her ideals. The proportion of the populations in the Empire, compared with that of the motherland, is 9:1, and it should act as a warning to us that if we expand in space, we must not allow the level of our population to become too low.

France's position is more favorable than that of England. The French Empire is better placed geographically; the population of its colonial possessions represents a potential military increase. But France is faced with difficulties of internal politics. At the present time only 10 per cent, approximately, of the nations have parliamentary governments, whereas 90 per cent of them have totalitarian governments. Nevertheless we have to take the following into our political considerations as power factors: —

* Except as noted, italics in this report are mine. — W.L.S.

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Britain, France, Russia, and the adjoining smaller states.

The German question can be solved only by way of force, and this is never without risk. The battles of Frederick the Great for Silesia, and Bismarck's wars against Austria and France, had been a tremendous risk, and the speed of Prussian action in 1870 had prevented Austria from participating in the war. If we place the decision to apply force with risk at the head of the following expositions, then we are left to reply to the questions when and how. In this regard we have to decide upon three different cases.

Case 1. *Period 1943–1945.* After this we can only expect a change for the worse. The rearming of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force, as well as the formation of the Officers' Corps, is practically concluded. Our material equipment and armaments are modern; with further delay, the danger of their becoming out-of-date will increase. In particular the secrecy of "special weapons" cannot always be safeguarded. Enlistment of reserves would be limited to the current recruiting age groups, and an addition from older untrained groups would be no longer available.

In comparison with the rearmament, which will have been carried out at that time by the other nations, we shall decrease in relative power. Should we not act until 1943–1945, then, depending on the amount of reserves, any year could bring about the food crisis, for the countering of which we do not possess the necessary foreign currency. This must be considered as a "point of weakness in the regime." Over and above that, the world will anticipate our action and will increase countermeasures yearly. While other nations isolate themselves we should be forced on the offensive.

What the actual position would be in the years 1943–1945 no one knows today. It is certain, however, that we can wait no longer.

On the one side the large armed forces, with the necessity for securing their upkeep, the aging of the Nazi movement and of its leaders, and on the other side the prospect of a lowering of the standard of living and a drop in the birth rate, leave us no other choice than to act. If the Führer is still living, then it will be his irrevocable decision to solve the German space problem no later than 1943–1945. The necessity for action before 1943–1945 will come under consideration in Cases 2 and 3.

Case 2. Should the social tensions in France lead to an internal crisis of such dimensions that it absorbs the Army and renders it incapable for employment in war against Germany, then the time for action against Czechoslovakia has come.

Case 3. It would be equally possible to act against Czechoslovakia if France should be so tied up, by a war against another state, that it cannot "proceed" against Germany.

For the improvement of our military and political position it must be our first aim, in every case of entanglement by war, to conquer Czechoslovakia and Austria simultaneously, in order to remove any threat from the flanks in case of a possible advance westwards. In the case of a conflict with France it would hardly be necessary to assume that Czechoslovakia would declare war on the same day as France. However, Czechoslovakia's desire to participate in the war will increase proportionally to the degree to which we are being weakened. Its actual participation could make itself felt by an attack on Silesia, either towards the north or the west.

Once Czechoslovakia is conquered — and a mutual frontier, Germany-Hungary is obtained — then a neutral attitude by Poland in a German-French conflict could more easily be relied upon. Our agreements with Poland remain valid only as long as Germany's strength remains unshakable; should Germany have any setbacks, then an attack by Poland against East Prussia, perhaps also against Pomerania and Silesia, must be taken into account.

Assuming a development of the situation, which would lead to a planned attack on our part in the years 1943–1945, then the behavior of France, Poland, and Russia would probably have to be judged in the following manner.

The Führer believes personally that in all probability England and perhaps also France have already silently written off Czechoslovakia, and that they have got used to the idea that this question would one day be cleaned up by Germany. The difficulties in the British Empire and the prospect of being entangled in another long-drawn-out European war would be decisive factors in the nonparticipation of England in a war against Germany. The British attitude would certainly not remain without influence on France's attitude. An attack by France without British support is hardly probable, assuming that its offensive would stagnate along our western fortifications. Without England's support, it would also not be necessary to take into consideration a march by France through Belgium and Holland, and this would also not have to be reckoned with by us in case of a conflict with France, as in every case it would have as consequence the enmity of Great Britain.

Naturally, we should in every case have to bar our frontier during the operation of our attacks

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against Czechoslovakia and Austria. It must be taken into consideration here that Czechoslovakia's defense measures will increase in strength from year to year, and that a consolidation of the inside values of the Austrian Army will also be effected in the course of years. Although the population of Czechoslovakia, in the first place, is not a thin one, the embodiment of Czechoslovakia and Austria would nevertheless constitute the conquest of food for 5 to 6 million people, on the basis that a compulsory emigration of 2 million from Czechoslovakia and of 1 million from Austria could be carried out. The annexation of the two states to Germany militarily and politically would constitute a considerable relief, owing to shorter and better frontiers, the freeing of fighting personnel for other purposes, and the possibility of reconstituting the new armies up to a strength of about 12 divisions, representing a new division per 1 million population.

No opposition to the removal of Czechoslovakia is expected on the part of Italy. However, it cannot be judged today what would be her attitude in the Austrian question, since it would depend largely on whether the Duce were alive at this time or not.

The measure and speed of our action would decide Poland's attitude. Poland will have little inclination to enter the war against a victorious Germany, with Russia in its rear.

Military participation by Russia must be countered by the speed of our operations; it is a question whether this need be taken into consideration at all in view of Japan's attitude.

Should Case 2 occur — paralyzation of France by a civil war — then the situation should be utilized *at any time* [Hitler's italics] for operations against Czechoslovakia, as Germany's most dangerous enemy would be eliminated.

The Führer sees Case 3 looming nearer; it could develop from the existing tensions in the Mediterranean, and should it occur, he has firmly decided to make use of it any time, perhaps even as early as 1938.

Following recent experiences in the course of the events of the war in Spain, the Führer does not see an early end to hostilities there. Taking into consideration the time required for past offensives by Franco, a further three years' duration of war is within the bounds of possibility. On the other hand, from the German point of view a 100 per cent victory by Franco is not desirable; we are more interested in a continuation of the war and the preservation of the tensions in the Mediterranean. Should Franco be in sole possession of the Spanish Peninsula it would mean the end of Italian intervention and the presence of Italy on the Balearic Isles. As our interests are directed toward continuing the war in Spain, it must be the task of our future policy to strengthen Italy in her fight to hold on to the Balearic Isles. However, a solidification of Italian positions on the Balearic Isles cannot be tolerated either by France or by England and could lead to a war by France and England against Italy, in which case Spain, if entirely in white (that is, Franco's) hands, could participate on the side of Italy's enemies. A subjugation of Italy in such a war appears very unlikely. Additional raw materials could be brought to Italy via Germany. The Führer believes that Italy's military strategy would be to remain on the defensive against France on the western frontier and carry out operations against France from Libya against French colonial possessions in North Africa.

A landing of French-British troops on the Italian coast can be discounted, and a French offensive via the Alps to Upper Italy would be extremely difficult and would probably stagnate before the strong Italian fortifications. Attacks on the French lines of communication by the Italian fleet will to a great extent paralyze the transport of fighting personnel from North Africa to France, so that at its frontiers with Italy and Germany, France will have at its disposal solely the metropolitan fighting forces.

If Germany profits from this war by disposing of the Czechoslovakian and the Austrian questions, the probability must be assumed that England — being at war with Italy — would not decide to commence operations against Germany. Without British support a warlike action by France against Germany is not to be anticipated.

The date of our attack on Czechoslovakia and Austria must be made dependent on the course of the Italian-English-French war, and would not be simultaneous with the commencement of military agreements with Italy but completely independent. And by exploiting this unique favorable opportunity, the Führer wishes to begin to carry out operations against Czechoslovakia. The attack on Czechoslovakia would have to take place with the "speed of lightning" [*blitzartig schnell*].

Feldmarschall von Blomberg and Generaloberst von Fritsch, in giving their estimate on the situation, repeatedly pointed out that England and France must not appear as our enemies, and they stated that the war with Italy would not bind the French Army to such an extent that it would not be in a position to commence operations on our western frontier with superior forces. General-

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oberst von Fritsch estimated the French forces that would presumably be employed on the Alpine frontier against Italy to be in the region of 20 divisions, so that a strong French superiority would still remain on our western frontier. The French would, according to German reasoning, attempt to advance into the Rhineland.

We should consider the lead which France has got in mobilization; and quite apart from the very small value of our then existing fortifications — which was pointed out particularly by Generalfeldmarschall von Blomberg — the four motorized divisions which had been laid down for the West would be more or less incapable of movement. With regard to our offensive in a southeasterly direction, Feldmarschall von Blomberg draws special attention to the strength of the Czechoslovakian fortifications, the building of which had assumed the character of a Maginot Line and which would present extreme difficulties to our attack.

Generaloberst von Fritsch mentioned that it was the purpose of a study which he had laid out for this winter to investigate the possibilities of carrying out operations against Czechoslovakia with special consideration of the conquest of the Czechoslovakian system of fortifications; the Generaloberst also stated that, owing to the prevailing conditions, he would have to relinquish his leave abroad, which was to begin on November 10. This intention was countermanded by the Führer, who gave as a reason that the possibility of the conflict was not to be regarded as being so imminent. In reply to the remark, by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, that an Italian-English-French conflict was not as near as the Führer appeared to assume, the Führer stated that the date which appeared to him to be a possibility was summer, 1938. In reply to statements by Generalfeldmarschall von Blomberg and Generaloberst von Fritsch regarding England's and France's attitude, the Führer repeated his previous statements and said that he was convinced of Britain's nonparticipation and that, consequently, he did not believe in military action by France against Germany. Should the Mediterranean conflict mentioned lead to a general mobilization in Europe, then we should have to commence operations against Czechoslovakia immediately. If, however, the powers who are not participating in the war should declare their disinterestedness, then Germany would, for the time being, have to side with this attitude.

In view of the information given by the Führer, Generaloberst Göring considered it imperative to think of a reduction or abandonment of our military undertaking in Spain. The Führer agreed to this in so far as he believed this decision should be postponed for a suitable date.

The second part of the discussion concerned material armament questions.

(*signed*) HOSSBACH

Thus, for Hitler's Germany (and for the world, though the world didn't know it), the die was cast. Germany would go to war for additional "living space." To wait much longer would be to her disadvantage. Perhaps war would come in the following summer of 1938. It could not come "later than 1943–1945."

We pass over Hitler's plans for war against Austria and Czechoslovakia. Both countries fell without a war, though in each case Hitler was determined to take them even if it meant a European armed conflict. We must revise our judgment that Munich was a bluff. It was not. Hitler *preferred* to begin his war then.

We come, then, to the fateful year of 1939. On March 15, the Germans had seized the rest of Czechoslovakia. At Easter, Poland feared it might momentarily be the next victim. On May 23, Hitler again convoked his generals and admirals to the Reich Chancellery. Poland would be attacked "at the first suitable opportunity," he announced. And this time he warned his followers there would be war.

(*To be concluded*)

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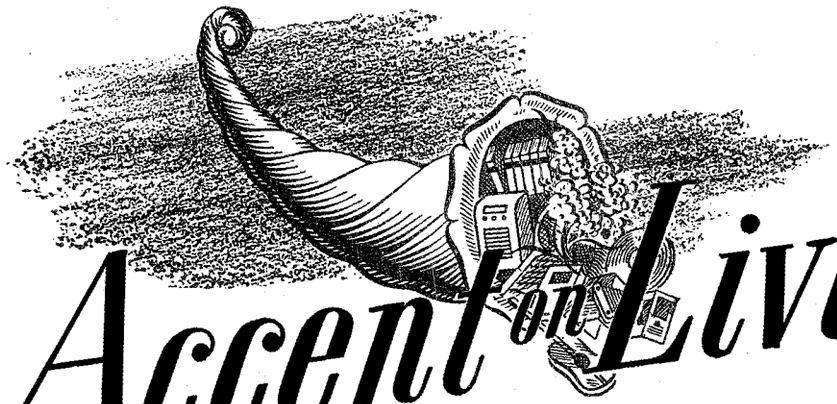
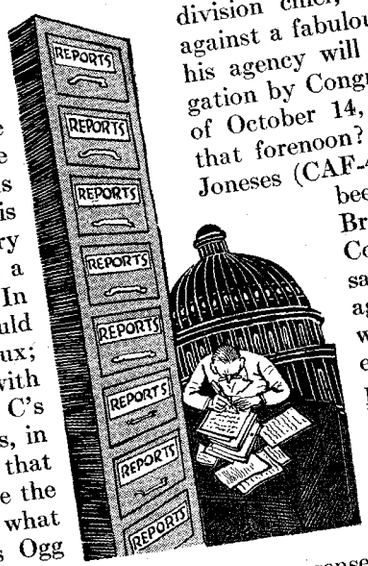


Accent on Living

This Month

Elizabeth Ogg's "Trial by House Party" (page 108) makes me wonder what becomes of the new civil servants once they have met the ingenious tests which she describes. The British method ought to produce, at the hiring stage, a first-rate public official. (I blush to use so crass a word as "hiring," when approved government terminology prescribes "recruitment of personnel," but not even Washington could ever persuade some of the state officials in New England to call it anything but "hiring help.") Then what? True, the candidates are weighed in a delicate balance; the initiative of Aspirant A is found to dwarf Aspirant B's; Mr. C is lacking in small talk, yet his mastery of Swahili is compelling. But B has a rich wife, and A knows no French. In the ordinary course of events, A would find himself stamping visas in Bordeaux; B's wife would accompany him, with her jewels and furs, to Monrovia; C's Swahili would turn up, of all places, in Rockefeller Center. I don't doubt that "trial by house party" will disclose the square pegs and the round. But what we have yet to hear from Miss Ogg concerns the house party for Cabinet Members and Permanent Under Secretaries, to work out the subsequent casting job.



The niceties of appointment are all very well for the British, but the classified civil service of the United States government is something else again. We have all heard, of course, of the terrifying strictures of our State Department: the worldly-wise examiners watching to see what the young candidate does with his cigarette butt in the absence of an ash tray; the would-be consul who did not realize that Brahms never wrote a Fifth Symphony; the woeful shirt-tie combination or the brown shoes which flunked still another in his orals. But these are the refinements of the foreign service, not related to the general run of administrative and professional people — another forbidden word — in our Federal agencies. It is not the method of appointing this last and larger group, but the peculiar climate of their employment, which calls for sympathetic inquiry.

The Federal civil servant — bureau director, division chief, office manager — lives and works against a fabulous Day of Reckoning. On that day his agency will undergo a top to bottom investigation by Congress. Where was Jones on the night of October 14, 1937? What had he done during that forenoon? Why not? If the agency has 426 Joneses (CAF-4, $2394–2845), would not 310 have been sufficient? What about Smith? Brown? The Day of Reckoning may find Congress impatient with Joneses or crusading against CAF-4's in general. The agency will have to show up with a wagonload of documents to prove the essentiality of Jones and that the whole program would crack up with anything less than 425 other Joneses (CAF-4).

Congress is capricious and none may foresee its fancies. The agency has to get money from Congress every year. It must be prepared for the worst. Common sense thus dictates that the agency shall ask for twice what it needs and 50 per cent more than it expects to get. If things work out happily, the Bureau of the Budget will make a dutiful cut, the House and Senate Committees will achieve a sense of well-being by doing the same, and the agency will get its money. On this basis, the most embarrassing thing of all is for the agency to end the year with an unexpended balance. That makes everyone blush, especially the Congressman who finds that he has ladled out more public funds than even a crazed

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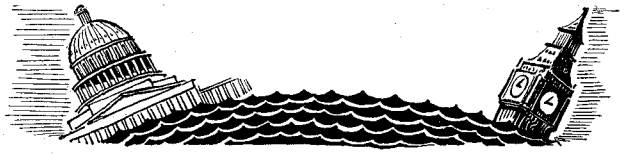
bureaucrat could squander. Just wait until the Congressman has a crack at those 426 CAF-4's next year!

Thus, everything that the agency does is indispensable. Every penny is hard at work. The agency can prove it — indeed it lives in a perpetual state of proof. If Jones has to write ten letters of a forenoon, he must write a report by way of proving that he did so and why. A supervisor must read the report. Farther up the line, the reports — 426 of them — must be analyzed and collated. Ultimately, if any Congressman were to doubt that Jones really wrote the ten letters, the agency would confront him with Exhibit 8735, six inches thick, and flabbergast him.

There are two major flaws in the operation: Jones must spend half his time at the job he was hired to fill and the other half writing reports to prove that he filled it; the Day of Reckoning, against which these reports are piled so high, never comes. The Congressman knows the reports are there, were he green enough to ask for them. As a system, I doubt that even the selectees of a British house party could prevail against it.

C. W. M.



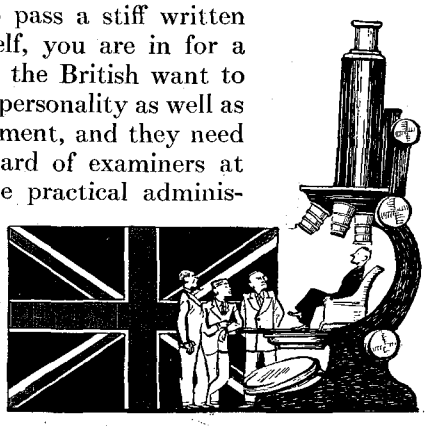
FACTS

Trial by House Party

By **ELIZABETH OGG**

In the beautiful old Manor House at Stoke d'Abernon, Surrey, a novel experiment has been going on since the end of the European war. Here, in groups of twenty-four, come young men and women, aged twenty-one to thirty, who aspire to be permanent administrators in the British civil service. They are the guests of the British government at a two-day house party.

But this is a house party with a difference. To get an invitation, you have to pass a stiff written exam. Then, at the party itself, you are in for a grueling inspection. Nowadays the British want to recruit people who are fitted by personality as well as academic knowledge for government, and they need such people in a hurry. A board of examiners at the Manor House throws some practical administrative problems at you and watches you at work. They write a detailed report of their findings. This goes to a final selection board, which, after an interview, decides your fate.



On arrival in midmorning, everybody becomes anonymous. You receive two placards bearing your number, which you pin on back and front. Thereafter you're addressed by number, not by name. Candidates are then photographed for identification and divided into groups of eight — two or three women usually in each group. To each group are assigned three examiners — a chairman, an observer, and a psychologist. The grouping remains constant throughout the party.

The opening session in the paneled dining room is to let you know what it's all about. You're bluntly told that the examiners are not interested in whether you eat peas with a knife or have a fund of small talk. The purpose of the house party is to accumulate as much information as possible about you as a human being, much as a court of inquiry accumulates evidence. The more evidence, the more likelihood of a just decision.

You're told also when you'll be on parade and when off. Meals are off parade. At first examiners and examinees lunched and dined together, and the fine-toothed appraisal continued without let-up until the candidates fell exhausted into bed at night. The trouble was it wore the examiners out too, so now they relax at meals and mingle with their victims only over midmorning coffee.

Background information is supplied by personal-history blanks which candidates are asked to fill out. Aside from the usual data, here are some sample items: Write two brief critiques of yourself, one by a penetrating critic, the other by an appreciative friend. List your leisure activities during the last twelve months; indicate six in which you have been especially interested, and others in which you *would* be interested if you had the opportunity. Name three or four serious subjects and two lighter topics, such as travel or sport, on which you could give a ten-minute talk on twenty minutes' notice. Give two propositions you are prepared to defend in debate. Have you ever published anything? If not, and if you did write, on what subjects would you write? List the books you have read during the past five years. (This one is tough on ex-servicemen, for obvious reasons, but it's almost as hard for well-read civilians.)

A two-hour session after lunch concentrates on your psychological make-up. General knowledge, intelligence, aptitude, and word-association tests of the type now familiar to every American draftee are clocked in rapid succession. In the last test, five

Born and educated in England, ELIZABETH OGG is now an American citizen. She was formerly an editor on the staff of the Foreign Policy Association, and during the war worked for the Office of War Information.

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lantern slides of simple scenes are shown for thirty seconds apiece, and you have two and one-half minutes to write a story framework for each.

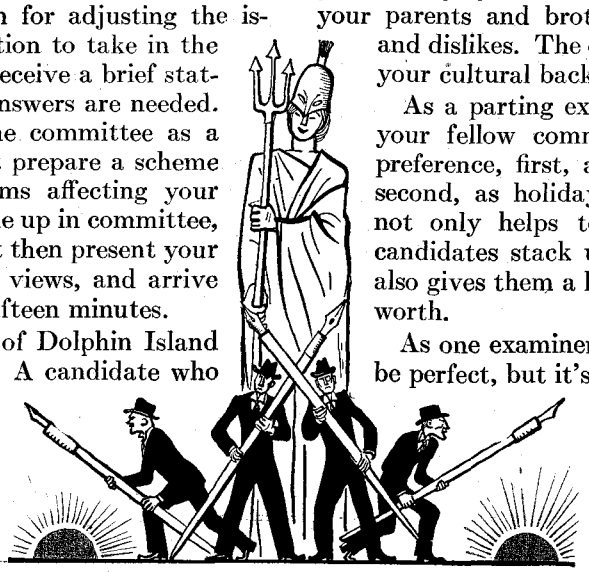
After a break for tea comes the group work — the main feature of the house party. Each group of eight has its own meeting room. They sit around in easy chairs, while the three examiners try to look unobtrusive at a table in the background. To break the ice a general topic is thrown out for discussion. Sample topics: The effect of the trend of present-day legislation on the national character. The pros and cons of compulsory military training. The requisites for post-war prosperity in Britain.

As the young people go to bat, unprepared and unrehearsed, the observers watch closely to see who's shy or overargumentative, who starts well but loses his head when opposed, who commands the attention of the others, who has good ideas, and who is just hot air.

After this limbering up, the group is introduced to its major assignment — the so-called "island story." You are allowed about an hour to glance through a fat dossier giving the main facts about a hypothetical British colony, Dolphin Island — its population, area, climate, resources, history, and so on. There isn't time to read every word, but that's part of the test. Then a problem is posed. Nine thousand inhabitants of Dolphin Island want to emigrate to Western Australia, and the British government has decided to offer the island to the UN as a haven for displaced persons. By what method would you select the first thousand emigrants for Western Australia? You have half an hour to offer a written solution before you adjourn for dinner.

Governing Dolphin Island takes up most of the second day. Each group becomes a committee which, first of all, is required in half an hour to arrive at a common policy on the emigrant question. (Committees in real life, please take note!) Then, with each member representing a government department such as Agriculture or Education, the group must work out a plan for adjusting the island's economy and constitution to take in the refugees from Europe. You receive a brief stating the problems for which answers are needed. In thirty minutes, before the committee as a whole meets again, you must prepare a scheme for dealing with the problems affecting your department. When these come up in committee, you take the chair. You must then present your scheme, get the committee's views, and arrive at an agreed solution, all in fifteen minutes.

The nature and problems of Dolphin Island vary with each house party. A candidate who has tackled them once can't coach another who hasn't. Sometimes, after that first glance at the island file, you are required, as a government official, to write a tactful letter to a private individual, asking for special concessions which the island government needs. Or, when you represent a department, you may have an axe to grind. A girl representing the Department of Education, for example, had to argue for bigger educational grants for both natives and whites. The Labor Department opposed, on the ground that there were not yet enough professional jobs available for natives to justify extending their school facilities.



At first, when the house party was a three-day affair and there was more time, a practical organization problem was also set. The committees were told, for example, that a cloudburst had wiped out three native villages which were traditionally at enmity with one another. The refugees from the floods would arrive at the Manor House in two hours. Each committee had forty minutes to view the terrain and report what arrangements they would make in the remaining eighty minutes for the reception, feeding, housing, and medical care of the refugees over a twenty-four-hour period.

Sometime during the second afternoon, you have to make a speech lasting exactly ten minutes, on a subject assigned two hours earlier. Subjects vary as between home service and foreign service candidates, but are usually suggested by your "interests" list. You may name your own imaginary audience, from an informal discussion group in a community center to the Senate of the United States. You are then judged on the appropriateness of your remarks to the audience chosen.

Before the house party ends, you have a personal interview with each of the examiners observing your group. The chairman goes over your record and achievements with you, asks why you want to enter the civil service, what department you'd prefer to join, what you propose to do if you aren't accepted, and so on. An hour with the psychologist is devoted to your past history from a personal viewpoint — your family, your childhood, how you got on with your parents and brothers and sisters, your likes and dislikes. The observer's questions deal with your cultural background.

As a parting exercise, you are asked to rank your fellow committee members in order of preference, first, as fellow civil servants, and second, as holiday companions. Your answer not only helps to show the examiners how candidates stack up with their colleagues, but also gives them a line on what *your* judgment is worth.

As one examiner said, "The scheme may not be perfect, but it's the best I know for selecting junior civil servants. We're doing our best to follow up those we select. Whether they'll make good *senior* civil servants, we shan't know for twenty years."

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FINE ARTS

Mexican Painting

By MACKINLEY HELM

SINCE I made my first comprehensive report on the Mexican painters six years ago, when I took my readers on a tour of about fifty studios, the membership of the School of Mexico City has become somewhat more clearly defined. A few artists have disappeared from the group, like the mysterious young genius Tebo, whom no one has seen in the City for four or five years. Others, like Francisco Goitia and Agustín Lazo, have dropped out of sight in the galleries through neglecting to paint. Francisco Gutiérrez died of a tragic ailment not long after he had begun to exercise the true lyrical power which was hardly in sight in 1941. Some of the young men who were print makers first — Raúl Anguiano, José Chavez Morado, and Alfredo Zalce — have grown up as painters. And three or four new young people — not very many — have appeared on the scene.

Dr. Atl, the prophet of the Mexican renaissance, has been officially honored by a retrospective exhibition of his globular landscapes in bright Atl-color, a waxy pigment of his eccentric invention. The old gentleman sat every day in the frigid galleries at the top of the Palace of Fine Arts, wrapped up in mufflers and receiving the homage of thousands: for in Mexico, a successful artist remains a great public figure.

Mention of Diego Rivera, who once ruled the School, now arouses so much rancorous argument that it is hard to estimate, with any objectivity, such values as may be seen in his more recent murals. Most people think his new paintings are tripe. But in the frescoes which he is now making in the National Palace, on the subject of pre-Conquest history, there are glimpses of the once-honored master, the man of talent and energy, of knowledge of mural design and passion for color.

Partly, I think, because of Rivera's personal unpopularity, and only partly because the older man's greater authority is now being recognized, José Clemente Orozco has acquired, during these years, the greater prestige at home. Nothing he has done publicly since the completion of his ironical historical frescoes in Guadalajara has materially added to his reputation. There are few figures in the new Supreme Court murals, which the judges hated, or in the gaudy roof of the secularized Temple of Jesus in Mexico City, that can compare, in the power to arrest and excite, with the tortured nudes so peculiarly placed in a children's library in Guadalajara. But whereas there was almost no sale for his work in private and museum collections six years ago, when Rivera was at the peak of his market, Orozco's drawings and portable paintings now command high prices and find ready buyers.

Maestro Orozco was angry with me, one time, because I told him that, like the English poet A. E. Housman, he had never ascended to the high plateau where he worked, but had always lived there. He must have forgiven me, for a few years later he asked his official biographer to make the same declaration.

When David Siqueiros, the stormy petrel of the Mexican movement, came home after painting murals in Chile, a tempest was brewed in a Rightist teapot. The painter came to my house waving a cartoon in which he appeared in the uniform of the Spanish Republican Army. He read out the caption, "El Coronelazo," which meant, roughly, in English, "The Stuck-up Colonel."

"Look!" said Siqueiros. "In the history of art, we have had El Greco and Lo Spagnoletto. Now there is El Coronelazo!" Whereupon, for the first time, he added that name to one of his works on my wall: a colored sketch of a part of the Chilean murals.

For the reason that this tempestuous and original painter needs large walls for the turbulent themes which he paints with spray gun and duco — and gets them from frightened officials — his portable paintings are sufficiently rare to command rising prices. The strength and fantasy of the new easel paintings of landscape and animals, executed with more sincerity and less shock than the murals, clearly enhance his position at the table of the senior Mexican masters.

A good deal of the responsibility and a not unmerited share of the prestige attached to the School, which is now in its twenty-sixth year, have lately fallen upon a second generation of hard-working painters. Three of them, Carlos Mérida, Rufino Tamayo, and Jesús Guerrero Galván, are of purely Indian ancestry, a circumstance which I like to point out because I am so often asked to say what part the indigenous races play in the cultural life of the Latin Americas.

It is in the work of descendants of the aboriginal people, I like to insist, that Mexico's pictorial quality is most honestly stated. The Mexico of Diego Rivera, for all the masterly painting, was a private invention after a long absence from home. The Mexico of Tamayo, Galván, and Mérida (a transplanted Maya) has the look of authority. It is abstracted and possibly patterned, but it is native and real.

MACKINLEY HELM is the author of *Modern Mexican Painters*, and of *Angel Mo' and Her Son, Roland Hayes* and *A Matter of Love*, parts of which appeared in the *Atlantic*.

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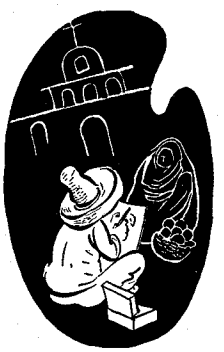

Tamayo, whose exhibitions command deep respect in New York, is never a realist. He never simply paints what he sees. Like his ancestors, who were not strict realists either, he uses form and color for feeling. The painters and sculptors of ancient Mexico worked from the heart, and Tamayo, who was one of the first of his school to hark back to the ancients, has a good deal of the same spontaneity.

I think of Carlos Mérida as the musician of the Mexican movement and of Guerrero Galván as its poet. Mérida, who was one of the founders of the easel wing of the School, is a somewhat "difficult" painter. It is not always easy to see what he drives at. Except in the lithographs which were designed to document regional dances, costumes, and customs, he never tells stories. His paintings are intended to delight the eye by purely pictorial means: that is, by color and line and the arrangement of forms. Mérida's personal use of these traditional means, together with his perfectly visible rhythms, somehow suggests the hearing of music, an art to which he has been devoted from childhood. When he visited Boston on the occasion of his first New England exhibit, he listened impartially to symphony concerts and hot colored bands.

I continue to take undiminishing pleasure in the paintings of Guerrero Galván. He has made a small group of new paintings based on recollections of childhood in the westerly state of Jalisco — on such storied themes as guardian angels, miraculous healers, and visitations from tombs. The poetic episodes are set against remote landscapes, as in much early painting in Italy, and the colors, though still transparent, have grown somber and mystical.

"Does it seem to you like a poem, no?" Galván often has asked me, in front of one of his paintings. I answer, "It does."

Federico Cantú, hard at work now in a well-lighted new studio, paints while the sun lasts, and draws with his burin late into the night. His work has puzzled some people because it is not so obviously "Mexican" as that of other members of the middle group to which he belongs. It is true that Cantú, in some respects, does stand alone in the School. He did not take part in the revolutionary proceedings of the first years of the revival of painting; nor has he ever consciously tried to isolate himself from Europe.

On the contrary, he has persisted in drawing his subjects from the classical and religious traditions in which he was reared abroad and for which he has a scholar's feeling — as in panels recently painted for a church in Monterrey and a new series of line engravings of sacred and profane subjects. Yet after considerable acquaintance with Cantú's work, I do not see how it could have been produced in any other setting than the highlands of Mexico: for while I find pleasure in its freedom from narrow parochialism and its preoccupation with universal ideas and means, I also see in it, so clearly revealed, a new light on the Mexican land and its people.

Antonio Ruiz — if, as I suppose, he is still painting — manages to keep his satirical miniatures well hidden from the public eye. Several people have lately come to me to ask for help in buying one of his expensive little pictures, but the diplomatic negotiations which once amused me now leave me fatigued. Still, I continue to admire the gay independence and modesty of Ruiz's thoughtful and careful production.

Julio Castellanos has been so immersed in the theater that he only occasionally paints the sad, fleshly people that collectors look for. Manuel Rodríguez Lozano's new paintings, following a course I once indicated, have become so ascetic that they hardly exist: the forms reduced to negations and the color to white. Carlos Orozco Romero's nearly flawless techniques are applied to a widening range of subjects; but his rather hard-bitten style, which has sometimes repelled his admirers, seems to have given way to a looser romanticism in the new landscapes.

I am happy to say that my early precipitate judgment of Guillermo Meza has never embarrassed me. He has produced nearly five hundred pictures, in oil and *gouache*, besides a great number of pen-and-ink drawings in a miraculous technique of oval cross-hatching, and all but a handful of these have been sold. The prices now paid for his work, dollar for peso, reflect the general view that this self-taught painter has grown in authority. As modest in mind and person as ever, as I learned while he painted my portrait, Meza thinks of himself as the devotee of a muse who can never be satisfied.

Juan Soriano, of whom I formerly spoke with some condescension, has completely won my respect for a purposeful seriousness which I had not suspected. Few of the painters of the younger generation have been willing to submit, as he has done, to the discipline of drawing from nature. In a nude by his colleague Meza, however torn apart and distorted it comes out on the canvas or paper, you can imagine and feel the sound structure of the breathing reality. Soriano's people, never so altered for the sake of emotion, begin to show the force of the same basic, indispensable knowledge.

A new young painter whose name is linked with Soriano's and Meza's is Ricardo Martínez, who had not painted before 1940. His entirely non-political paintings are poetic and dreamlike. And whether he represents landscape or figures, the air and the misty spaces which the painter contrives give off mystical feeling.

Another promising new painter is Alfonso Michel, the only young artist of rank who does not work in the capital. Michel draws bodily nourish-

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ment from an old hacienda in the State of Colima, and has therefore been able to resist the attraction of permanent residence close to a market. Developed in the *tierra caliente*, his work has introduced a new note into group exhibitions.

Some of the metropolitan artists have dipped now and again into the hot country — Alfredo Zalce, for example, in some wash drawings recently shown in New York, and Diego Rivera in his fine Tehuantepec water colors — but it is only the high plateau that has persistently provoked the loving and critical observation that produces autochthonous art. It is to be hoped that Michel, who has only lately returned from long residence in France, will stay at home to exercise his joyous sense of color in the western lowlands.

Feliciano Peña, after years of hard and painstaking work, has developed a new lyrical style in portraying the largely neglected Mexican landscape. Foreigners have always gone for the countryside in a big way, and almost always falsely, but the Mexican revival, which began with humanistic ideas, has quite naturally never taken a very objective view of inanimate nature. The nineteenth-century Mexican landscapist José María Velasco has had but few followers: Dr. Atl exceptionally; Carlos Orozco Romero more lately; and now Peña, who fills in the gap. Perhaps with the decline of political passion, the landscape will come back to its own.

I do not mean to imply that political passion is already spent. It is present in the work of painters who have come out of the shops where the graphic arts served the Revolution: Alfredo Zalce, Raúl Anguiano, Isidoro Ocampo, and José Chavez Morado — whose wife, Olga Costa, has lately added a delightfully comical note to the serious comments of Chavez Morado and his talented colleagues. But even these younger "social-consciousness" painters, unlike their elders, paint what they see with tenderness rather than hate. It is only the old guard that still fumes.

Finnegans Bear

By WINONA McCLINTIC

Slyly from the pathward mountaining
Withouten ought fitny for traveleries
Cament an singly bear with lookaning,
Wantly honeys ore redder berrieries.

Anons agains turnly ownshead leftny,
Rightny, all sides, cament fodderwise.
Ho! Ho! seent busher, chewent deftny:
An feasties fitny ore belly ore eyes.

The Sweet, Sweet Sounds

By ROBERT FONTAINE

My mother always thought one of us children should learn to play the violin. My father was a fine concert violinist but he was not very successful. He did not want me to play the violin; nor my sister. He said, "It makes you too sensitive and then everything hurts you. Listening to the violin is lovely, but playing it is often painful. Learning to play it is even worse."

My mother's eyes would grow misty every time she brought up the matter, and when my father gave his usual reply she would clasp her thin hands together and cry, "But, oh, those sweet, sweet sounds!"

My mother came from Scotland, and the exquisite truth of the personal and intimate sound of the violin was forever a thrilling mystery to her. I mean, the soft caress of a violin was remote from anything she had known in her harsh, craggy homeland.

My father, on the other hand, was French. Music, good food, fine wine, and witty conversation were no novelty to him. They were as substantial as bread and butter and, as far as he was concerned, almost as common.

Perhaps nothing would have come of my father's refusal to teach us the violin if we had not fallen upon hard times which forced us to share an apartment with a young couple who were friends of my mother.

The woman's name was Ethel Martin and she was English. She must have come from some part of that island which is remote from Scotland, for she was as healthy and rosy as a good apple and as full of song as a drunken thrush. Her songs were simple songs of making cider, of planting flowers in spring, and of happy country fairs. They were sweet and melodious songs, and she was forever recalling a new one that we had not heard before.

My father enjoyed her singing very much. Since he was not working, and was at home most of the time, and since her husband was busy and away a great deal, my father and Ethel were often together; he drinking wine, she ironing perhaps, and singing a song to go with it.

They laughed a great deal together, and every now and then my father would take her in his arms and whirl her around the room in a quick French one-step which was quite different from the slow, sweet music that was in her heart and throat. At these times she would be flushed and bright-eyed, as if she danced for a moment into a new and lovelier world.

The *Atlantic* has published several sketches by Robert Fontaine, whose book *The Happy Time* was published in 1945. A former newspaper and radio writer, he is now a free lance living in Springfield, Massachusetts.

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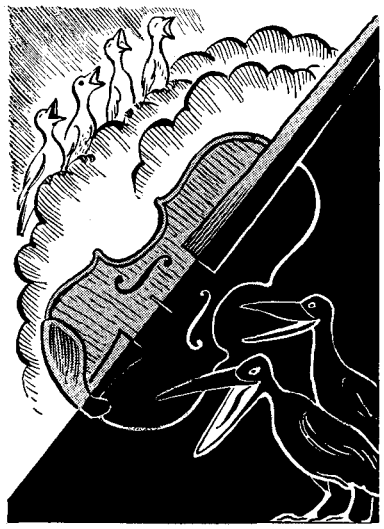
Perhaps it was not like that at all. Perhaps Ethel was merely stimulated physically by the dancing. As I remember it, though, it was something more, something a little deeper.

My mother did not seem to mind. Perhaps she did not even notice this little *affaire*. In truth it was a delicate, almost impersonal thing — and yet it was something.



One day my mother came home from shopping. My father and Ethel were in the parlor. He was laughing, and talking to Ethel about the expensive violin she was holding awkwardly under her chin. It was my father's best violin, the one he reserved for choice concerts and never played at home.

He himself had the old violin, the one which he so often played for us, and now, as my mother watched, he drew his bow and a light, improvised melody flew out of the instrument like a group of small birds.

Then he explained to Ethel how to do it. Ethel tried, but even on the violin with the more beautiful tone the sounds were horrible. My mother's hands went to her ears as she heard Ethel try to play. Even I winced. Suddenly my father noticed my mother. For some reason he seemed ashamed. I do not know why.

Usually he was the most courteous of men, but this time he took the violin from Ethel and put it quickly in a case without saying a word. Then he put his own violin away. It was all done in an uncomfortable silence.

After dinner, which was eaten in unpleasant quiet, Ethel went back to singing her own songs and my father went back to playing his own tunes. It seemed to me the incident was forgotten.

It was not so, though. When it was late and my mother had gone to bed and my father was joining her, they began to talk.

"So," my mother said sadly. "You will not teach me or the children, but you will teach Ethel."

"It was a joke. It was something to have fun. The noise she made was so bad it was amusing."

"No, it was not amusing," my mother said.

By this time I was in their room in my pajamas. My sister joined me.

"What's the matter, Mamma?" my sister asked.

"Is something wrong?" I asked my father.

"Do we have a quorum?" my father asked, half in annoyance.

"Your father will teach Ethel the violin, but not us," my mother said sadly. She looked very small and pale in the bed, not at all as beautiful and alive as Ethel.

"No. It is not that. She is jealous, your mother."

"Such a thing!" my mother said indignantly, sitting up in bed.

"What's 'jealous'?" my little sister inquired.

"No," my mother repeated. "It is not jealousy. It is nothing like that. It is something nobody would understand."

"Why?" I asked. "'If it can be felt it can be told,' the teacher in English class says."

My father chuckled in spite of himself, and he unloosened the laces of his shoes. My mother was silent awhile. Then she spoke without looking at us.

"It is two things," she said quietly. "It is shame because I have to admit you are right: it is not everyone who should be allowed to play the violin. But there is something else which is more important."

She was again silent and none of us spoke. After a while she went on: "It is the horrible thought that such terrible and painful sounds can come from the same place where, before, such sweet sounds came. It is so wrong it is shameful. It is like being drunk at one's own wedding."

My father started to chuckle but he stopped. He put his arm around my mother and he said gently, "You flatter me. You tell me I have been so good a husband that I have been able to keep from you all these years the knowledge that every lovely thing can also become a painful one."

My mother looked up at him and smiled. We were all happy to see her face brighten. My father, however, was solemn. He went quickly from the room and when he returned he had with him the expensive violin that Ethel had caused to sound so bad.

This violin he took from the case and slowly broke it into pieces. He did not break it violently or with anger. He merely caused it to disintegrate so that it was no longer a source of painful and unhappy sounds. Then he took the other violin, the one he played at home.

"There," he said joyfully, "the painful one is dead. Here is the lovely one."

He played something so intimate, so tender, so melodious, that none of us moved for a few moments after he had finished. Even then, only my mother spoke.

"Oh," she cried with delight, "those sweet, sweet sounds!"

Nature Lover

By KATE BRACKETT

I KNOW my little mushroom brethren well —
Which to enjoy and which to leave alone.

It's harder, with my human friends, to tell
Who wears a nimbus, who a skull-and-bone.

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My Barbecue Pit

By HERBERT COGGINS

WHEN I built my barbecue pit I was fortunate in hiring a man who knew his business. His experience and my originality made it an outstanding success. Our minds stimulated each other. Whenever he completed a firebox, he explained, he usually extended the brickwork to one side to make an oven for such things as roast corn, baked beans, and potatoes. This gave me the idea of making the other side into a closet for dishes and utensils — saving untold steps to the kitchen and dining room. Then when the bricklayer carried the back wall up high enough for a shelf over the fireplace — a spot to keep things warm — I recognized it as a place for a lighting fixture. I had the local electrician wire it so that we could use the fireplace day or night.

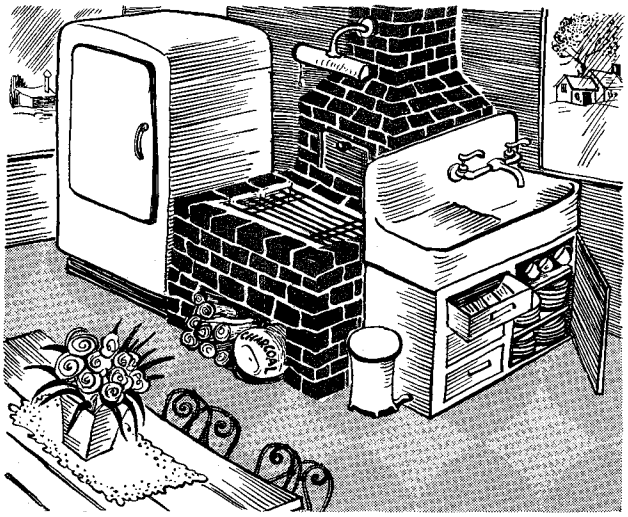
While the workman was finishing up, I observed that the walled-in space below the firebox was hollow and would make a convenient bin for wood and charcoal. It was nothing to tear out the front wall while the mortar was green. The slight expense of a new facing to cover up the broken bricks was money well spent.

A fortunate circumstance — a leaky faucet — brought a plumber to the house. He naturally thought of something I hadn't — running water as a convenience and a fire precaution. But it was my idea to put a sink on top of the dish closet. It was an outstanding timesaver. While the plumber was setting the sink, he showed me how easily he could bend a coil of pipe around the interior of the fireplace to furnish a welcome supply of hot water independent of the house plumbing.

Department store windows at this time were showing interesting rustic tables, and chairs to match, designed especially for barbecues. A fair amateur carpenter, I had planned making such things myself. But the sturdy-looking store models convinced me that real economy lay in buying trained skill. The set was expensive, but, after all, it was a permanent investment and should be written off over a period of years. In that light it was cheap.

By this time the family had come to look upon the barbecue as finished and perfect; that is, until a friend described an attachment he had on his fireplace. It was a roasting spit that revolved over the fire, propelled by a small motor. His description of a roast or a couple of fowls revolving over the fire was irresistible. Furthermore he offered to send over a man who would install a spit within a few minutes. The first time we gathered around the fireplace and sniffed our dinner rotating savorily above the coals we were again convinced that we had added the last possible improvement.

And so it was, until autumn, when the air grew a little chilly. We moved the table closer to the fire, but it seemed that someone was always getting up and running into the house for a wrap or a coat. We liked our new outdoor life and we resented the change of weather.



The answer was obvious, although it did seem inconsistent to enclose an outdoor fireplace. My carpenter friend, however, understood both the job and the psychological aspect involved. He built a strong but light and scarcely noticeable frame around and above the whole pit. He glazed it with exceptionally clear, glass windows.

Even on the coolest evenings we could now use the pit in comfort and the outdoor feeling was perfect. The illusion had been generously climaxed by a friend who, on my birthday, presented me with an artificial green-grass mat that covered the entire floor of the pit and looked like a lawn. It was better than a lawn; it didn't wear out in spots to show the bare earth with its dust and dirt.

My own pleasure in the barbecue was ruffled a trifle when I figured its cost — about three times my expectation. Business sense came to the rescue. After all, the barbecue, while expensive, was not an expense. I had improved my property.

The improvement brought a problem. The barbecue pit was so complete that our kitchen, although modern and a model in every respect, was now practically useless. My instinct for economy stirred uncomfortably. A talk with the carpenter pointed the right way out. I had him tear out the outer kitchen wall and a certain amount of the obstructing plumbing. In its place he set three large French windows, making it possible to open the entire side of the room.

With little more than a gesture the well-nigh useless kitchen had been transformed into an attractive and commodious sunroom. We moved the dining-room table into it and on pleasant summer evenings found it an ideal spot to which to bring our food from the fireplace, so that we could eat in relative cool and comfort. On such days the barbecue pit was terribly stuffy.

HERBERT COGGINS has been an ornithologist, grape picker, publisher, cement contractor, and stationer. He is now engaged in an automotive-parts and machine business in San Francisco.

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Books and Men

G.B.S. AS FELLOW COUNTRYMAN

by SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS

1

HAVING lived for a number of years as a close country neighbor of George Bernard Shaw, I have come to entertain a certain fear that he may go down to posterity with an undeserved gap in his halo. One side of him, or at any rate one facet, — if he may be regarded as a diamond, — has assuredly never been displayed or even acknowledged in public. He is of course an urban product — hence perhaps the gamin in him. He was brought up in one capital, Dublin, where he was half-educated in a school he abominated; and he made his name and fortune in another capital, London. His best-known address was Adelphi Terrace, where he lived in a flat over a newspaper office, at the very hub of theatrical London. The theater itself is today essentially an urban product, in spite of Stratford-on-Avon and its Swan.

Shaw's critics and biographers have universally discussed him as of the town and theater, urban and dramatic or operatic, for he began his London career as a music critic. When I saw him soon after his ninetieth birthday, he was engaged in a throwback — in writing an article (and a very ingenious one) for a music paper; and he recalled the days, then some seventy years past, when he transferred his contributions to a London evening paper, the *Star*, from politics to musical criticism.

The story is familiar. It was told me long, long ago by his editor, another Irishman, T. P. O'Connor. Shaw was engaged to write leading articles; and excellent though they were, they were a nightmare to his editor, for the reason that the young contributor spent much of his ingenuity in subtly undermining the creed of the paper and its proprietor. Even with the utmost vigilance the editor could not exclude the Fabian philosophy; and seventy years later the Fabian himself confessed with a grim smile the truth of the story. "Of course I tried to give publicity to the Fabian view." So he was forced to give up the political writing, and his own suggestion that he should become music critic was accepted. The success of the change was salient. A great critic was born into "the main of light."

For many years G.B.S. remained true to his training — of the town, urban; but the time came, as it has come to many, Disraeli for example, when the noise and bustle of the town became in some measure a burden. The desire to be more "aloof from its mutations and unrest" persuaded him and his wife to buy a country home; and since he later decided to bequeath it to the nation, there is after all some likelihood that his reactions to a rural environment will be more widely appreciated and acknowledged. From the windows you may easily find yourself

> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade.

The lawn is spacious and finely turfed. The few flower beds beyond are backed by low green bushes, and over their heads you look into the very green valley of the winding river Lea, where Michael Drayton heard naiads conversing in the spacious days of Elizabeth. It may titillate the vein of more satiric critics to know that this pleasant country house was built for a rectory of the parish (which includes not more than a hundred souls) and that at one time the rector inhabited a flat in London, while the satirist delighted in the rectory.

Atlantic readers will remember SIR WILLIAM BEACH THOMAS for "A Letter to My Dog" and his other nature papers. He was a war correspondent for the *Daily Mail*, and is the author of a number of gracious books on the English countryside. He is well known for his regular contributions to the *Observer* and the *Spectator*.

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The view doubtless means a great deal to G.B.S. He was endowed with exceptional senses of sight and of hearing; and age has not withered them in any perceptible degree. Like his really beautiful soft clear Irish voice, they have kept their youthful bloom through the long years. The senses of great men are too little regarded by their biographers. For myself, I have never known anyone with such superacute senses of eye and ear as that famous, or notorious, newspaper magnate, Alfred Harmsworth, who became Lord Northcliffe. Tennyson's works are dotted with short-sighted lines, and Byron, it seems to me, was certainly color-blind. But not to labor the point with alien instances, such senses are as important, though they are seldom acknowledged, as, say, Macaulay's memory or Gibbon's learning.

For a long space G.B.S. was unconscious of his own excellence in this regard. Then one happy day an oculist who was a friend wanted to test his eyes, just for amusement; and indeed those singularly bright, glinting orbs might well attract notice from a specialist as well as any other acquaintance. When the examination was complete, G.B.S. heard the verdict with ingenuous disgust. His eyes were described as "perfectly normal," and as may be inferred by his readers, he has no fondness for what a President of the United States called "normalcy." However, he was more than relieved, he was delighted, when the oculist went on to explain that what he called perfectly normal sight was very rare indeed. Each eye was just what an eye ought to be, not myopic or astigmatic or too long-sighted or tender. From that moment G.B.S. knew himself better. He understood for the first time, so he explained, certain things that had puzzled him. One was the reason why no one would take the several novels he had written in his youth. The reason now was clear: he was seeing things perfectly, as they ought to be seen, while the rest of the world was seeing them askew. He was a normal person in a crowd of abnormals.

Henceforth this view, as first opened by the oculist, was a solace and indeed an inspiration. The secret was disclosed: he was sane in a mad world. His normality explained fully why this early work of his was not understood and appreciated by a more general public, which suffered from abnormality. What was patent to him, the clear-sighted, was a paradox to the myopic or astigmatic spectators in whose midst he found himself. He alone had the true vision. The rare but still essentially right eyesight was an index of the mind. Shaw played about with this idea till the metaphor became a plain fact. As in common speech, "I see" meant "I understand"; so "I alone see normally, therefore I alone understand rightly."

Shaw's sight and the unusual fineness of his musical ear are symptoms of an exceptionally perfect physical make-up. It is one of the drawbacks of a life in towns that the sense of sight, at any rate, does not consciously matter a great deal, just as many urban dwellers never find out whether or no they are courageous. One financier of my acquaintance, who for a long space had been near the edge of financial disaster in London, went out to the war as an interpreter and incidentally found out that he was more or less immune to fear. The sudden discovery filled him with huge delight. "Here have I," he said in effect, "been unhappy and apprehensive of calamity month after month, and wondering how to escape from a host of troubles, while in fact I was brave as a lion. For the first time I have known what it is to be really happy."

2

I SHOULD not go so far as to say that Shaw was happier in the country than in the town, but certainly he found new gusto in his senses and adapted himself by natural instinct to his environment. One picture of him will always remain vivid. The neighbor whom he saw most was the owner of a characteristic country house, surrounded by a spacious park. His family had lived there for five or six hundred years. A bay of the village church was dedicated to his family monuments, some quaintly recording almost forgotten centuries. Shaw and his feudal neighbor surprisingly found that they had a good deal in common.

The side of the park next to Shaw's rectory is connected with the road by the sort of approach that is named in several districts "dark entry," a rather narrow lane with a copse on one side and on the other a hedge so old that it had half fallen over the path. One dark evening as I left the park I saw an almost ghostlike figure that looked of more than human height in the gloaming. It was Shaw, clad in a rough whitish coat, hatted almost like a yachtsman, gloved like a forester, and holding a murderous weapon in his hand. He was engaged in trimming with his billhook the boughs that overhung the lane and obstructed the free passage. He was delighting in the work and did it as efficiently as any professional hedge trimmer. He was at that date comparatively young, not more than eighty-five or so; and his natural strength did not seem abated in any serious degree. As I came up to him he ceased work, and we talked

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for a while most pleasantly on a host of subjects, after he had almost shyly apologized for his altruistic occupation.

One other like picture may be recalled. At a garden party in the neighborhood his young and beautiful hostess pointed him out to me as he stood, in his great height and long white beard, in the arch of a yew hedge. "Anyone would fall in love with him," she said. Well, some might resist, but the picturesqueness of the figure was beyond cavil. He "consented to a mutual relation" with his surroundings, as Henry James said of one of his heroes.

William Archer, who shared with Shaw an extravagant admiration for Ibsen, once described Shaw as a man who was wholly aloof from the actual world — a man who was not a realist, or surrealist, but rather an unrealist, who saw men as trees walking. There could be no greater mistake. Apart from such critics, Shaw has suffered from, or at any rate endured, most unhappy biographers; and against one of them he rebelled in a humorous and good-humored fashion. A more or less casual acquaintance of his in London was Frank Harris, who was at one time editor of the *Saturday Review* (for which paper Shaw was dramatic critic). Late in his life Harris left England, for good and sufficient reasons, staying for a while in the United States. Being greatly in need of money, he took the idea, so Shaw told me, that he was the one man really qualified to write a life of Jesus Christ; but no American publisher would entertain the idea, especially as prepayment was a necessity to Harris.

But one publisher suggested Harris should instead write a life of Bernard Shaw. The idea was presently accepted. Now Harris, so the victim assures me, had read very little Shavian literature and was at no time more than a casual acquaintance and not a congenial one at that. However, Harris persuaded a journalist to collect a good store of newspaper cuttings — and Shaw was always "good copy" — and the life was written. The wise and honest publisher sent the proofs to Shaw for his criticism and correction. He read them with that superb absence of personal indignation, with that Olympian objectiveness, which is one of his constant characteristics, and found them well sprinkled with libels, with unpleasant knocks, and with gross errors of fact. He went through them all with thoroughness, leaving untouched the abuses of criticism, and only correcting the perversion of definite facts. It was a singularly kindly act towards both the publishers and Frank Harris's dependents, for he himself had died in the interval. It will never be known quite how much of this considerably hostile, and in large measure this faked, life was written by the victim himself, for the proofs — in every sense — were carefully destroyed. The combination of authors represents as Shavian a situation as could be desired.

Shaw in my hearing has always spoken with kindly, if slightly satiric, humor of Frank Harris as a mild and inoffensive character who liked to pretend to be a fierce rebel against every convention. In spite of all his shortcomings, Harris was at his best a critic almost of the first water.

3

A NUMBER of urban writers — I have known several salient examples — have found themselves utterly robbed of the power of writing when they retired to the country. They were like Dickens — that complete Cockney — who found that his invention dried up if he was long divorced from the Vanity Fair of the streets. After a while, when they have become acclimatized to the quiet and serenity, the gift of writing has returned to them, it may be in renewed force, but time was needed. Shaw was not in this class for two reasons. First, he kept a flat in London and never grew to be a country cabbage. Second, he practiced the difficult art of rough-casting his plays or articles or whatnot during train journeys.

As a conscious and thorough artist, with an objective attitude to his own writing, Shaw had the way of making three stages of his composition. First the rough draft, in the train or just anywhere; second the full text; and third the drastic revision. It would have amused an external critic to note that while Shaw was sketching out a drama or other screed in one carriage, his next-door neighbor, the feudal countryman, was busy painting in another compartment. He had acquired a passion for water colors and liked to imagine his scenes, not to copy them. He had acquired a certain artistic skill during his journey toward the South Pole and had devised an apparatus that enabled him to practice his art while journeying.

These two friendly, but oddly contradictory neighbors visited one another frequently. One of the most unexpected sights I was ever introduced to may be recorded of one of these visits. A large, carpetless room was furnished with a grand piano in one corner, on which the host played dance tunes. At the opposite corner stood, under strong illumination, the tall statue of Epstein's Christ. On the polished floor between statue and piano revolved a famous and beautiful woman, beauti-

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fully dressed, and G.B.S. in a brown velvet coat and a swinging white beard. He was being taught the fox trot and learned it with almost instantaneous efficiency. A novelist might have been accused of a too fantastic imagination if he had described such a scene. It was in the same house that I heard a succinctly humorous conversation over the telephone. At the far end was Shaw's pleasant voice, asking modestly: "Am I lunching with you?" and the adequate answer went back: "No, but do." If brevity is the soul of wit, here was its essence.

It is one of the few drawbacks of a vegetarian creed that it increases the difficulties of a host on any sudden call, or did before the war. But G.B.S. is not only a vegetarian and a teetotaller. He partakes of no sort of food in large quantity. When you go to tea with him he often does not eat so much as a crumb, and either drinks nothing or half a cup of milk. His chief pabulum is talk — and very good talk, for apart from his intellectual eminence, he possesses in strong measure that happy Irish gift of easy utterance and quick interest, which remain unabated however small or humble the audience.

I asked Shaw one day what had induced him to become a vegetarian. Was the motive humanitarian, medical, or a distaste for flesh? It was in my mind that in his early, more bellicose days he had expressed a certain disgust at the appearance, much more the absorption, of what he then called "scorched corpse." The nature of his answer was a little unexpected. He began by confessing that mankind was forced to kill a certain number of animals — he gave rabbits and, more surprisingly, squirrels as two examples. Logically, as was argued long ago in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the existence of the bull-calf quite defeats many of the arguments of the humanitarian, if he is willing to eat cheese or butter or drink milk. G.B.S. is too inherently logical, not to say too intellectually honest, to deny this difficulty. The curious point he made was that if the world were vegetarian a very great deal of labor, now spent on the tendance of animals, would be saved. He was perhaps not sufficiently rural, in spite of his long residence in the country, to know that the one difficulty the farmer finds in substituting vegetable compost for farmyard manure is the great amount of labor needed in its making and maturing and distribution. The European and especially English practice of folding sheep on arable land ensures fertility at the very smallest expenditure of labor. But this is another story.

Shaw did not confess to me exactly what made him give up a carnal diet; but he said with a certain pride, as well he might, "I have at any rate proved that man can live perfectly well on a vegetarian diet." He might have added, "and retain a peculiarly youthful vitality of mind and of senses up to and beyond his ninetieth year." I would add a very youthful wit. Of this one rural example may be given. It was reported that a single barking deer, or muntjac, was astray in the woodland skirting the park, having escaped from the famous park zoo of the Duke of Bedford. Said G.B.S. when the appearance was reported: "Couldn't you find the poor thing a munt-jill?"

4

Shaw's ready wit never deserts him, in public or in private. His neighbor once asked him whether one of the standard stories that have gathered round his name was true in fact. The tale was that on one of his walks he passed two people who stared at him rather harder than politeness warranted, so he took a step nearer and said: "You are quite right!" G.B.S. confessed to the soft impeachment, without being sure that he remembered the incident. A certain gay egotism in the phrase gives the strongest internal evidence that the reply was genuine Shaw.

Of all the well-worn tales of Shavian dicta, the one I like best, for its bite as well as its wit, was given to a large audience in Dublin. He was lecturing on social matters at a date when the Gaelic League was particularly active in urging the revival of the Gaelic language, and he incidentally gave this advice to his hearers: "You had much better buy toothbrushes for the poor than try to speak a language that never has been spoken and never will be." Angry hisses filled the hall. When he had stilled them with his uplifted hand, which is almost as long as the hand in Epstein's statue, he continued: "If you hiss me again, I will speak to you in it!" The audience was so conscious that if he did, they would not understand a word, that there was adequate silence for the rest of the lecture.

Shaw is an ardent student of English — and of few other languages. He has difficulty in discovering the meaning even of a simple Latin sentence. He resembles Shakespeare (if he will permit the insult!) at least in this, that he has little Latin and less Greek; but he is a real zealot for the purity of the English language, in spelling and pronunciation, as well as in grammar. For example, the universal slurring into one mongrel syllable of the termination "tion" is a constant offense to his ear, as it was in some measure to Rudyard Kipling. His ser-

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geant's command "'shun, and he shunted" is a criticism as well as a jest. Nothing, I fancy, would give him more pleasure than the adoption of a particular alphabet which he has ingeniously and accurately invented to convey all the sounds, coupled with a great simplification of the spelling.

A quality in Shaw that is especially pleasing to an engrooved countryman is that he exercises his gift for conversation on dogs and other animals. He talks to them as if they were reasonable beings. Perhaps they are. It is my experience that if you talk to animals as you would talk to a friend, they feel a certain sympathy in the natural manner of the address. I have tried it even on the domestic poultry which it was my task to tend during the war, and it seemed to me that they grew tamer by such an approach than if one had made all sorts of artificial noises or said nothing at all. It is not mere mysticism to feel (like Wordsworth)

> How exquisitely . . .
> The external world is fitted to the mind

and vice versa. To minimize differences and superiorities adds to the general companionship in things, at any rate for those who have their being in country places; and perhaps only those who know Shaw chiefly as a rural immigrant would be aware of his sense of companionship with the world about him. He has from time to time expressed a characteristic contempt of the naturalist. One of the few statesmen whom I have known him to castigate with scorn was Sir Edward Grey, Foreign Secretary to Great Britain during and before the first of the two wars against Germany. One day his criticism was founded on the fact that Edward Grey was a fisherman. Another day the particular sin was his absorption in birds. Perhaps these interests were so strong in Grey that they occupied time and energy which ought to have been spent in acquiring the German language and analyzing German mentality; but the most vigorous of statesmen have been open to a like charge. Was not Bismarck, the man of iron and blood, at a crisis in international politics found at the work of counting how many times a pair of tits visited their young within the hour?

For myself, I possess one communication from Theodore Roosevelt, that most eager of naturalists, whose bird-nesting walk with Grey is famous — or perhaps, in some eyes, notorious. The Roosevelt letter was a brief request asking me to come back and see him when the tanagers returned to Oyster Bay. As to fishermen, the most ardent I ever met was that really great South African, Denys Reitz, who wrote *Commando*, one of the best essays in direct simple narrative in the language. He was great, if in a small sphere, as statesman as well as soldier and writer.

It may be that the humanitarian side of Shaw's character made him more than usually unappreciative of anything to do with sport. But he was almost as scornful of games. He once confessed that the quality which angered him most in the English (whom he liked) was their puerility. They would talk quite reasonably for a minute or two on some moral or intellectual theme and then, without a comma, turn to the beating of a golf ball and discussion on the stroke. After all, G.B.S., though a great humorist, is essentially a serious person; his strong suit is thinking on the future of socialism, on the need of a new alphabet, on the varying musical scales, on dramatic technique, or the folly of death duties. Though his senses are exceptional, what matters most to him is the activity of the brain ticking behind that high forehead and flashed by those scintillant eyes.

It is not unlikely that his reputation as a countryman may grow. As I have said, he is leaving his country rectory to the nation, a more solid memorial than a plaque on a London flat; and the house, if not remarkable, stands at the edge of a very small hamlet which is an English gem. The postmistress — who doubtless likes to talk to Shaw as to me of her love of "nacher" — lives in a black and white cottage dating from the early sixteenth century. A ruined Gothic church, where the owls cast their pellets on a Crusader's tomb, stands in a quiet acre across the road, "bosomed high in tufted trees"; and a queer Byzantine church is half hidden by trees on the other side of the field. Three or four cottages and as many country houses of traditional type complete the village. The place is worth a pilgrimage, though the urban mind may rebel. When bombs were falling on London two expectant mothers were evacuated to one of the country houses standing at the loveliest part of the hamlet. After a few days they disappeared without warning, but presently wrote from a bombed neighborhood to thank their hosts, but to complain that the authorities had no right to send them to a place "where there were no streets"! They might have found compensation in looking at G.B.S., a romantic figure wherever he is, who has quite sloughed off the old, the Dickensian, love of streets. There is not a road or lane near Ayot St. Lawrence Rectory that is not ludicrously crooked.

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MR. GUNTHER DISCOVERS AMERICA

by ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

1

IT WAS inevitable that John Gunther should end up by exploring the United States. And it is fortunate that he should have done so after having surveyed and digested Europe, Asia, and Latin America first. For this experience reduces the provincialism which is the besetting sin of most reporters of the American scene. Moreover, he has not allowed familiarity to dilute the inquisitiveness, the persistence, and the excitement which a good foreign correspondent brings to a strange land. He writes about the United States as if he had just discovered it. In reading Gunther, many of the natives of this odd and wonderful country may partake of this process of discovery and, in so doing, may renew their own sense of its potentialities.

It cannot be said that Gunther's attack on the United States has proceeded with the same dispatch as his overseas campaigns. Europe, Asia, and Latin America were each haltered, subdued, and imprisoned in a single volume. The United States proves less tractable. After 907 packed pages comes the author's agonized cry: "But I have had to leave out so much!" And *Inside USA* is but the first of two volumes. It covers the states, the local politicos, the industries, the crops, the natural settings, the prejudices, dialects, folklore, the food and drink. The next volume (*Inside Washington*?) will contain the national figures and the national generalizations. Thus, *Inside USA* will tell you about Mayor Lapham of San Francisco, or the TVA, or the braggadocio of Texas, or the gambling halls of Las Vegas. For Mr. Gunther's comments on Truman and Eisenhower, Congress and the Supreme Court, or his conclusions on such vexed problems as labor and agriculture, reaction and liberalism, big business and bureaucracy, or foreign policy, we must await Volume II.

The postponement complicates life for the reviewers who like to quibble with generalities, but it should not deter the reader. For Mr. Gunther's special qualities as a reporter have never had better play. His writing is relaxed, informal, lucid. He has a talent for sharp and sensitive observation, a relish for people and portraiture, and a knack of compressing intricate analyses into brief (and conveniently numbered) paragraphs. He is never jaded; he seems to have the happy gift of rolling on and on without letting the sights blur his eyes or the sounds deafen his ears. He imparts the thrill of discovery to his readers and, with the natural writer's instinct for a change of pace, manages to sustain his high pitch without losing his audience.

Above all, he is tireless. He began to think about the book in 1936, and he started intermittent research in 1940. He has read indefatigably; his pages are sprinkled with quotations from Tocqueville and Dickens, from Bryce and Brogan and Myrdal, from local experts like Joseph Kinsey Howard and Carey McWilliams, from WPA guidebooks, from *Life* and from the Hapeville (Georgia) *Statesman*. From 1944 to 1946 he savored the country, visiting all 48 states, 38 of the 43 cities greater than 200,000 in population, and, one would judge, a good deal of the intervening countryside. He appears to have talked to everybody. "My ideal day was to spend the morning with the First National Bank and the afternoon with the CIO." Everywhere he asked a few standard questions: what makes your community distinctive? what does it contribute to the nation as a whole? who runs it? and, for individuals, what do you believe in most? Somewhat ingenuous questions, perhaps, but Americans are somewhat ingenuous people; and ingenuousness is often closer to wisdom than is sophistication.

If *Inside Europe* was a study of nationalism, *Inside Asia* of imperialism, and *Inside Latin America* of colonial politics and economy, *Inside USA*,

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Winner of the Pulitzer Prize in History for his notable volume *The Age of Jackson*, ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, JR., is now on leave of absence from Harvard University collecting source materials for his next volume, *The Age of Roosevelt*.

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Mr. Gunther says, is a study of "democracy in action." It is a social Baedeker to "the greatest, craziest, most dangerous, least stable, most spectacular, least grown-up and most powerful and magnificent nation ever known." The conducted tour begins with California (it is only one of Gunther's triumphs that he avoids making the rest of the United States seem an anticlimax), proceeds northwest, reaching New England via Chicago, then swings south and back again to a final halt in the southwest.

Inside USA does not pretend to be a profound analysis of American civilization in the manner of Tocqueville. It is rather a lively, gaudy, intelligent panorama of American life: cities, topography, personalities, wisecracks. There are some brilliant set pieces: a day in the life of La Guardia, for example, or the delightful account of the Chicago *Tribune*. There are appreciative sketches of men whom the nation should know better, like Sumner Sewall of Maine and Sydney Osborn of Arizona. There are perceptive accounts of the men of the future like Walter Reuther, Harold Stassen, Wilson Wyatt, and Ellis Arnall. Some of the anecdotes are excellent: Gunther, indeed, has achieved a compendium of contemporary political wit — for instance, all the best Dewey stories are worked into a compact and fair-minded sketch of New York's ambitious governor. There are some fine Gunther phrases: "Los Angeles is Iowa with palms"; or a superb description of the mind of John Bricker: "Intellectually he is a nothingness, like interstellar space — a vast vacuum occasionally crossed by homeless wandering clichés." And the detail: it comes in a relentless flow, some of it amusing or picturesque, some of it totally inconsequential. Everything is framed with data; if the book weighed less, it would be an invaluable companion for tourists.

The point of view is broadly humane and liberal, with the humanity generally triumphing over the liberalism when the two threaten to clash. Mr. Gunther obviously finds it practically impossible to dislike anyone with whom he has had an affable interview. This kindliness gives his portraits warmth and sympathy; but it seems at times to make his judgments undiscriminating, if not gullible. He seems unreservedly delighted by Clare Boothe Luce, for example, and will talk about Harry Byrd's "long, suave, and distinguished public career." An excess of amiability has surely led him to a pretty uncritical estimate of Frank Lausche of Ohio, and the fact that he is clearly fond of Leverett Saltonstall should not have persuaded him to accept Saltonstall's feeble excuse for his political cowardice on the birth control issue.

Gunther is often shrewd, if sardonic, on people whom he seems not to have interviewed, like Leo Crowley and Gene Talmadge, or people who are dead, like Huey Long. But it took Senator McKellar really to break through Gunther's imperturbable generosity. Following an innocent query as to what should be seen in Tennessee "aside from TVA . . . the aged senator rose from his desk, turned a color between a prune and a plum, and forthwith ordered me to begone. Short, squat, rubicund . . . McKellar is a wonderland creature out of another age."

2

The alert reader will doubtless detect errors and omissions. One misses, for example, an adequate discussion of cross-filing in the California primaries, or an account of the New Bohemianism of Wilhelm Reich and Henry Miller, or an explanation of why the most vigorous and promising New Deal nucleus is made up of Kentuckians. Then Mr. Gunther has an unfortunate whimsey about a man from the moon, or Mars, or Moscow, which occasionally interrupts the narrative. He has also an odd devotion to the wit of Howard Brukaber and a penchant which amounts to affectation for such futile words as "fogram," "mucid," "retrorsed," and "saprogenically."

The richness and speed of the subject matter have produced a book which is kaleidoscopic in its over-all effect. Nevertheless, it does touch upon a few fundamentals. While reserving his conclusions for the next volume, Gunther reveals some of his misgivings about the American future. The three principal questions, as he sees them, are how to maintain a democratic system if the economic machine breaks down; how to use America's military might to further world organization and peace; how to reconcile special interests with the public welfare in a democracy.

Gunther is inclined to anticipate "a temporary period of very definite conservatism or even of reaction." But he feels that the "permanent durable ground swell" is progressive; "the next New Deal will make the last New Deal look mild." The great danger, as he correctly perceives, is another depression. "Let there be twenty million unemployed again, and blood can smear and spot the streets." And the related danger is that those who most fear revolution are at the same time those who "oppose most bitterly the government planning and controls that seek to fend off disaster."

Through all the "proliferating variety of special interests," Gunther finds, there runs a common

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denominator — the "propertied class." This class, he argues, — and he includes in it the workman with his tools and the widow with her trust fund as well as the men of Alcoa and General Motors, — is the "single biggest factor making for national unity." But the failure of this class in many of its duties, responsibilities, and obligations, he adds, is "the greatest single impediment to unity and the chief force making for discontent." He does not in this volume grapple directly with the question of the character of the propertied class and the durability of its economic base. On first glance, one would propose substituting "business community" for "propertied class" and leave out the workers and widows, who only confuse the issue. But maybe Volume II will clarify what ought to be a central conception in the book.

The road to salvation is also left obscure. "The greatest danger to American democracy," Gunther writes, "may well reside in that group most particularly pledged to espouse it, the professional politicians, since it is their own incompetence and ineptitude — if coupled with financial depression — that is most likely to cause a breakdown." Yet, as he well knows, there is wisdom in the old maxim about a people having the government they deserve. The problem becomes one of matching American desire with American ability, so that our dynamism does not destroy the world and go up in smoke. The problem of leadership is crucial and unresolved. Gunther ventures no prediction in this volume as to the results of the race between American luck and American blindness, American productive ingenuity and American political incompetence. But the America that he describes is a nation bursting at the seams with vitality and driven on by an instinct for happiness. This country faces the most serious and magnificent of challenges. It may collapse before the responsibilities of greatness. It may rise to the challenge, organize its limitless resources of imagination, integrity, and genius, and assume a leading place in the world and in history.

DR. MAJOR AND DR. MINOR

by HELEN BEVINGTON

Not too scrupulous nor wise,
Oliver Goldsmith told white lies.
Oliver Goldsmith, born a poet,
Told a fib so you'd never know it;
Owned a lie and called it a feather
Tossed in the air. "No matter whether
It floats or finds a trustful head,
Nobody's hurt," Dr. Goldsmith said.

Dr. Johnson began to stir.
Dr. Johnson exploded, "Sir!"
User of truth as if on oath,
Samuel, honest enough for both,
Rolled in his chair, began to mutter.
Nobody knew what wrath he'd utter!
"Go," said he (but his voice was mellow),
"Molt your feathers" — to the silly fellow.

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THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

BY EDWARD WEEKS

EVERY editor has his scouts. Some of my older scouts, soured perhaps by age, have been telling me that Americans don't listen to the radio as they used to. But I'm not sure. I'm not sure because of my youngest scout, who begins to listen at 6.00 in the morning; who does his homework with the radio going full blast, and would skip dessert rather than miss his favorite programs. Before I begin to read my manuscripts in the evening, I go to the foot of the stairs and shout, "Turn it lower, Ted, turn it DOWN!"

In the ears of twelve-year-olds radio can do no wrong. Their rapture makes me wonder what they will do with broadcasting when they take it over. I wonder how they will write for it and how they will bring out the American originality and inventiveness that are part of radio's enormous potential.

For the present the worst enemy of radio is the man who never listens. In certain circles it is still a mark of superiority to exclaim, "But you see, Pol and I never listen. We really never turn it on!" These are the people who have never realized that radio saved American vaudeville from oblivion, and that the best farce, parody, and punning are to be found today, not on the stage, but in programs like Fred Allen's, Edgar Bergen's, Henry Morgan's, and Jack Benny's. These are the people who do not realize what the broadcasts of Toscanini, Koussevitzky, and the Metropolitan Opera mean to millions of shut-ins. These are the people who, because conscience does not prod them (and they won't listen!), ignore the public opinion so vigorously aroused by George Denny of Town Meeting, by Theodore Granik in American Forum of the Air, and by the University of Chicago at its Round Table. These are the ignoramuses who have forgotten how much we all depended upon those penetrating reporters, Elmer Davis, Raymond Swing, Edward R. Murrow, and William L. Shirer in the days of crisis. These are the people with proud ears who know all the answers about radio — and most of them wrong.

On the occasion of the Peabody Awards this year I put forth six modest proposals for the industry. Here they are: —

1. Avoid hardening of the arteries. Be wary of old patterns in old shows. The public will always love familiar favorites. But radio has got to make new favorites familiar.
2. The partnership between New York and Hollywood seems to result in block booking on the air from 7.00 P.M. to 10.00. Is this in the public's interest?
3. Repetition is the pernicious anemia of radio. The repetition of mysteries, of quizzes, of soap operas and rowdy breakfasts results in $64 morons.
4. The best local stations today are operating on the policy that the public is more intelligent than you think. As the networks harden, the local stations constitute the best outlet for originality. Watch them.
5. Remember what radio lost when Alexander Woollcott died? Be everlastingly on the outlook for men whose intelligence, whose storytelling, and whose poetry will make the air delightful.
6. Be willing to gamble: don't always bet on the sure thing. Remember what a struggle it was to launch the symphony orchestras, the forums — what a struggle it was to find even Woollcott an early sponsor. Radio expects the public to gamble two to three billions on new receiving sets within the next few years: how much of that amount is it willing to gamble on originality?

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As an editor I am particularly interested in that fifth point: I am eager to see more quality in what is said on the air. This year past, radio has made some audacious and highly effective adaptations from books and the stage. The Columbia Workshop with its presentation of the Old Vic Company and its adaptation of T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets*, the Theatre Guild on the Air with its feature performances of Ingrid Bergman and John Gielgud, and Robert Saudek's four-part presentation of John Hersey's *Hiroshima* are examples of what I mean.

But while radio borrows literary effects, it should seldom be judged as literature. When you write for the air, you use a special vocabulary, a vocabulary of short rather than long, blurring words, a vocabulary which stresses the vowels ("kick," "bite," "shriek," "love,") and which avoids words heavy with consonants. (Try "successive" with a drying tongue!) Woollcott was an artist with this vocabulary. He spoke with style and he used the pause, the parenthesis, and the slow accentuation to give full play to those few long words, those arresting and amusing adjectives and adverbs which were the spice of what he said. We need more practitioners of his skill and versatility.

Dark blood

In ***Kingsblood Royal*, Sinclair Lewis** lets go both barrels at the most troublesome domestic problem on the horizon. Not since *It Can't Happen Here* has he written with such indignation, such power, and such accuracy of accusation. The book is a social document rather than a work of art, a thesis which acquires life because of the case histories which have gone into it, and despite a number of rigged and stagey effects.

The story is laid in Grand Republic, that self-satisfied city in our North Middlewest which Mr. Lewis has already described for us in *Cass Timberlane*. Grand Republic had grown to 90,000 during the war, a prosperous little city in which the Scandinavian and English strains predominated over the French and Negro from across the border. By December, 1944, it was beginning to welcome home its wounded veterans, one of them redheaded Neil Kingsblood, who had had one leg shortened as a result of his wound in Italy and who comes back with immense relief to his wife, his four-year-old daughter, and his duties as teller and counselor to veterans in the Second National Bank.

Neil is handsome, likable, right-minded, and naïve for a man of thirty. His father convinces him that their family can be traced back to the royal blood of Britain. (This is the first of the stagey devices.) As gullible as a spaniel, Neil bounds off on the scent, and he is still gullible when the trail leads to the proof that he is not of royal lineage but, on his mother's side, is one thirty-second Negro. The records show that his great-great-great-grandfather, Xavier Pic, was a full-blooded Negro trapper who married an Ojibway and passed as French along the border.

Many Americans, as indeed many islanders from the West Indies and the Pacific, faced with this same discovery and, as Neil is, passably white in feature and upbringing, would have quietly gone their way. Not so Neil. With Mr. Lewis's hand on his shoulder, he turns back to find his people, to see for himself how the Negroes of Grand Republic, some of them his own classmates in high school, live; what they are really like, and whether his lot belongs with them or with the white majority. This is the second implausibility. I accept it as a necessity to get the story in motion. Not till the reader has turned this corner will he feel the full force of the novel's vitality.

Still naïve, still questing, Neil discovers to his amazement what the Negroes — even a decent family like the Woolcapes — have to submit to in the crowded segregation of the Five Points. He nerves himself up to the admission that he is part Negro, and with this admission he gains their confidence. "You'll be too shocked," they warn him, "when you find out what our real opinions are." Then in words of one syllable they proceed to enlighten him. From Dr. Brewster, the rugged Baptist minister, from Sophie, torch singer and now a nurse, from Dr. Ash Davis, the chemist, from Ryan Woolcape, the belligerent young veteran, and from Clem Brazenstar, the agitator, he learns of the terrible racial choice of "whether to go North and get frozen out or stay South and get burned out." Segregation, Discrimination, White Supremacy — these come to have a different meaning in Neil's mind. With his eyes open and the zeal now furious in his blood, he makes his choice. And his wife makes hers.

The purpose of this novel, the reason it was written, was to make every reader more aware of the Negroes he encounters, to let us know at second hand the fear, the aspiration, and the hatred which inhabit those dark islands in our communities from which we so readily avert our thinking. It preaches no "isms" or miscegenation, it simply contends with what is. The truths which Gunnar Myrdal has brought out in his profound studies and which have been hammered home by Richard Wright in *Native Son* and by Ann Petry in *The Street* are made to blaze in the white light of Mr. Lewis's didactic story.

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HOW TO BUY A CHILD A BOOK

JANE COBB *and* HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

IT GOES without saying that if you know the child and his interests you won't have any trouble buying a book for him. This article is for the Aunts, Uncles, and Old School Friends who wander nervously around a bookstore knowing nothing about the child except his age. They buy what seems to them a splendid book, enticingly illustrated, and long afterward discover that the child was bored by it. The reason is simple. The application of adult standards in judging juveniles is impractical to the point of being grotesque. No normal child — so far as he knows — cares about fine writing, documented facts, or expanding his consciousness. He wants to be entertained, and an interesting book, to a child, is synonymous with action.

That doesn't necessarily mean cliff-hanging, either, but it does mean something exciting happening all the time. Children are interested in food, in clothes, and in factual detail, but these *must* be an integral part of the action. A ten-page description of a picnic in which nothing happens, or seems likely to happen, is not action just because it's a picnic. And it isn't fun for the young reader merely because the children in the story are having a good time. Somebody had better get into difficulties — and quick — or the book will go under the bed. Also, a thin mystery about an old trunk which crops up occasionally through a welter of pointless detail about bringing in wood or setting the table, while it may excite the heroine of the book, will not excite your niece. Your nephew, when he has finished reading *Huckleberry Finn*, will know a great deal about the Mississippi River, but it will not occur to him that he was taught something. A child who is too aware of instruction is a bored child — and there is nothing more stultifying than boredom.

It's a good idea to try reading a few lines of dialogue aloud, too, and see whether they could possibly be spoken by a normal human being. When dialogue is stilted and unnatural, children are seldom aware of the fact, provided the story has real interest; but lively, natural dialogue will add a great deal to the book, whether the children know it or not.

Aside from amusing the child, — and any parent knows that this is an end in itself, — juvenile books have the additional task of establishing, permanently, an attitude toward reading. So the average juvenile, if it is interesting, is more valuable than it may appear to the adult eye. If your Patricia won't read Dickens, never mind — as long as she will curl up with some story about life in a girls' boarding school. She is acquiring the habit of reading, and Dickens will come later.

It should not be inferred that we are against the improved mind. On the contrary, we are all for it. But education — out of school, at least — cannot be plastered on like a poultice. Children will absorb a bewildering amount of information if their interest has been stimulated — but the interest comes first.

And that reminds us of the problem of biographies for the young. The tendency to whitewash even the childhood of great men and women did not die out with Parson Weems, and seems to us to defeat its own purpose. Children hate paragons of infant virtue. We don't suggest that an author should explain to the youngsters that Ben Franklin was quite a gay dog in his day, or go into the disillusioning fact that George Washington's false teeth clicked when he talked, and frequently fell out. But surely, no child's moral nature will be permanently ruined by the interesting discovery that the Great were capable, in their childhood, of behaving like children. So, if a biography is required, try to choose one in which the subject is not a complete reincarnation of Elsie Dinsmore.

Anyway, Aunts, Uncles, and Old School Friends are in luck just now. The book lists provide a really fascinating variety of lively, interesting books in settings ranging from New Guinea to Palestine. But there are always recognizable characters with whom any child can identify himself. There are even a couple of books deliberately designed for instruction, which hold their readers' attention like detective stories.

FOR THE VERY YOUNG

Margaret Wise Brown may have written ***The Golden Egg Book*** for Easter, but in our house at least, it looks like a year-rounder, and we anticipate reading it during the next blizzard. This almost puts it on a par with *The Night Before Christmas*, which we have read on demand — after conquering some adult queasiness — on the most sweltering August afternoons. *The Golden Egg Book* is, fortunately, easy to memorize, and the two-year-old is able to recite it to himself.

Sing, Sang, Sung and Willie, by **Peggy Gulick,** is the story of three pandas and a black bear, which received extravagant reviews in the local press. The two-year-old remarked sourly, at the end, "Is that all?" but his sister, whose point of view is more sophisticated, said she enjoyed it because she liked to look at pandas. Anyway, we find ourselves reading it with painful regularity.

On the subject of ***Oley: The Sea Monster,*** by

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Marie Hall Ets, there has also been a difference of opinion. We thought that this story of the baby seal who was taken to Chicago and ultimately turned loose in Lake Michigan (where he breathed on the feet of a lone bather) was very funny. For this we were sharply taken to task. Our inexorable four-year-old informed us that it was not in the least funny — because the seal had been separated from his mother. However, it has a happy ending and our child seems to find the story exciting, not to say poignant. We are happy to read it to her at regular intervals.

Helen and Alf Evers have added ***Sloppy Joe*** to their galaxy of reformed animals, and he occupies a place of honor beside "Copy-kitten," "Fuss-bunny," "Chatterduck," and the rest. Incidentally, **Pelagie Doane** has compiled an anthology of poems called ***Brother, Baby and I,*** which has reduced the young in the house to a startling mush of family affection. The poems are concerned with such universal subjects as rising, dressing, eating, flowers, brothers and sisters, dogs, picnics, and going to bed. Like all Pelagie Doane's illustrations, the pictures resemble children as they would be if they were always washed and tidy, in their best moods, and, apparently, as they see themselves.

Six to Ten

This ought to be a fine summer for the six-to-tenners. Frequently they have seemed to us the stepchildren of the juvenile world, but on this occasion at least, we are happy with our vision of thousands of skinny-legged youngsters sprawled on beaches or in the long grass of the back yard, lost to the world.

First of all comes Grosset and Dunlap's continuation of their "Illustrated Junior Library," with the lovely old classics. This time it is *Little Men* and *Little Women*, most beautifully done, and about which no more need be said.

William Pène du Bois has written a charming book called ***The Twenty-one Balloons.*** It deals with the adventures of Professor William Waterman Sherman, who left San Francisco on August 15, 1883, in a balloon. How his balloon was destroyed by a sea gull, and how he became involved in the explosion of the volcano Krakatoa, make a fascinating story which includes such pleasant essentials as diamond mines, desert islands, and lyric improvisations on the theme of "What would you do if you had all the money in the world?"

Betty MacDonald's ***Mrs. Piggle-Wiggle*** is equally satisfactory — admittedly to our astonishment. We were put off by the title, and while yielding to no one in our enjoyment of *The Egg and I*, we have a tendency to shy away from writers for adults who suddenly begin to write for children. We might have known, however, that anyone who could recount such energetic, bawdy stories about her incredible neighbors could apply an equally enthusiastic technique in telling stories for children. There is a solid authenticity about these tales which indicates that they *were* told to children — probably several hundred times. Mrs. MacDonald is performing a public service in giving them a wider audience.

Another writer who has not succumbed to coyness or intellectual anemia is **Frances Frost.** We were terrified when her book came, for we love her poetry. We needn't have worried. Miss Frost's ***Windy Foot at the County Fair*** is superb. It is, in fact, one of the loveliest juveniles it has been our pleasure to read, and a fine example of Americana. It has warmth, vitality, humor, and the exquisite precision of style which marks her poetry, but what is more to the point, it will fascinate any child from six to twelve. Consider it — a birthday pony, a delightful family, a bully, two thundering good fist fights, a terrific matter of a doll (and we mean terrific) and *a pony race* — all set against the thrilling background of a typical American county fair. The plot is skillfully handled with a mounting, almost unbearable suspense, and there is not one detail in it which could fail to delight a child. The book is for boys or girls — and happy reading to them.

We liked ***Dot for Short,*** too, by **Frieda Friedman,** a book suitable for seven-to-twelves. Unlike most little girls in fiction when they are both shy and poor, Dot is entirely tolerable. She is not misunderstood. She is not always suffering. She does not think nobody loves her — on the contrary she has a large, cheerful family whom she adores, and who return her affection. The book is set in good big type to make things easier for the younger set, who are not entirely at home in print.

Patty Paints a Picture, by **Laura Bannon,** and ***The Little Farm in the Big City,*** by **Erick Berry,** are the books which we considered such excellent examples of instruction without pain. Patty's efforts to paint her kitten, which must begin with her really seeing it the way it is, are skillfully woven in with her adventures in getting it in and out of the art museum. And *The Little Farm in the Big City* is a warming account of how a neighborhood became acquainted with itself. The story is liberally interlarded with practical gardening hints.

Ten Years and Up — Into the Teens

We have, in the past, taken a dim view of books which deal with foreign lands. Now we must swal-

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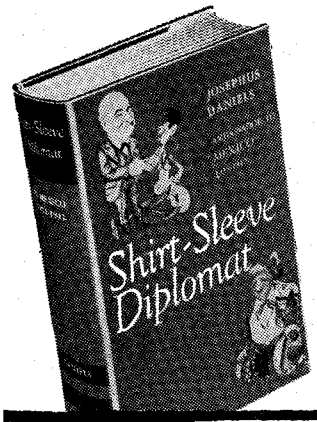

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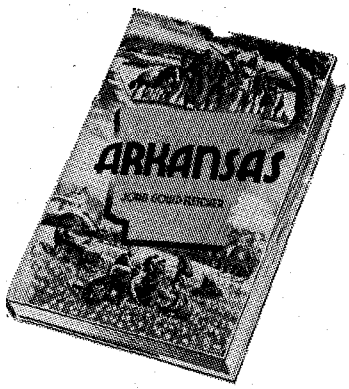

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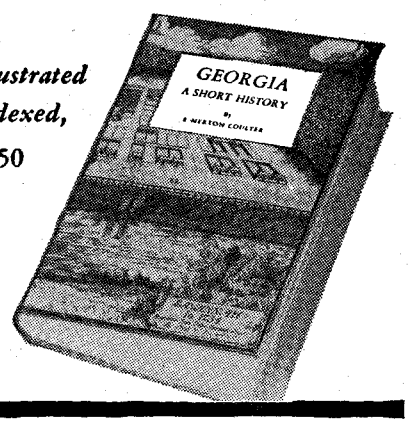

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low our words, for this spring we have received a collection of books whose heroes and heroines range delightfully over the globe, never losing their immediate interest or sacrificing story to local color. ***Adventure in Palestine,*** by **Judith Ish-Kishor,** is a splendid idea, beautifully carried out. The setting is modern Palestine, and the protagonists are a young Jewish boy, his Arab and his English friend. The adventures of this unlikely triumvirate are swift-paced, exciting, and never artificial, though, as adults, we must confess that the part we liked best was when they were all three in the movies looking at Ingrid Bergman.

Eight Hours to Solo, by **Henry B. Lent,** is the account of a sixteen-year-old — and don't think the ten-year-olds won't love it — who has toiled and saved to be able to take flying lessons and become a civilian pilot. There is no plot, only straight reporting about the lessons — but it is very superior reporting with natural dialogue and expert characterization. It places little emphasis on "the wild blue yonder," and a great deal on solid, sensible mechanics.

The Silver Robin, by **Dean Marshall,** is a full-length book about a foolhardy young robin — an idea we should ordinarily regard with horror. *The Silver Robin* fooled us. It is unexpected, interesting, and is unlike most books of its kind in that the blending of fact and fantasy has a quality so natural that one scarcely notices which is which.

The Rain Forest, by **Armstrong Sperry,** is set in New Guinea, a locale which in many families has become as familiar as the back yard. The story takes place in 1940, but the adventures of Chad Powell, who treks through the forest among the alligators and cannibals, are timeless.

Flying Correspondent, by **Henry Gregor Felsen,** also deals with life in the island paradises, only his story is laid in 1945, when things were even hotter. The story of the reporter for a Marine publication who falls into the hands of the Japanese and is saved by the atomic bomb is wildly exciting, and probably not a bit more implausible than the things that really happened. We particularly enjoyed the dialogue, which was amusing and natural, and a great improvement on the heroics to which we were accustomed when the Boy Allies were at Liége.

Ordinarily child life in ancient China stimulates us, and all the local young public, to heights of ennui, but ***The Secret of the Porcelain Fish,*** by **Margery Evernden,** seems to have gone over very well. Perhaps it is the realistic and resourceful nature of its hero, Yuan Fu, or his quite sensational adventures which focus on a jade amulet. Or perhaps they were simply interested in the manufacture of porcelain. Anyway, it has received their accolade, and ours, in consequence.

Sons of the African Veld, by **Charles Hoppe,** is an interesting and well-written story of a fourteen-year-old American boy and his two best friends — both of whom are sons of Zulu chieftains. There are spies, a hair-raising witch doctor, a cave, and hidden treasure, and there isn't a dull moment in the book. What more could any boy ask?

Adventure North, by **R. G. Emery,** will appeal to all the Boy Scouts for its hearty, masculine account of camping, woodcraft, and plenty of excitement in post-war Alaska. The two young heroes are real boys, and the local guide, alone, would make the book. The dialogue is exceptionally good.

In ***Jane,*** by **Jean Gould,** we have a charming biography of Jane Austen which will be excellent reading for high school students. The interest holds up throughout the book, and Jane Austen's personal charm has been caught without losing sight of the fact that she was human. The period is actually presented without being dull.

Closer to home is ***Willow Hill,*** by **Phyllis A. Whitney,** which received the award of the Youth Today contest. The story is set in a small town which, to its well-bred horror, is invaded by a colony of Negroes. The writing is competent, and the timely plot is intelligently devised. The heroine is a high school girl, and the atmosphere seems authentic.

* * *

THEY ALMOST KILLED HITLER $2.75

Edited by Gero v. S. Gaevernitz MACMILLAN

THIS book is based on the personal experiences of Fabian von Schlabrendorff, one of the most persistent German plotters against the life of Adolf Hitler and one of the very few to escape execution when their conspiracies failed. Written without distinction, the book's importance lies in the factual material now fully revealed for the first time. The reader is bound to be struck by the depth and breadth of the underground hostility to Hitler. Many of the conspirators were high-ranking officers in the Army or Navy; many of them were of the old *Junker* nobility; a considerable number were men of lofty ideals and character, Christians and gentlemen. To them, Hitler was not only a false and wicked leader but an enemy of mankind. They planned his death as an indispensable preliminary to the regeneration of Germany and the German people.

Hitler proved to be a hard man to assassinate, particularly as his death had to coincide with full preparedness for widespread and coördinated revolution. Once he escaped by sheer luck and the perversity of mechanical material. Von Schlabrendorff describes how, in March,

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1943, he managed to persuade Colonel Brandt, one of Hitler's aides, to carry with him a case containing "two bottles of brandy" to General Helmuth Stieff, in the plane which was transporting Hitler and his personal staff from Eastern Headquarters to East Prussia. The case was in reality a high-explosive bomb of English design capable of destroying the entire plane. The bomb was timed to explode in half an hour. To quote from the narrative: —

> After more than two hours of waiting we got the shattering news that Hitler had landed safely on the Rastenburg airfield in East Prussia, and had reached his headquarters. There was no doubt that the attempt which we had so carefully prepared had failed. . . . We were deeply shaken. It was serious enough that the attempt had not succeeded. But even worse would be the discovery of the bomb, which would unfailingly lead to our detection and the death of a wide circle of close collaborators.
>
> After considerable reflection Tresckow resolved to ring up Colonel Brandt at Hitler's headquarters and ask whether the parcel for General Stieff had already been delivered. Brandt replied that it was still in his keeping. This gave us hope that the bomb had not been discovered. Its delivery had to be prevented by all means. . . . On some military pretext, I flew to Headquarters with the regular messenger plane. I called on Colonel Brandt and exchanged a parcel actually containing two bottles of brandy for the one containing the bomb.

What a moment in the life of an assassin!

Hitler carried his personal cook with him everywhere, and all food prepared for him was tested before his eyes by his physician. He made a point of almost never traveling on schedule or keeping engagements at the expected time and place. The last attempt on his life, on July 20, 1944, when Graf von Stauffenberg's "bomb in the brief case" exploded at a military staff conference, was almost successful. The "if's" were negative; the plot failed, and the conspirators were executed or committed suicide, almost to a man. That Schlabrendorff escaped execution was apparently due to the confusion in courts and prisons caused by bombing raids and the advance of the Allied armies.

This is a fascinating story by virtue of the "brute incidents" involved and the deadly and prolonged precariousness of the situation. Even if the reader knows the answers in advance, he cannot escape the temptation to learn the who and the how and the why.

R. E. DANIELSON

* * *

THE BIG SKY *$3.50*
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READING *The Big Sky* is like coming from a sleet-swept New York street into the limitless, sun-baked expanses of Carl Akeley's African Hall. In this novel, which may surely be termed superb, the Far West of a century and more ago is spread out from the wild Missouri to the towering bastions of the Rockies. Across this panorama move the characters of the book, as authentic as is that country which Guthrie has called back into being across the years. They are the "mountain men," lineal descendants of the "long-hunters," who preceded them in time and space, men who roamed the plains, camped among the fortlike buttes, and scaled the ramparts of the Tetons, alone or in twos and threes. To them, the endless spaces where the sky curved down to meet the mountains were a

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private hunting ground which they loved with a savage, inarticulate passion and which ruled them with a capricious harshness.

The story of mountain man Boone Caudill moves with stark simplicity, as inevitable as the flow of the Western rivers. A runaway boy from Kentucky, he makes the West his own as completely as it sets its stamp on him. He traps beaver, fights Indians and other trappers, starves, gorges, sweats, freezes, gets drunk and tumbles about with the complaisant squaws of a dozen tribes. The fictional tragedy in which Boone kills his most steadfast friend, Jim Deakins, on the false suspicion that the latter has seduced Boone's Indian wife, Teal-eye, is matched by actual tragedy which runs as an undertone through the whole book. For as surely as Boone killed Deakins, so did the actual mountain men kill the paradise that held them. The fruits of their traps brought other trappers, brought traders into the west country; their skill and cunning guided parties of immigrants over the plains and through the passes. They themselves paved the way for trading posts that grew to towns, towns that grew to cities. Civilization was the grave of the mountain man.

Save by casual mention, no historical figures of any stature appear in this story. But the fictional people live as vividly as any true character ever did. Real as Jim Bridger are Summers, Deakins, Teal-eye, Poordevil, Red Horn, Jourdonnais, and the Bostonian Peabody. Dotlike in the vastness, they move down the Big Horn, along the Sweetwater, the Yellowstone, and the rolling forks of the Seeds-kee-dee, brought into perfect harmony with river, butte, plain, and mountain by Guthrie's touch.

The story is told in prose that is worthy of the book. There are passages of sheer poetry that suggest Carl Sandburg while remaining entirely Guthrie, passages that one is tempted to quote at length for the sheer joy of transcribing them.

This book, which succeeds so beautifully in evoking a time, a land, and a people, ought to have a long, long life.

BRUCE LANCASTER

* * *

EXPLAINING THE ATOM — $2.75

Selig Hecht — VIKING

SCIENTISTS have been hoping for a book of this sort ever since the explosion of the first atomic bomb. Recommending reading matter to the pleading layman who wished an undistorted picture of the successful release of atomic energy has been difficult. Now it is easy. The lay reader who completes this book, which he can do in a couple of evenings, will not, as some have suggested, find himself qualified to do research in atomic physics, but he will have a greatly increased understanding of what nuclear energy means, and will be able to discuss atomic politics and to vote much more intelligently than before.

Hecht is not an atomic physicist, but a biophysicist, which appears to be of considerable advantage in writing about atoms for the lay reader. He stands in an intermediate position, pointing out such trees to his audience as may be necessary to sketch the outlines of the forest, without himself becoming entangled in the underbrush. He is a lucid thinker and a compelling speaker with enthusiasm for his subject, and he writes in the conversational tone he would employ in answering the questions of a non-scientific friend who had dropped in for a visit.

Hecht states as his purpose the supplying of background against which people can think and act intelligently on the problems of atomic energy. He traces the development of our knowledge of the atom, from the time it was considered to be a tiny hard sphere which had nothing much to do but bounce, through the complexities necessary to explain its ability to emit and absorb light, to the ultimate discovery of its nuclear structure and the recent release of nuclear energy from uranium and thorium.

The book concludes with three chapters entitled respectively "Atomic Bombs Become Possible," "Atomic Bombs Can Be Made," and "Atomic Bombs Are Made." The author very wisely refrains from making predictions as to the specific peacetime utilizations of atomic energy which can be expected, but puts the reader into a position where he can make such predictions for himself. The reader is also enabled to evaluate through his own intelligence the statements which frequently appear elsewhere regarding, say, the utilization of pea-sized chunks of plutonium for operating household machinery.

Readable and stimulating Hecht's book obviously is; that it is also scientifically sound makes its continued success certain.

GEORGE RUSSELL HARRISON

* * *

RUSSIAN SYMPHONY: THOUGHTS ABOUT TCHAIKOVSKY — PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY

Dmitri Shostakovich and others — *$3.75*

MOST of the so-called music criticism we are likely to be exposed to is not authentic aesthetic evaluation. But Marxist music criticism, of which this book is an example, makes even less sense as functional writing than does most of our domestic production. On the other hand, while we may regard Western critics as naïve because of their failure to utilize the principles of art properly, it is quite probable that the Soviet error of applying economic concepts to the world of the spirit represents a much more serious offense. In artistic terms, the present book is downright reactionary.

In one respect, admittedly, Soviet music criticism is an improvement over ours: its application of the familiar Appreciation Racket techniques contains little or no emphasis on Personality, in the Hollywood or Hurok fashion. But Soviet music criticism is less acceptable than traditional Western criticism because the sin is one of commission rather than omission. For instance, I find it difficult to believe, with Mr. Shostakovich, that all of

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Tchaikovsky's music is permeated with an intense realization of the Class Struggle. Also, I suspect that the most hopeless romantic would be hard put to locate lofty optimism in, say, the Sixth Symphony, as Mr. Shostakovich does. This might sound like picayune faultfinding, but the unfortunate truth is that a critic can work out a rather impressive case with such groundless premises — but it is like a beautiful house in which nobody lives. The argument of Yuri Keldysh that Tchaikovsky was a great proletarian artist, for example, is certainly somewhat tenuous. There is proof in the composer's correspondence that he deeply abhorred society. But this historical fact Mr. Keldysh dismisses with a nod. Tchaikovsky, we are told, was fired by the revolutionary tenor of his times; his striving for solitude was merely "relative." This is arrant nonsense.

Three essays on the composer and his music comprise the first sections of this book. Further chapters are devoted to analyses of his works, and the Tchaikovsky Museum at Klin is described in detail. Musically, technically, the text is contemplative and competent. Extramusically, as a result of a malady known as hyperthyroid Nationalism, the whole business is built on sand. Semantic shenanigans are symptomatic of this overemotional climate of thought, but the present ones fail to convince me that flag-waving and artistic expression have anything in common.

JAMES LYONS

* * *

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THE town of Custis, Rocky Mountains, U.S.A., saw, back in 1920, the return of two of its natives. Josephine Caneday, who had left Custis to sing at the Metropolitan Opera, had married instead into a world of phony artists, glib seekers after truth and the good life, and she had earned twenty-five dollars a Sunday singing at the Schurz Street Presbyterian Church. Cy Kinsman, after Harvard Medical School and the Army, had been surgical resident in New York's Mercy Hospital, where he discovered that he possessed not only an exceptional pair of hands but an exceptional ability to antagonize all his colleagues.

Jo began to smell mountain breezes from the crowded sidewalks of Twenty-third Street when the good life turned out to be not so good. Cy headed west, not as to an enchanted land, but to the beginnings a man must seek out when life presents him with a blank wall. Their return to Custis was not in glory. Jo came back a failure in her career, her marriage, her whole emotional adjustment to life; Cy came back with an abundance of integrity but he could not satisfactorily explain to the townspeople, to Josephine Caneday, or to himself why he suddenly had to turn his back on medicine, why the superb hands must be denied their function.

In Custis, while Cy pulls Jo slowly and painfully out of nervous collapse, while he works his own difficult way toward enlightenment, their own relationship with each other follows the tortured, violent pattern of their individual fears and inhibitions. Jo, back in the small town, surrounded by family and mountains and Cy's secure — if antagonizing — presence, returns to health; Cy, back on native ground where he had been born and brought up

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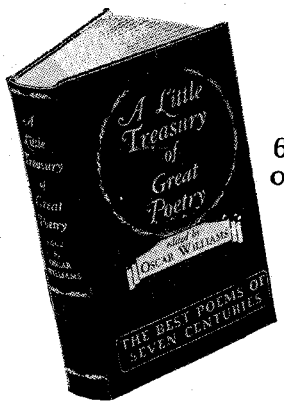

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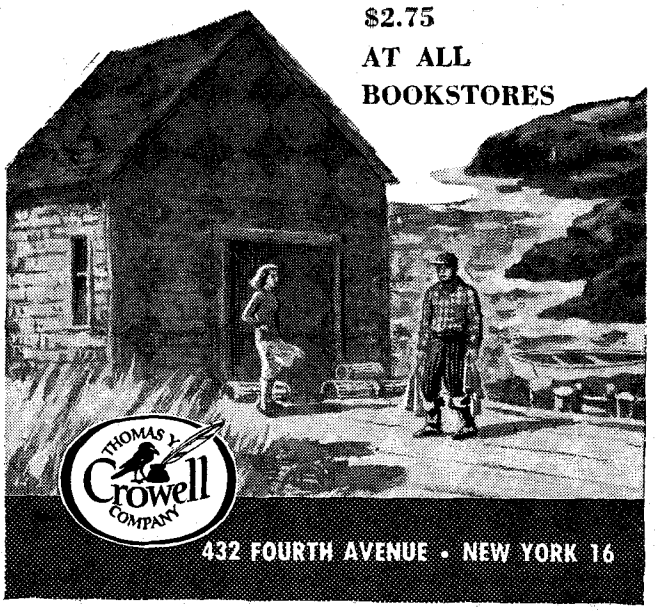

as old Doc Kinsman's boy, comes to self-knowledge — is, as he says, reborn. The final pages of the novel are a beginning as much as they are an end.

Mr. DeVoto tells his story with exactness and precision; behind the observation, there is always the keen mind. With Jo, perhaps, he is too precise; he has pared her down so that she sometimes seems more case study than woman, and his clinical treatment of her is apt to obscure the fact that Cy's search for his soul, and his struggle to come to terms with himself, are something quite different from her neurosis. But Cy, as Mr. DeVoto conceives him, is impressive.

RICHARD SCOWCROFT

* * *

THE LUMINOUS TRAIL — *$2.00*

Rufus M. Jones — MACMILLAN

"THERE is in most of us a vast acreage of our inner estate which has never been touched by the plow." In these words one of the great religious teachers of our time expresses not only his own conviction but also a truth that is today dawning upon many people who had supposed themselves immune to the influence of religion. Once that idea has made its way into a mind, it opens the way for spiritual insight and the discovery of unsuspected riches.

But the question of the man of Ethiopia, sitting in his chariot reading the prophet Esaias, still requires an answer. Philip asked him, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" And the servant of Candace replied, "How can I, except some man should guide me?" There is today no wiser guide, for anyone sincerely seeking the touch of the plow upon the uncultivated ground of his inner life, than Rufus Jones; and this most recent volume from his pen will increase the debt of gratitude gladly acknowledged by men and women of every form of faith — and of none.

What the author does is to invite the reader to accompany him on a quiet walk along a trail that is very familiar to him — the trail made luminous by the lives of saintly men and women from the time of St. Paul to our own day. With none of the external trappings of scholarship, but with understanding that only scholarship could produce, he makes each of these saintly persons real and relevant to our needs, and at the same time disturbing. At moments the plow cuts very deep indeed.

For this reviewer, the chapters on Clement of Alexandria, Erasmus, and Horace Bushnell possess the most direct and helpful value; for another reader, it might well prove to be the chapters on St. John, Hugh of St. Victor, and the "Builders of the Invisible Church." To each according to his need, and also according to his capacity to share the mystic experience. No willing learner will fail to find much of lasting worth on one or another of these shining pages, and perhaps he will find also "that glimpse of truth for which he had forgotten to ask."

The book closes with a chapter — "Of Such Is the Kingdom of Heaven" — on the life of the author's son, Lowell Jones, who died at the age of eleven. No one should read it who is not prepared to become as a little child himself.

FREDERICK MAY ELIOT

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